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NUMBER 4 CANADIAN HOSPITAL

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IN HIS MAJESTY'S UNIFORM

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THE LETTERS OF PROFESSOR J. J. MACKENZIE
FROM THE SALONIKA FRONT

WITH A MEMOIR BY HIS WIFE
KATHLEEN CUFFE MACKENZIE



ΔΩΡΕΑ

Ι. ΜΗΓΑΣ

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FOREWORD

The history of Number 4 Canadian Hospital has yet to be written, but in these letters of one of its staff there is part of the story—the daily observations and comments of one who was intensely susceptible to the activities and experiences of the war. They will be valuable as a record for future historians.

There is also a more intimate reason for welcoming the personal charm and distinction of mind as revealed in these pages. Professor Mackenzie was a great pathologist of wide culture, whose influence on students and colleagues has been propagated far afield. It is fitting that there should be a permanent document containing so much of his personality. The circumstances of the war and its impact of the near east furnish, perhaps as well as anything could, a suitable scope for the variety of his interests. The letters range over men and current affairs, history and political developments, architecture, books and botany. There is a vivid account of the unit to which he was attached, Salonika, and the surrounding country particularly fascinated him. This is a book to enjoy, and to meet its writer through it is an experience that many of us who knew him are glad to treasure.

H. B. MAITLAND,
University of Manchester.

TORONTO,
SEPTEMBER, 1933.

NUMBER 4 CANADIAN HOSPITAL

"Fickle of choice is Memory
But hidden within her secret deeps
She guards whate'er in life may be
Vivid and sweet perpetually,
And of the loved strict treasury keeps."

I N writing this memoir of my husband, I must remind those who will perhaps read it for his sake that I am only a novice in the art of writing, and that I make the attempt only to try and show a side of his character not known to all, for with Scotch shyness and reserve he kept the "secret deeps" of his nature hidden from all except the few. I hope also those letters written daily to me while on active service in Salonika will interest those who served with him in that far-off land.

My husband's father, Donald Kennedy Mackenzie (the eldest son of a clergyman), came to this country in the early sixties to seek his fortune, and fought in the Fenian Raid with the rank of Captain. He married Mary McAdam, a countrywoman of his, the daughter of a fine old Scotchman who, bringing his family to Canada, decided to settle in St. Thomas. On his father's side my husband came from a long line of distinguished men, tracing his descent to that Alexander Mackenzie, 11th Earl of Sutherland, who married Lady Jane Gordon, when Bothwell had divorced her in order to marry Mary Stuart.

Intellect—unlike wayward genius which may flare up in a family never to appear again—produces intellect, passing on from generation to generation. This is true of my husband's family. Through generations there appeared in the different branches of his family men of great personality, men who served their country in India or elsewhere—men of law, Chancellors and vice-Chancellors, men of letters and men high in the Scotch

Church. Some of these men have been near enough to our own day to be known by name. Through the Rev. Gilbert Robertson he is related to the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone; through the Rainy's and the Balfour-Melvilles of Pilrig and Strathkinnes he is connected with Whyte-Melville the novelist and with Robert Louis Stevenson; also with Vice-Chancellor Sir James Parker. Another cousin, Anne Parker, brings Lord Cardwell, Secretary of War in Mr. Gladstone's government, into the family. Still another cousin, Henry Rainy Parker, married a sister of Lord Kitchener. He was also a cousin of Principal Rainy who, according to Lord Balfour, was not only a great Churchman but a great Statesman.

Further back some ancestors were Robert Mór Munroe (Robert the Great) the XVIII Baron of Fowlis—the long line of the Mackenzies of Coul, the Frasers of Lovat who brought John, 4th Earl of Atholl and Chancellor of Scotland, into the family, and many other names famous in the history of Scotland.

If my husband was justly proud of his father's family, he was equally proud of the fine old tradesman, his mother's father. A deep love existed between my husband and his dear mother. Tall and slender, with the fairness of her race and white rippling hair, she possessed a shy, sweet dignity of manner, was widely read and had a good judgment of people and things.

As my father-in-law was quite devoid of a commercial instinct there was always a scarcity of money in his home, and it was only by great sacrifice he was enabled to send his eldest son to the University. My husband was fortunate in coming under the influence of Professor Ramsey Wright, who was an inspiring teacher and one of the most brilliant biologists of his day. Under his magic my

husband became infected with a love of biology and resolved to devote his life to research in that science. In 1886 he graduated in natural science, taking high honours both in biology and in chemistry. As he was too young to take a Fellowship, he was advised by Professor Wright to go to Germany and continue his studies there. Once more in that Scotch household the money was somehow found and my husband left for Germany, going first to Leipzig where he studied anatomy under Professors His and Braune, and Physiology under the famous Professor Karl Ludwig whose favourite pupil he became. Leipzig at that time was not only famous for its university, but had become a great musical centre under the world-known conductor, Nikisch. When free from study, night after night found my husband sitting on a backless bench in the top of the Opera House, listening and living in the magic world of Wagner as evoked by the genius of Nikisch. After a year or more spent in the delightful old town of Leipzig, he went to Berlin to continue his studies in research in the laboratories of Professor Koch. Young as he was he showed his independence of mind in refusing to publish the result of his work done in the laboratories, giving as his reason later in life, "The Germans are always in too great a hurry to publish investigations before their truth is put to the test". This attitude he maintained all through his life, looking on with disgust at the numerous text books published only, as he said, to be thrown into the waste paper basket in a short time.

When he returned to Toronto he was appointed a Fellow in biology. His work under Professor Ramsay Wright was a work of sheer joy. They had much in common—their Scotch ancestry, their love of science, music and literature and the study of languages. To the end of his life my husband

spoke with affection of this man who above all others influenced his ideal of work as one of truth and beauty. And in those young impressionable days while drawing aside the veil from the mysteries of life and death, while working in the world of the infinitesimally small where death gives birth to life, my husband found the gospel virtues of humility and selflessness which sweetened his path in the difficult days to come.

When his fellowship was over something like a crisis occurred in his life. Opportunities to follow up his work in biology were few. He had entered into science solely for research, and it seemed as if the only alternative left to him was to finish his study of medicine in order to practise. However, the practice of medicine held no lure for him, and, wishing to marry, he was forced to accept the post of bacteriologist to the Provincial Board of Health. He had little liberty there and his work was largely routine, but his love for research found some outlet. His studies on rabies and diphtheria became well known, although his advocacy of diphtheria anti-toxin gained him some abuse.

With versatility of mind he turned his attention to a widely different subject, the study of bee-culture, his comments on this subject arousing much interest in Australia where his work was published; resulting in a somewhat lengthy correspondence on both sides.

A few years after our marriage, seeing his growing discontent with the endless routine of his work in the Provincial Board of Health, I persuaded him to continue the study of medicine begun in Germany. Unwillingly he consented, dreading the loneliness for me. As he had to earn his bread and butter by day it would be necessary for him to work at night. Each evening saw me alone, curled up in his big chair in the library waiting for him to

return, but I had my reward when a year after he had taken the degree of M.B. he was appointed professor of pathology and bacteriology in his own University.

He was well armed for his new work, for he was entering it from the broad field of biology with the added knowledge of physiology, chemistry and bacteriology. His own words taken from an address can be quoted here as best giving his views on pathology. "In choosing a subject for my address this evening it is natural that I should select one from my own particular department of biological science, viz: the Department of Pathology. Perhaps it is not necessary for me to apologize for so doing, but I have a feeling that among scientific men generally—and am afraid among some pathologists—there has been a tendency to forget that problems of disease whether in man or in the lower animals are simply problems in biology. It is certainly true that pathology has gained enormously in the past few years from the tendency to view disease phenomena from the broader biological standpoint, in contrast to the older methods of viewing them from the narrow aspect of human pathological anatomy."

It was natural there would be a difference of opinion in regard to my husband's appointment. Some of these were amusing, as the remark of a doctor who said: "What can Mackenzie know of pathology?" If this remark was amusing others were more serious, and had to be dealt with not only for his own sake but for that of his assistants. Once when the correctness of a diagnosis made in his laboratory had been disputed with much maliciousness, he was forced to act and he did so with quick decision. Taking three sections from the specimen in question he sent them to three pathologists, well known in their field, asking for their

opinion. With his usual dignity he refrained from mentioning names or giving any information in regard to the type of tumour as he had found it. In time the three reports were returned, all coinciding with the report issued from his laboratory. Placing the reports before the person in authority the matter was closed so far as my husband was concerned. He did not, however, lay claim to the infallibility of his department—far from it—pathologists could make mistakes equally with doctor or surgeon. In an illuminating talk with his pupils given towards the end of his life he pointed out some of the pitfalls awaiting the young doctor or surgeon, and which were leading to a possible deterioration of a noble profession. He regretted to see the growing commercialism of both surgery and medicine. He emphasized the danger of the increasing reliance on the opinion of the radiologist or on the laboratory beyond their legitimate place in the science of medicine. He urged his class to use that personal observation which had created so many brilliant diagnosticians in the past. To enter into special practice or to become a surgeon without years of experience in general practice was a mistake. Closing, he said he hoped to see the return of the general practitioner. With profound distaste he went to his first post-mortem, but soon the miracle of the human body inspired him, and as one of his junior colleagues said, "He approached his post-mortems in the spirit of a poet and he saw not a poor wreck of humanity or a cold inanimate body from which life had fled, but a marvellous work of the Creator." They were hard years, those first early years, for owing to the long illness of his predecessor the department of pathology had deteriorated, signs of neglect were everywhere, lectures had fallen off and equipment was scarce. In fact that department had practically

to be recreated. Slowly, and by degrees—for they were lean years—he built up his work, and placed pathology on a basis hitherto unknown in Canada. From the first he decided to devote his whole time to his department; no offer of a special practice (the privilege alike in those days of the heads of the departments of pathology and anatomy) could tempt him, as he considered it impossible to do justice to his work if his professorial duties were interfered with by a practice. So far did he carry this attitude of entire devotion to his department that he gave up his work at the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, (a work which entailed no mental exertion and very little time, if any, from his new duties); but giving it up took a large slice from an income already very slender. In acting in this highly honourable way he took the initiative which led to full-time service for the department of pathology and anatomy. Teaching was somewhat of a drudgery to him, but he brought to it gifts of mind and a sweetness of character which inspired his pupils with a zeal for their work.

The motto of the branch of the Mackenzies to which he belonged, roughly translated, means "Faith inspired by Knowledge". Faith as our birthright, increasing from day to day by being united with knowledge. This motto might stand for his attitude towards his work, but he also bound "ardent hope upon his feet like shoes". "How fresh and joyous he was in his work, how unselfish in all ways", wrote one who knew him well, after his death. His gifts as a teacher were well known in the later years of his life, but of those earlier years when as a young and almost untried man—so nervous that he held something tightly clasped in his hand in his pocket when he faced his classes—Professor Ramsey Wright can best tell us. "Mackenzie possesses a very extensive knowledge of modern

pathology, facilitated by his mastery of French and German, a weapon equally useful to the teacher and investigator". "And", he goes on, "he further possesses unfailing tact in his dealings with those with whom his duties bring him into contact, a quality likely to endear him both to his pupils and to his colleagues." Late into night he read, never allowing his interest to fail. I can see him now through the curtain of years, stretched to the full length of his long body on the sofa before a sputtering fire of logs, on the floor beside him a pile of books in French or German. Sometimes he would translate a passage to me, remarking, "This is not correct; so-and-so is wrong in his deduction".

But he could play as well as work, and when his salary improved he joined the Toronto Golf Club (then in Coxwell Avenue), and soon he was one of the most enthusiastic players of the philosophers' game.

And then came our first summer abroad. With a beautiful unselfishness he took me to Ireland though he would like to have gone to Germany. In a dawn in which the colours of the opal ran riot we landed in Queenston, where we were met by an old navy captain who took us to his charming home. The larks were singing madly; the ground was covered with primroses and violets, and the yellow gorse was blooming on the heights. All was a picture of loveliness which I think repaid my husband for his sacrifice. And I understood and sympathized with the joy of the old priest who, standing beside me on the tender as we approached the shores, said "he had not seen Ireland for 'Tirty-tree' years" and "was it not God's country"? My husband grew to love its pearly skies and low purple hills; and as we went on through the south, the soft accent and naturally good manners of the peasants charmed him. We took long walks by the sea in the soft

falling rain, the blackbirds' thrilling song accompanying us, for the blackbird's pipe is always more joyous in the rain he loves. "Sweet as rain-water in the blackbird's flute" sang Francis Ledwidge. Sometimes we climbed the hills and saw them in their changing moods and colours, then back to our friends where the usual Irish tea of hot, buttered potato cakes, Irish soda bread, delicious heather honey in the comb crushed into an old silver bowl, was brought to us by a tottering old butler whose footsteps we watched with some anxiety as he crossed the big room.

Scotland claimed us next—Scotland so like and unlike Ireland. Edinburgh came first and Loch Lomond, and then the far north where the twilight melted into the dawn, and where my husband played golf to his heart's delight. Then England and friends, music and theatres. Soon, however, I saw signs of restlessness; he had played long enough; so I said, "Do let us go to Germany, I want to see Leipzig." The next day saw us on our way, and the rest of the summer was spent in the laboratories of Leipzig.

We did not always spend our summers abroad. Sometimes we went camping—I learnt to cook in the orthodox manner, not without backache and smoky tears. One day with great labour but much pride I had made a dish of pancakes, and placed them on a hot stone beside the fire until needed. Our bacon and eggs eaten my husband went to bring them, but hearing a loud yell I turned round and saw him dancing something curiously like a Highland fling, jumping up and down and snapping his fingers in the air but the pancakes lay in a heap at his feet. Heartlessly I sat down and laughed, but in a few days he had his revenge. We had left our camp for the day, and wishing to make a portage he chose a place which he thought would be easy

for me to cross, an old tree which had fallen and made a bridge over a pool of mud as liquid and dark as that in which Dante had watched those poor dull sinners flounder so piteously. Cautiously I crossed, but when nearing the end, like Lot's wife I looked back; my foot slipped and down I went quite up to my knees in the black oily mud. My husband who had been watching my approach with interest, watched my fall with equal interest, frightening the birds with his peals of laughter. Controlling himself with difficulty he fished me out before I had quite turned into a pillar of mud. Crossing through the woods to the other side I rolled myself in my mackintosh and washed my knickerbockers and stockings and put them to dry in the hot sun, and soon we were able to go on our way, but I had gained in experience by my mishap.

How exquisite the days, so perfect in their stillness! Silently our little canoe would pass from lake to lake until a shady spot was found to our liking, then lunch, a book and a sleep. The day over, back again to the camp, the evening meal and bed. Often while lying awake I would listen to the lapping of the water, the "cheep cheep" of the birds stirring in their nests, and far enough away to lend enchantment the song of the Whip-poor-will. But above all the night sounds I loved best the wild, beautiful call of the loon to his mate as they floated down the lakes. Then sleep would fall until the morning sun peeped into the tent, and jumping up we would run down the path to the lake, and plunging in come out refreshed and clean to begin another day. Beautiful, perfect days—their memory is vivid still and will remain with me until my eyes close in their last sleep.

With the passing of years my husband's tutorial duties had grown heavier, his pupils had increased until his classes were filled to overflowing, and more

than once when tired out he said to me half laughingly yet wholly in earnest, "If I had sufficient private means to live on, no matter how simply, I would throw aside all teaching and, fitting up a laboratory, devote myself entirely to research". But his ship never "came home," and his days were spent in preparing the way for others. With the resignation of President Loudon his hopes flared up, for he felt that in the appointment of Professor Ramsey Wright as President, science would benefit from his wide knowledge and from the pressure he would bring to bear on the Government. But the wheel of fortune turned elsewhere. Wholeheartedly, however, he gave his support to the new president, realizing the difficulties he would have to contend with.

If he had not the supreme joy of devoting himself to private research, he had the more selfless joy of aiding and directing the work of his pupils. To the work of each one he gave a personal interest, and when they ceased to be his pupils and entered his laboratory in order to carry on special research or become his junior colleagues, he continued his interest in their progress. How happy he was when his pupils achieved success! Not only because it added to the prestige of his department, but because of a very human kindness to all. What pleasure it gave him to have gained the much-prized Beit Scholarship for his brilliant pupil Miss Mary Cowan*, which enabled her to continue her research work abroad. How loyally he gave his help to get the Professorship of medicine for his junior colleague, Dr. Duncan Graham, feeling sure of his ability to fill it well.

Much as he loved his own department, he held no narrow view in furthering its interest at the expense

*Now Mrs. Hugh Maitland, the wife of my husband's Assistant Professor.

of any other part of the University. To make pathology a bridge between clinic and laboratory was his object. In a fine, spirited address given before the Clinical Society of Mount Sinai Hospital on hospital organization, he dwelt on the importance of research in hospitals. "Although we must always regard the treatment of the sick as the prime object of a hospital, an almost equal duty devolves upon it to carry on research into the causation and treatment of disease, and we recognize that a hospital in which this object is not kept ever before the staff is one which is not fulfilling its duty to the public." . . . "Indeed if we were to make an estimate of the sum of one's knowledge of medicine at the present day, we would find that the vast proportion of this knowledge had been obtained in the study of hospital patients." . . . "The very foundation of our science—the Hippocratic writings—were rendered possible by the experience of Hippocrates as a priest in the Temple of Aesculapius . . . by observation upon the patients who frequented those temples which were the early representatives of the modern hospital." Continuing his address, he said, "the post-mortem is the court of last resort, and the conscientious clinician is the most eager to find out whether the methods of investigation and treatment have been justified by the record at the necropsy. As year by year one's experience in the post-mortem room grows, one is more and more struck by the inequality in the clinical studies of the cases." Further on in his address he speaks of the importance of the simple microscope. "I have found an ineradicable tendency for pupils and juniors to neglect the simple microscopic examination of fresh unstained sputum, an examination that will often throw more light than the most complicated method of staining technique." The belief that pathology was only a stepping-stone

to the practice of medicine died hard, and often I've heard my husband complain of the lack of knowledge, even among doctors, as to its importance in science. In this respect I recall vividly a remark made to me by Sir Victor Horsley when taking me home from a garden party, "Your husband would have made a great surgeon", (he had often watched with keen joy Sir Victor's "beautiful delicate surgery"), "but it is just such a man as Professor Mackenzie who is needed in pathology, one who knows its proper place in science, one with a love of research and with a gift for teaching, one who does not intend to use it as a stepping-stone."

Further on in his address at Mount Sinai, my husband pointed out the danger which lay in the modern improvements of scientific methods. "In diagnosis there must always lie intuitive inspiration, but 'how easy to leave to a radiologist the report upon a lung or to depend upon a fluoroscope screening, instead of the older and more exacting study of the case by percussion and auscultation.'" In closing this beautiful address, he emphasized the need for accuracy and thoroughness in reports. "Bacteriology is a growing science, and from time to time new technical methods are introduced, and can only be used by assistants of experience. The assistants in charge of general bacteriology should keep closely in touch with routine work, otherwise inaccurate statements may appear in its history. Bacteriological reports appearing in published medical works are often palpably bad because the clinician has relegated that part of the work to an inexperienced assistant." The interdependence of the medical, surgical and pathological departments was spoken of. "The prosecution of medical research is so inseparable from pathological research that the relationship of the departments becomes very close." Turning to surgical pathology

he says, "The surgeon can ill afford to lose the judgment which the long experience in pathological surgery can give". "For surgical internes attracted for a time to the pathological department there is no better training than the study of the material which constantly flows from the operating room to the histological laboratory."

Throughout this address my husband shows his ideal of work, unity and loyalty. "Let the watch-word", he said, "be team-work, team-work in each department, team-work in the whole hospital. All pulling together in the cause of Science and Humanity."

Notwithstanding the pressing claims of his own department he threw himself wholeheartedly into the working of the medical department. "I always thought your husband the life of the Medical Faculty", wrote a great New York doctor to me lately. For years he had advocated and was largely instrumental in gaining the six years' medical course, hoping thereby to improve the quality even if it lessened the quantity of the pupils in medicine. Mainly due to his efforts also, the Faculty was reorganized with a view to future needs. To the improvement in the standing of the "Royal College of Dental Surgeons" he also gave some thought. In those early days when lecturing to its pupils and later when he would now and then address a meeting or read a paper on research, he impressed upon them the need of a thorough scientific training. Dentistry, he said, held an integral part in the art of healing. Only with time and an increase of knowledge had medical surgery emerged from the somewhat ignoble place it had occupied, and only now were we really beginning to realize the importance of dental surgery.

Many outside claims were laid upon him with the passing of years. Even in those last sad years after

the War when worn with fatigue, he never refused to give himself, and once I found him deep in the study of heredity in order to address a Jewish meeting on that subject. He was an omnivorous reader, not only in his own field but of good literature in general. He had also a marked gift for scanning rapidly and with accuracy, and a memory which if not equal to that of Joseph Scaliger—who it is said learnt the whole of Homer by heart within three weeks—or to the prodigious memory of Pico della Mirandola, was nevertheless a fine memory. Apart from his work it sometimes took a freakish side, whole chapters from Dickens, or from Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, long bits from Chaucer whom he loved, the whimsical poems of Calverley and the tender poems of Heine held in memory from his boyhood days, were dug up and repeated with joy. He had a keen and critical love for painting, and many, many hours we spent together in the great galleries on the continent. His love for poetry was not so strong as his love for music or for "that other harmony", good prose, but Shelley and Keats were his companions in Salonika. Sometimes he would buy a book of poems for the sake of something he had found in it which delighted his sensitive musical ear. One day he brought home a small volume of William Watson's works because of that lilting poem beginning "April, April, laugh thy golden laughter, Then a moment after weep thy girlish tears." Another day he introduced me to Francis Thompson's poem, the *Hound of Heaven*, reading it to me with so much feeling that I could hear the beat-beat of those "strong footsteps which followed followed after."

He was amused when I repeated to him the shallow opinion of some one who said scientific men very rarely cared for music or literature, as they lacked imagination. He replied, "No man can do

much in science unless he has a highly developed imagination, but imagination held in leash. Let it go, such remarks are worthless."

The happiest period of his work was in those years when he had Professors Beresford Leathes and T. G. Brodie as his colleagues. For Professor Leathes, so quiet and well-bred, he conceived a warm liking, and when the former returned to England, my husband felt he had not only lost a good colleague but a warm friend. How happy and content they were when they moved into the new pathological department from the over-crowded medical buildings. To them the new laboratories seemed large and spacious, and well equipped on the whole. Plenteous manna has fallen since then, and buildings have spread far and wide. The lean years have passed away and are hardly a memory. Much is heard of equipment and efficiency, but in a dark, unsanitary laboratory in France a man re-created pathology and founded the kingdom of bacteriology, and one cannot help wondering that in too much care for efficiency and equipment there may not lie danger to inspiration.

Our last summer abroad was in 1912. In quick succession my husband had lost his father and mother and only brother. The death of the latter, a clever banker, had tried him severely, and I was glad when it was decided that our finances would allow us to take the Mediterranean trip. Sailing from Boston we followed largely the route taken later by those gallant middle-aged men who left with "No. 4", then turning towards Italy we saw Rome for the first time. A medical Congress was to take place there that spring, and as my husband was representing the University of Toronto we had many invitations to garden parties, luncheons, and dinners and opportunities to see interesting places which might otherwise have been

closed to us. While at the garden party given by Sir Rennell and Lady Rodd at the British Embassy, I noticed my husband and Sir Rennell talking together for some time. It turned out that Sir Rennell was keenly interested in University extension in connection with the Universities of Italy. Next morning brought an invitation to my husband to lunch at the Embassy, where he met some interesting men, both Italian and English. And again the talk turned on University extension. Fortunately, he had been taking lessons in Italian the winter before, so he was able to understand and speak that beautiful language. When the Congress was over, the rest of our time was spent wandering about the Palatine Hill and the outskirts of the city. Then Florence, Venice, and the old Etruscan city of Bologna with its leaning towers, its interesting churches and beautiful University where Ambrose Pare had lectured. Here, too, we found the old palace where the young life of King Enzo, one of the soldier-poet sons of Frederick of Hohenstaufen—"the last of the God-like kings of old"—had wasted away, yet not quite wasted, for Enzo, to brighten the tedium of his long imprisonment, wrote poems in the Sicilian dialect. It had already been used at Frederick's court to testify to his love for his Sicilian subjects, but it was left to Dante to make it the tongue of the Italian people when he used it as a medium in which to express his *Divine Comedy*.

After Bologna came Germany, where two months were spent in the laboratory of Professor Aschoff of Leipzig University; then England and the British Association with its meetings for my husband, and garden parties and dinners for us both; then Canada and work. Only a few years were to pass before men began to massacre one another, making this last summer all the more beautiful as we looked

back. Afterwards when my husband realized that all was not well with him, and seeking some means in which to comfort me in those lonely days he feared must come, his thought for me passed beyond the grave, and writing a letter he left it with my brother-in-law . . . "When you are sitting alone I want you to remember all the beautiful things we saw together and all the fun we had together . . . Dear, dear wife, don't forget that we were always together, not many husbands and wives can say that."

Notwithstanding that my husband felt that the investigations made by his pupils and his assistants came first, he nevertheless did some research work by himself, and with some of his colleagues. One piece of research in which he was keenly interested and which occupied some time in his later years was made in the as yet little known history of glands. Some of these observations he published under the title of *The Pathological Anatomy and Histology of the Suprarenal Glands*. With Professor T. G. Brodie he worked on the physiology and histology of the kidney, their joint work being published in the *Journal of the Royal Society of London*. At the same time they began the study of the lungs and the heart. The outbreak of the War stopped their study of the lungs, but when my husband returned from Salonika this work was continued until Professor Brodie's sad death. For the few months left of that summer he went on with this work alone until recalled to Canada for the winter term by Dr. Clarke, then dean of the Medical Faculty. The next summer my husband returned to London, where he again went on with research, this time in the employ of the Imperial Government.

Many other works in research he had to his credit, both published and unpublished. His feeling for research was very true. As he said, "Science

lays no claim to the possession of truth; all the truth it discovers is incomplete." He was chary therefore in placing his observations before the world, but when he did he felt he was on the right path.

He was a member of many societies closely associated with pathology, both abroad and on this continent—the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Pathological Society of Great Britain and Ireland. He was a member and President of the American Associates of Pathology and Bacteriology, and also a member of the American Institute of Biological Chemists.

Toronto laid its claims upon him. For the continued existence of the Royal Canadian Institute as a means for good, he worked both as secretary and president, closing his term as president in the year the intrepid explorer, Sir Ernest Shackelton, had accepted his invitation to lecture before a Toronto audience. He was also president of the Pathological Society of Toronto, and continued his interest in it until the end. He was honorary president and member of the Psi Delta Psi and Nu Sigma Nu Fraternities, believing these societies had a good influence on the undergraduates.

With so many interests claiming him, so much pressing work to do, he was often tired to the verge of exhaustion, and I used to long for the hour when, the drudgery of classes over, he could pass out into the sunshine of spring and his game of golf. We lived quietly, for that part of the world called "Society" had no interest for us. When his evenings were free from attending meetings or other work, he read aloud to me, philosophy or biography, Hume and Lecky and others, the dispassionate summing up of *The Growth of European Morals*, its flowing and beautiful style appealing to him. The life of Pasteur made an especial appeal to us both, and I remember

so well the tremble in his voice when he read to me those moving words uttered by Pasteur when opening the Pasteur Institute, the final reward for his life-long work—"Two contrary laws seem to be wrestling with one another; the one a law of blood and death, ever imagining new means of destruction, forcing nations to be ready for the battlefield; the other a law of peace, of work and health, ever evolving new means of delivering man from the scourges which beset him. The one seeks violent conquests; the other—the relief of humanity. Which of these two laws will prevail? God alone knows."

Fourteen years have passed since the "War to end war" was brought to an unsatisfactory end, but Peace has not yet spread her wings over man, and we can only echo the words of the noble and tired old scientist, "Which law will prevail? God alone knows." In point of character no one so closely resembled my husband as Louis Pasteur. Both loved truth, both were simple of heart and were of an untarnished honour in their work and in their lives. Both loved the peaceful strife of the laboratory, and hated the bestial noise of war. Both hated to see the young go forth to be massacred. "It is like a knife in my heart," said my husband to me on hearing of any young life cut short; and the equally tender heart of Pasteur was torn in two as he watched his pupils pass from the peace of the laboratory to the turmoil of battle. So when it was suggested to me to write an article on a scientific man who resembled my husband I, without hesitation, chose Louis Pasteur.

My husband had just determined to apply for his long delayed "Sabbatical Year" (his department was running smoothly then) when the War broke out. He at once wrote to Sir ——— offering his services, to begin in April, 1915, but on hearing of the organization of the University Hospital he

decided to throw his lot in with his colleagues.

It was arranged from the beginning of the War that I should leave Toronto for England before my husband. My passage was taken and I was ready to go when, without warning, I was struck down with a serious illness. After three weeks' treatment I was able, however, to sail on the *Missinabie*. My husband naturally hated to see me go in my weakened state, for the attack had been severe, but we said good-bye quite cheerfully. Later in the day he wrote the first of these letters written to me during the War.

"You looked so brave and sweet this morning. I feel sure all will be well. I know your courage and that you will always keep your head."

The next written on May 11th, 1915, says: "We leave here at 7 a.m. from the Exhibition grounds. I am going to Watson's the night before, and will leave with him. We go on our transport Friday night. After that I do not know what the plans are. From the number of units going and the number of transports which are to be used, I think we will rendezvous somewhere in the Gulf. I am afraid, however, it will be June before you hear of our arrival. Be brave, dearest, and think of all the brave women who are facing things a thousand times worse."

When he did arrive we were together most of the time, for him an anxious and worried time, as the Military mind did not seem to grasp the importance of his work or see that, now when this holocaust had fallen on the world it could be used for the future welfare of man. Not even Sisyphus had a more difficult task before him than my husband had to convince the authorities of the great importance of bacteriological and pathological work in the War. In this respect, Germany and the United States put us to shame, for in those countries every opportu-

ity was given to place the bacteriologist and pathologist in the best place for pursuing his investigations.

At the very last he received word to join the Unit at Folkestone. He had come up to London to work with Dr. Winifred Cullis while waiting, rather than be idle at Folkestone. We said a quiet goodbye at Waterloo Station, and he wrote from Folkestone, "You looked so plucky at the station, but I saw what you were feeling from your dear eyes. Good-night, darling, I am going for a walk on the Lees and remember when you were here."

On their way to unknown parts he writes, "We started last night, Sunday, at 11 o'clock, Primrose, Watson, McGillivray and I in one carriage. We are now running along the Devon coast, and we are a very jolly crowd indeed.

ON BOARD.

A splendid cabin and oh, what good luck, Watson and I share it together. As we left the dock the *Missinabie* loaded with Canadians swung into our place. Some of our boys gave the University yell, and the men on the other boat replied. The 35th of Toronto was on board the *Missinabie* and Gow, who is with us, caught a glimpse of his brother Walter. It was both an interesting and stirring experience to see a Canadian troop ship arrive as we were going out.

There are a number of units on board, Artillery, Army Veterinary, Army Service, Sanitary Corps and Naval Details, but not a single woman, and Watson and I bathe and shave in the women's quarters. It is warm enough to sit on deck. It reminds me of the days we had together near the Azores and Madeira. All of our men are happy to be off, and I'm sure they will give a good account of themselves.

WEDNESDAY—We are making good time and should see Gibraltar tomorrow. I wish you could have seen the school of porpoise we have just



THE OLD AND BEAUTIFUL CHURCH OF
ST. SOPHIA (4TH CENTURY)



VIEW OF SALONIKA, LOOKING SOUTH

passed, leaping and playing about the ship. There are many interesting men on board. I've been talking to one, a surgeon who served in the Russo-Turkish war. I was asking him about Vereschagin's pictures, and he asked me if I remembered a particularly horrible one. I said "Yes". He remarked, "That was our dressing station, and it was even worse than the painting. Every amputation case died."

It must have been a fearful experience.

Everything in this strange new life was of interest to my husband. He had delight in simple things, which was to serve him well while in the East and during his long illness. Already he had begun to read everything he could find about Greece and was engaged just then reading *Home Life in Hellas*. In this letter began his requests for books and again books, which were to make me rack my brain and long for a larger purse. "Did you know", he asks me in this letter, "that the Ionian Islands formed an independent Republic under British protection, and that they had universal suffrage and vote by ballot long before it was given in the British Isles?" "You have read Mahaffy's book", he goes on, "*Travels in Greece* I think it is called. Will you send me a copy of it and Keats' Poems as well."

"We are now drawing near the course we sailed together three years ago, and I long to have you with me."



OCT. 22.

We stopped a few moments last night—I am not allowed to say where—but the twinkling lights looked as beautiful as they did three years ago. The only difference was the giant search-lights which kept sweeping over the water turning the dark into bright day.

OCT. 23.

A perfect day and the north coast of Africa in sight. Just before I went to bed last night I saw the lights of a large city, and I knew I was looking at another place where we had a happy and interesting time. And I said 'No more travelling without my wife. Once is enough, and when I get back we are going to stick closer together than ever before.' But I think it is right that we should feel the terrible upheaval that the world is passing through and not stand selfishly aloof.

Much love,
JACK.

OCT. 24.

We are passing a beautiful island of a curious brownish-yellow tint, here and there shaded a delicate green. It is covered with villages of square block-like houses all of the same brown-yellow tint. They straggle along the ridge and up the hills, and here and there a church peeps out, looking more like a mosque than a Christian church.

About noon we came to another island. We have just sailed into harbour and are now at anchor. The harbour is very beautiful, reminding me of Algiers in its situation and size. I may not tell you where we are but you can guess.

MALTA.

SUNDAY EVENING—I've just come on board after a most amusing afternoon. If the view from the harbour was interesting, the town itself is infinitely more so. The people are very strange and foreign-looking, the women wear an extraordinary head-dress—it is made of something like black silk but it is stiffened in a peculiar way. It looks something

like this (sketch)*. The story is that the women of the isle were maltreated by Napoleon's soldiers, and the church condemned them to wear this head-dress for a hundred years—now it is the national head-dress. There are no milk carts here, and it is amusing to watch the herd of goats driven along the streets to be milked at every door.

OCT. 26.

We are still here, impatient to be gone. I do not know if we will get ashore today. A sirocco is blowing a warm humid wind from the desert and we are taking on coal. You can imagine our plight. I forgot to say that on Sunday I went into the Church of the Knights of St. John. It is most gorgeous, everywhere are monuments of the Grand Masters of the Order. I found two good pictures; a Fra Angelico and a Carpaccio.

OCT. 27.

At last we are at sea again. There is a rumour that the transport *Marquette* has been sunk in the Aegean Sea. I hope you know the name of this ship and will not worry. When am I going to hear from you? It will be weeks, I'm afraid. *Home Life in Hellas* is worth reading. I hope I shall see Athens before I return, but if I don't we shall see it together when the war is over. Please go into the *Times* Book Club and see if all the volumes of Finlay's *Greece* are in Everyman's library. He has brought the history down to the middle of the nineteenth century—the part dealing with the conquest of Greece by the Crusaders to their subjection by the Turks must be very interesting, so send it as soon as you get this. I am reading Monte Cristo again. It is a good story if tedious at times.

FRIDAY—Another lovely day, the sunset was a golden one. I waited up for the moon last night, and then went to bed and slept till morning.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON—We expect to land at six. May have to pack in a hurry.

Goodbye, dearest, until tomorrow . . .

JACK.

*My husband used to make little sketches in the margins of his letters.

SUNDAY, OCT. 31—Yesterday we drew up at the dock about 1 o'clock; the first thing I did was to send you a cable. We do not know our destination but hear we shall leave this ship here. Young Wishart and some of the students are here and are coming to lunch tomorrow.

How I do miss you; you know I am not what is called a "good mixer," and although I am fond of Prim and B.P. I get so lonely for you.

ALEXANDRIA.

We are staying in hotels as the accommodation at the rest camp was so bad. My room is on the top floor, the sea is just across the road, a beautiful crescent-shaped bay. On the point of the crescent are the ruins of the old Pharos of the Ptolemys, one of seven Wonders of the Ancient World. The view in the early morning is exquisite, and as I lie in bed at night I hear the waves distinctly. We rode out to Cairo yesterday. Saw the wonder of the Pyramids and the wonderful Nile beside them. Old Cairo interested me most—Coptic churches and Mosques cheek-by-jowl. A curious old mosque was called the Mosque of Omer. Another, the Mosque of Hassan, was exquisite in its stately and simple lines. Another mosque built eighty-four years ago by the man who conquered the Mamelukes is almost entirely of alabaster, but looked vulgar beside the Mosque of Hassan.

We are all more or less under the weather. The food of Alexandria disagrees with every newcomer. I escaped more lightly than the others as I was wearing my cholera belt.

Do you remember meeting Sir Ronald Ross* in Liverpool, and how pleased he was when you quoted one of his poems? I spent the whole of today with him going over his laboratory and seeing cases in the wards. He is chief consultant on tropical diseases in Alexandria, and works most of his time in the Ras-il-Jin Hospital. How I wish I could work with him! We are to move in ten days but we will be thoroughly sick before we get to work. I shall spend all my time with Ross while here, familiarizing myself with the cases and the technical

*Sir Ronald Ross of tropical medicine fame.

methods. I hear Victor Horsley* is somewhere, I wish I could see him. As a matter of fact there is little surgical work to be done, it is all medical. There is a good bit of typhoid, but the cases I've seen are healthy. We have just been told that we are to leave for Salonika tomorrow. We are going on a hospital ship so we shall be quite safe. Our nurses are lost. They came to Gib., then to Malta. They were then told we were in Salonika and went there. As we were not there they were sent back to Malta. This is a nice muddle, and shows what fools are in charge of transport work.

Much love, dear heart,

JACK.

SUNDAY, NOV. 7.

DEAR GIRL:

At sea again. This time we are on a large hospital ship, one of the Castle line. Watson and I have a stateroom which is not nearly so roomy and comfortable as the one on the *Minnewaska*, but it is not bad and the deck room is much larger. It is larger, for instance, than the boat we crossed to Antwerp on. It is rather a comfort to be on a hospital ship, as it takes away any anxiety about submarines. So far the Germans have only once tried to torpedo a hospital ship and that was shortly after the beginning of the war in the Channel and there was such a row about that, that I don't think they ever tried it again. At any rate there is no mistaking us, as we are covered with red crosses night and day and we travel all night with all lights on, a distinctly pleasant change from the transport where we had no lights even to go to bed by. I am glad we are getting near our destination and will soon be at work. It was good to have the week in Alexandria and the day at Cairo, but we didn't come out for that, and one always felt that it was too much like a holiday. Even this sailing through the eastern Mediterranean is not arduous. To think, as I do sometimes, what an extraordinary experience—Tomorrow we will be sailing through the Isles of Greece, passing the little islands from whence originates much of the civilization of the world.

*Sir Victor Horsley, the famous surgeon.

Alexandria grows on one, the ever-changing street scenes with the veiled women, not so much veiled but that one can see that they are very ugly. In spite of our belief that Egypt is British in everything but in name, one is not here long before one realizes that it is anything but British. No one speaks English. The shops, the police, the hotel waiters may speak French, but very seldom English. The cab drivers seem never to understand a word, and it is much safer to try them with French or even Italian. All we seem to do officially is to guide the Government. The police are a particularly smart-looking lot of men, and I was told by a chap who has lived here for a good many years that Kitchener is responsible for their efficiency. When he was Sirdar, he very soon showed them that if they did their work well and honestly they would have a free hand, but the slightest transgression was mercilessly punished. Everyone says that the new Sultan is a great improvement on the Ex-Khediye. He is about sixty-five, absolutely honest and with a great belief in the possibilities of Egypt. His one lament is that he will not be able to live long enough to carry through the reforms which he thinks are necessary. In sanitary matters he is particularly impatient of delay. There is so much disease which could be absolutely prevented by an enlightened sanitary administration. Parts of Alexandria are unspeakably filthy. And the flies! When you see a group of kiddies holding out their hands for baksheesh with rings of flies sticking round their eyes, you are not surprised at the amount of ophthalmia and blindness.

But one cannot help being struck with the wealth of the country, and the enormous possibilities. The cotton crop is evidently just coming into the warehouses, and one sees continuous streams of lorries loaded with bales of cotton which is bursting through the covering in snowy masses. They get three crops of wheat a year, and the same of Indian corn and other grains. All this is the result of the Nile barrage or dam, which controls the supply of water over the whole area and forever prevents the possibility of famine owing to a bad Nile. To Cromer and his assistants and the British engineers

who carried it through is due the credit of all this. And yet the country is not British, but French and Italian where it is not purely Egyptian. The man who controls the timber trade there is an Italian named Stagni; from his enormous docks, sheds and palatial offices he must be many times a millionaire. They seem to appreciate the work the British have done. At least the better classes do. I had a most interesting talk with a handsome old Egyptian at our hotel. His son is Governor of Suez. The old man told me he was 87 but he did not look it. He said he had been nine years in England but it passed like nine days! He explained that his strength was due to the fact that he never drank water, only weak tea, and only ate twice a day, a light breakfast and a heavier mid-day meal. After this meal he spent the afternoon in one of the mosques, went home at sundown and went to bed. He was quite a courtly old gentleman and as we left him said, "Salaam Salaam, a very pleasant journey."

There are several medical men and nurses on board besides ourselves, also the D.M.S., a General in the R.A.M.C. We are all to be paraded before him tomorrow.

SUNDAY NIGHT—I have just come up from dinner, and am writing this on the deck under the deck light. It is much cooler than in Alexandria and I expect tomorrow night we will need our overcoats. There is a song service for the men this evening on the after deck. They have a piano out and two large clusters of lights over it. Some of our men sing very well, but their choice of hymns is rather doleful.

I sent you yesterday a photo of our party at the pyramids. You will see me on a donkey. I rode out on a white donkey, and back on a camel. Primrose has a good one of Watson and myself, I will send it to you when I can get a copy.

Yesterday morning Primrose and I went out to find the Catacombs, which we could not discover with Ross the night before. We found them on the outskirts of the city. Most interesting going down quite a distance into the earth, with passages and niches for the bodies. They were in groups of three

chambers, one on each side for the father and mother, and one in the middle for the children. One group was beautiful, ornamented with carved figures cut out of the sandstone. They are all pre-Christian, possibly late Greek in origin.

We used the Union Club a good deal in Alexandria. All officers were honorary members and it was a good place to see English papers, but absolutely swarming with officers. One met lots of men who had been in Gallipoli, and heard many stories of the fighting. There seems general satisfaction at Ian Hamilton's recall. There has been an awful lot of bungling and staff work has been thoroughly bad. I hope the new man is better.

The officers of the ship tell us they expect to land us some time on Tuesday, and from all we heard at Alexandria the weather is wet and cold, so that I will be very thankful for the warm clothing I brought with me.

Sir Ronald Ross is going home this week. I said goodbye to him yesterday afternoon. He lives in Cavendish Square. He promised to call and tell you how I am looking. I hope he does so.

There was a mail from England on Saturday, but nothing for us. I have no doubt your letters are on the way, as I saw the *Times* of Oct. 26 at the Club, but mail facilities are so bad. I do hope you are getting all mine. Roberts always chaffs me when I come with another letter to be censured.

TUESDAY, NOV. 9.

I did not write yesterday, I was reading Lord Cromer's *Egypt* which I found in the library. It is a most interesting book and I really think you should get it and read it. It is written in the most impartial manner, very much like Lecky without Lecky's style. It gives one a very clear idea how we blundered into Egypt. He is extraordinarily fair to everybody, but he shows quite clearly that Granville and Gladstone were always waiting to see what would turn up, and hoping to escape from a dilemma when they were allowing themselves to be pushed further and further in. Granville must have been a very charming man and, as Cromer says, it was quite impossible to be angry with him. Do read it.

Yesterday we were passing islands all day. High, rocky and bare. Not a blade of grass or a tree to be seen. How they can support a population is difficult to understand. Yet the most virile of the Greek population comes from those islands.

In the morning we had an interview with General Baptie, the Principal Director of Medical Service for the Mediterranean. As we are all under him, it was interesting. He is a humorous old Scotchman with a keen face. He has the V.C. He was one of the four officers who won it at Colenso in S. Africa, when young Roberts was killed. It was he who tended Roberts and brought his body back. I had quite a talk with him, and he seems to thoroughly appreciate the importance of good laboratory work.

This morning when we got up at seven we found land on both sides of us, and we are now sailing up a wide gulf with high mountains on each side. It is a comfort to see trees and grass after the yellow sand of Egypt.

The air is fresh and rather cool so that I am writing this on the deck with my warmer on. The sky is overcast and we will likely land in the rain.

The nursing Sisters on board seem very nice girls. I was talking to one last night. She has been on board this ship for fourteen months, with only once or twice a chance to go ashore. This is their first trip to the Mediterranean; ever since they began they have been carrying wounded from France to England.

This morning we were stopped by a patrol boat and when I looked out of my port I saw it was a Yarmouth trawler flying the white ensign. A good many miles from home! Verily, it is no idle boast to say "Britannia rules the sea".

The sun is coming out through the clouds and throwing patches of light on the little white villages on the coast. Just now it is shining on a fine mountain to the east of us, bringing out the outline and casting deep purple shadows in the hollows. It doesn't look unlike the north shore of the St. Lawrence. The hills are much like those about Murray Bay.

AFTER LUNCH—We dropped anchor in the harbour about noon, and are now waiting to see what orders we will receive. The city looks very pretty, forming a semicircle at the head of the bay, surrounded with high hills, some with clouds resting on the tops. The city climbs up the hill to an old citadel at the top, and here and there one sees the slender minarets of mosques. Just before we dropped anchor an aeroplane came flying over, and then disappeared behind the hills.

The harbour is full of shipping, transports, hospital ships and war vessels, most of them, like us, out at anchor. High up back of the town are the white tents of the camp. It is not cold, just a little raw, but it looks as if they had a good deal of rain. I don't know whether I will get a chance to post this on board or not, but will leave it unfinished for the present.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

We are just getting into the dock. Everything points to very great delay in landing our stuff. We could see our camp from the boat last night. It is about five miles from town, high up on the slopes. A very healthy spot, and well away from the contagion and flies of the town. It has magnificent views over the harbour, and if we are reasonably comfortable we ought to be happy. The tents for the officers are already up, so that as soon as we get out there we will start to get settled. It looks as if I will have to take the duties of camp sanitary officer. I am going to close this provisionally in case I get a chance to post it.

JACK.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 11.
SALONIKA.

DEAREST GIRL:

We left the ship yesterday afternoon and walked out to the camp. It was a long muddy walk of about five miles, but when we reached it we were delighted with the place. It is situated on a sloping plain, which is bounded on the south by the main road. We have about half a mile of frontage upon this

road, and we stretch back as far as we like to go. In fact, we have the best camp ground in the country. There were a number of tents up when we arrived, and the officers were put in large square Indian tents, two to a tent. Watson and I are still together, and we have plenty of room. We are told, however, that when our own tents are up we will have to give up our comfortable Indian ones, as they need them for other troops. How long we will be in tents we do not know. We are promised huts for the winter, but things move slowly. Last night was rather chilly, and during the night we had heavy thunderstorms and rain (it reminded me of our camping days), so this morning I told Bruce to give me my heavy underwear. It turned out to be scorching, and I have been going round most of the day without a coat. We have made ourselves very comfortable in our tents. I have my cot in one corner, and Watson is in the other. The other end is for our trunks and dunnage bags. Over my cot I have your picture, so that I see it as soon as I waken. In the middle we have rigged up a table, and when we get some candles it will be quite cheery at night. All the Indian tents are double and are lined with yellow palm, so that they are cool in hot weather and warm in cold.

The view from the camp is very fine. Behind us are low hills with a village half way up them. To the west is a range of higher hills, stretching away to the south and culminating in the mass of Mount Olympus which is about forty miles away, and from its height and grandeur and especially from the way it stretches into the clouds, makes one understand why the ancients thought it was the home of the gods. The road in front of us is the main military road to the front, and there is a continual stream of traffic on it—motor lorries, ambulances, and every once in a while long lines of horse transport, French or Grecian or British. To the east are more high hills, and the town itself far enough away to look picturesque. When one is in the town it is indescribably dirty, with narrow streets. We only walked through it and did not see the principal street, but it looked most uninviting, and I don't think we will go in often. The

harbour is also visible, full of shipping, battle-ships and transports.

I posted you a letter yesterday, and I am paging this as a continuation. I am a little afraid you might not get yesterday's; there was some trouble with the censor, as we had not yet got the proper stamp, but he finally accepted them. I do hope you are getting all my letters. I put the date on every one, so that if you tick them off on a calendar you will know if any are missing. When will I hear from you? I hope soon. There are rumours that we will get our first convoy of wounded in a few days, perhaps before we are ready for them. The sun is setting behind Olympus and it is getting chilly so I will get back into the tent.

Good-night, dearest.

FRIDAY, NOV. 12.

The rain began again last night but did not last long and when I went to bed it was a wonderful starlight night, rather cold. About midnight the wind sprang up and began to blow harder and harder from the north. The tents shook and flapped, and Watson got up twice to tie up the door. However, I slept very well, and when I dressed found that it was a good deal colder. Breakfast was a little better, bacon and tomatoes, bread and honey and lots of hot cocoa. I quite enjoyed it. Our supplies are in terrific confusion. They had all to be brought out from the dock on large motor lorries, and the night before last when it rained so hard thirty loads got hopelessly stuck in the mud, and got thoroughly wet. I am afraid to look at our apparatus, but will not unpack until we have a place to put it. This morning the air is beautifully clear, and to the south Mt. Olympus stood out clearly with its great cap of snow. To the north we can see a distant range of Macedonian mountains all covered with snow. This is why this wind is so cold. I am sitting writing in the tent with my lined Burberry on, and am very comfortable. I told you I had found my electric torch. You don't know what a comfort it is at night.

The A.D.M.S. is in camp just now, and has given orders not to put up any more tents as the

Engineers are going to erect huts. There is another British hospital coming in just behind us. Watson and I are going into town this afternoon.

SATURDAY, NOV. 13.

We went into town yesterday afternoon. Managed to get a lift in and out in passing transport motors. Dirty but quick, and better than walking. I bought a fine little lamp which is going to be a great comfort. I read in bed by it for an hour last night. Several of the men are going into town to-day to buy lamps like it. The town is the most interesting place I have ever seen, not on account of the buildings but on account of the never-ending procession of all sorts and conditions of men.

There are lots of British soldiers and sailors—they are familiar enough. Then crowds of French in a blue grey uniform, very well-set-up, soldierly-looking men. Greeks in khaki but very dirty and sloppy looking, strongly built, with dark olive skin. Albanians in their white kilts, but unspeakably dirty. They may have been white once but they are so no longer. Bourgeois in frock coats and red fezes. Jews in long, fur-lined cloaks and curious turbans. The women are sometimes very handsome. Only a few of them are veiled, and those are much more closely veiled than women in Alexandria. They have their faces completely covered with black crepe. Watson was trying to find news of his aunt, who is matron of one of the Scottish hospitals in Serbia. We went to the headquarters of the British Red Cross for Serbia, and got some news of her. In the office were two English girls in short riding skirts and boots and spurs. They had just come in from Albania where they had been for some time, and also in Serbia. Albania they said was very interesting but exciting, as you never knew whether the natives would welcome you or take a shot at you from behind a stone.

To-day's weather is a great contrast from yesterday. No mud and distinctly hot, with a lovely haze not unlike a Canadian Indian summer day. I am writing this outside my tent, and the whole line of the hills looks blue through the haze. We can see as far south as Ossai, and Olympus is very fine with

its cap of snow. Just now a large biplane has passed overhead, and has disappeared over the hills to the north, evidently on its way to the front. I have just found my box of microscopes, and am gradually picking out boxes of apparatus from the general mix-up. I am afraid that we are going to be short of essentials, as there was so much uncertainty about our date of sailing from England that part of the stuff ordered may never get here. There is a rumour that Kitchener is coming here tomorrow. He has evidently been in Rome. I should think he was needed to stir things up!

I have been wondering often if you were frightened by the sinking of the *Marquette*, but you would know that we were not on her. At any rate, you would have got my cable from Alexandria. A troop train is just passing, and from the cheering they are evidently British. The French and Greeks are much more silent. I notice I haven't told you that the ground is covered with little lizards like those we saw in Italy. Watson found one in his bed yesterday. I don't know how our poor nurses will enjoy them.

The sun is sinking behind the Pindus mountains and Olympus taking on a pink tint, so I will seal this letter and start another tomorrow.

Good-night, sweetheart,

JACK.

SUNDAY, NOV. 14.

Last night after I finished writing I sat out in front of the tents and watched the sunset. It was very beautiful. The hills gradually took on a pink tint, and the sky was flecked with crimson clouds. Just as it got dark, long lines of British mounted troops came from the town, and a little later we saw a tremendous procession of lights which proved to be empty motor lorries coming back from the camps higher up the valley, coming down the hill. It was quite a sight.

About eight o'clock our first convoy of cases arrived. About fifty in all, and just now another batch of thirty have come in. Most of them are medical cases, and none of them are from the actual firing line. Another convoy is coming in now. It

is going to keep our orderlies pretty busy, as the nurses are not yet here and we don't know when they will arrive.

Yesterday it was just four weeks since I said goodbye to you at Charing Cross. Dear old girl, I wonder how you have been. I was in town again today and went to the Army Post Office, but there was no mail for us yet. After this, address my letters—No. 4 Canadian General Hospital, British Force in Greece, War Office. That is the revised address which came out in orders today.

I went into town today with the Quartermaster and we did a lot of shopping, although it was Sunday. The great holiday from work here is Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath. All the shops are closed, as practically all the shopkeepers are Jews. It is very funny in this Greek town to find that it is quite easy to get on without Greek. In fact, I imagine many of the people do not speak it at all. I can get on all right with my French. The language which is most spoken is old Spanish. That is the Jewish language, as they are all descended from Jews who were driven from Spain during the Inquisition. Next to Spanish the common languages are French and Italian. There is another hospital coming in today or tomorrow, and we hear it is another Canadian; one from British Columbia. So Canada will be well represented.

By-the-bye, I think there is a French dictionary in your box. Could you post it to me? It would be very useful here, and I have not even a French phrase book. I got a look at my microscopes today and the rain has not touched them, so that is one thing that is safe.

MONDAY, NOV. 15.

This is another broiling day. We are moving the Mess tent, so we had our mid-day meal outdoors at a long table. We had all to wear our sun helmets and sit in our shirt sleeves. Primrose took a photograph of the table. I'll send you a copy if I can get one. By-the-bye, don't send the French dictionary. I found one in my trunk that Pelham* gave me. This morning I moved my goods and chattels to the bell

*Professor Pelham Edgar.

tent, as the Indian tents are being put up for the nurses. I have a tent to myself now, small, but it holds everything comfortably. It will be much easier to heat, and I am going to buy one of the coal oil stoves which they sell in town. But it will have to be much colder than this before I need one! We got two tents put up for the laboratory, and I am unpacking my apparatus. The tents will have to do until the Engineers put up our huts. We have just heard that eighteen of our nurses have arrived in port, so they may be here this afternoon. We have 150 patients in Hospital already. That is pretty good after only four days in camp. We have beds up for 210, and other hospital tents are going up as fast as we can erect them. Everybody is working, men and officers, and last night we were all so tired that we went to bed at nine o'clock. However, it is very healthy and I eat like a horse. I must stop now and get to work unpacking.

EVENING—We finished unpacking this afternoon, and find that two of our most important boxes are missing. Whether we did not get them on board at Devonport or whether we have lost them on the way I don't know. It is going to be very difficult to work without them. There was another beautiful sunset tonight and then it clouded and threatened rain, but it is clear moonlight now and I expect we will have a good night. The nurses are not coming until tomorrow. Their tents are all up and I think they will be very comfortable. A lot more patients came in and we have now over two hundred.

We hear the French have got into Bulgaria. Hope it is true. The French soldier is a most workman-like-looking man, and everyone here is full of their praises. They say they all know their business from the highest officer down. No letters today. I am longing to hear how you are.

TUESDAY, NOV. 16.

We had another beautiful night, and this morning the view of Olympus was wonderful; away to the north-west mountains were showing, covered with snow. The day is fine and less hot than yesterday. I enjoyed my first night's sleep in a bell tent with

the door wide open. When I wakened I could see the wonderful starlit sky. This morning we have been very busy setting up the laboratory, and have found some of the things that were missing.

No. 28 Hospital arrived yesterday and a number of officers came over to see us this morning, and the face of one of them looked very familiar. As I was watching him he came over and introduced himself. Another officer is an old student of mine, a graduate of 1906, who has been in the R.A.M.C. He was taken prisoner at Mons, and was kept in Germany for ten months. He was in Prussia, and he says they went out of their way to be unpleasant. He is very bitter against them. Well, I must get back to work.

EVENING—The afternoon has passed very fast, but it gets dark early and as yet there is not artificial light enough to work by. Sixteen of the nurses arrived this afternoon. They have had an interesting experience. They were on a hospital ship which stopped at Gallipoli to take off wounded, and they saw a good deal of shelling both by the British and the Turks. They were very glad to find us so comfortable, as they had met nurses who were on Lemnos and they had only been allowed two pints of water a day for washing their faces and their clothes. They got no butter at all. We are rather stinted for water, but that is because it has to be drawn two miles. We expect to have a well on our own ground shortly.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 17.

Just a few minutes talk with my wife while I am smoking after lunch. We had rain last night but not much, and very little wind with it, so that the sound on the tent was a lullaby which was very soothing. This morning it was quite clear, but a south-east wind which got stronger in the middle of the morning blew our laboratory tents about in great fashion. I can see it is going to be very difficult to do lab. work in tents and the sooner we get the huts the better.

The nurses are delighted with the camp and say that the tents they are in are the most comfortable they have found.

Do you think it would be safe to send me two pairs of Jaeger pyjamas by post? If they are not too expensive and they can be sent registered so that I will be sure to get them, you might do it. Primrose and Watson both have them and they say they are very comfortable. I don't need them just now but if the weather gets cold they would be a comfort.

There are many rumours flying about the camp as to what Greece is going to do now that the King has dissolved Parliament. There seems to be a fear that the new election may not give Venizelos a majority, as the majority of the army belong to his party and with the army mobilized they could not go home to vote. The Greeks are as keen politicians, and every bit as shifty, as we are in Canada, which is saying a good deal!

We have found a good deal more of our apparatus, but there are still two cases missing. I got my post-mortem set and you will be pleased to hear four dozen pairs of post-mortem gloves, so that you need not worry about that. We have about five hundred beds up and we only started last Wednesday—pretty good going, isn't it?

Well, dearest, I must get away to work. I will finish this note tonight so that it can be posted when the ambulances go into town in the morning.

EVENING—One of the discomforts of tent life is very evident this evening. The wind has shifted completely around to the north-west, and is blowing off the Balkans. It is a perfect gale, and when I came up to my tent I found my tent curtain had loosened off all its pegs, and had to start in and tighten everything. It is safer now if it will stay that way, but the roar of the wind and the flapping of the tents will not conduce to sleep. The row in the laboratory was terrific, and I arranged to have two men sleep there tonight in case the wind should get worse, to try and prevent it being blown down. I am sitting on my cot with a camp stool as a back; it is too draughty to sit with my feet on the floor. I find my leather jacket a great comfort on a night like this. The Quartermaster has not come back from town so that I don't know whether he has bought my stove or not. I pity the poor patients.

I am going to close this letter and say good-night.
Much love, dearest,
JACK.

THURSDAY, NOV. 18.

I posted your letter this morning and forgot to carry on the number and date, so that I don't know whether I am right or not. Last night it froze quite hard and it would have been very cold in my tent, but fortunately my coal oil stove came out and I lit it at once and was really quite comfortable. When I went to bed I brought it close to my bed, and kept it burning until I was ready to go to sleep. I was in bed by 9.30 and asleep by 10, rather a change for me. This morning when my orderly came in for my boots we lighted it and put a kettle of water on top, and by the time I had to get up the tent was warm and the water boiling. Today is beautifully clear, and rather sharp. The hills show up plainly all about us. The laboratory got so cold during the night that our incubators got away below the normal temperature, and we will have to devise some scheme for keeping the heat up, otherwise it will be impossible to do bacteriological work. We are all settling down to our respective duties. I was a little afraid I would have to do the Sanitary Officer's work, but one of the younger men has been detailed so that I will have no distractions.

No letters have arrived for us yet. We are beginning to think that the authorities in London waited until we arrived here before sending them on. In that case we will have to wait another week. We are all beginning to get impatient.

FRIDAY, NOV. 19.

I did not write to you last night, as I was writing to Mavor and began a letter to Willa. Xmas letters to Canada will have to be posted in a day or two in order to get there in time. Last night I was very comfortable in my tent, with my stove going. It got up to 68°. I have also got three extra blankets from the stores, so that I ought to be comfortable when I get into bed. Today we have rather a mild day, but not hot as it was last week. When I got up at seven this morning the sun was just rising.

The sky was perfectly glorious, even the snow on Olympus away to the south-west was a rosy red.

There is very little to write about these days. Graham and I are busy all day with the routine of getting the laboratory running, and there are a hundred and one things which have to be improvised on account of the lack of the ordinary laboratory provisions of gas and water. We use methylated spirits or coal oil for heating, and we have to keep our water in pails and there is not a plentiful supply at that. There is a rumour that K. of K. has been in the harbour since the day before yesterday, but no one seems to have seen him!

EVENING—Another cool night with no wind. The great event of the day is when the Quartermaster comes back from town about six o'clock. He goes in the ambulance to get provisions and other things, and everybody gives him commissions. Tonight he brought back nineteen coal oil stoves for various people. My only purchase today was a porcelain pail for putting dirty water in.

We have a little boy in camp now. We heard the other day that a small Canadian lad had turned up as a stowaway on a transport from Southampton. He had got to England from Canada in the same way. Roberts sent for him, and he is now entered on our lists. He is quite a bright little chap, and looks so funny in a man's helmet and a pair of boots much too big for him. He cannot be more than twelve years old. He is having the time of his life.

Our library was unpacked today, and we have quite a collection of books—enough novels to keep us reading all winter. I believe Dent & Co. presented us with a case which has not been unpacked, and I am hoping it is a selection of Everyman's Library.

Good-night, dear. I must finish my letter to Willa.

SATURDAY, NOV. 20.

I did not get a chance to write today at noon. We had a little rain last night and this morning, but not enough to be uncomfortable. The great excitement today was the shifting of a large British camp which was on the slopes to the north of us.

It was brought down quite close to us. I don't know how many men, but it looked an awful lot. The road was black with them, and now that their tents are up on the low ground below us it is quite a sight. I suppose the move was due to Kitchener's presence.

We got in about a hundred and twenty-five patients today, and sent out quite a number. We do not keep them long; they are shipped to the hospital ships in the harbour and are then taken to Alexandria or Malta. There are a large number of ambulances in town. I noticed in camp today one labelled "County Meath". There seems to be a large number of ambulances.

I met the A.D.M.S. and the Chief Sanitary Officer this afternoon. They both seem very capable men.

There is a young officer here in Hospital, from Glasgow. He was a former assistant of Muir's*.

Just to the east of us there is an Army Service Corps Camp, and they have a splendid piper. He is playing away for all he is worth tonight. I wish I knew more about pipe music, but I cannot recognize anything but the most common tunes.

It is five weeks today since I left you, and I haven't had a word from you. Not a single letter has come into camp. I hope I will not be another week without some news. This week, about Wednesday, I saw a *Times* of Nov. 3rd, so it does not take more than two weeks at the outside for mail to reach here from London.

I am enjoying my *Coningsby*. I didn't really read it when you had it out of the University Library, and now I am reading it carefully. His descriptions of the Conservative ideals of 1834 in Chapter 5 of Book 2 is an extraordinary summing up of the Conservative action generally. What do you think of this: 'Conservatism assumes in theory that everything established should be maintained, but adopts in practice that everything that is established is indefensible.' And isn't this good? In speaking of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet he says, 'They prided themselves on being practical men. In the language of this defunct school of statesmen, a practical man is a man who practises the blunders of his predecessors.' Unfortunately, such people are

*Professor Robert Muir.

never defunct. There are plenty of them practising and teaching medicine.

I believe our nurses are going to entertain us tonight—at least some of us. I am hoping I am not included, as I can enjoy myself over *Coningsby* better than playing bridge with a lot of young women. There is a niece of Frank Darling on our staff, quite a nice girl. The balance of the nurses have not yet turned up. They were expected today.

They say they are going to start to work on our huts on Monday. I hope it is true, as we really can't do decent lab. work in tents. I haven't been into Salonika for a week. I think I will have to go in on Monday as I want to get some things made, and I want to try and get a support for hooks to put on my tent pole for hanging my clothes. I think I will get a bright mat also to give a little colour to it.

Well, good-night, dearest, I am going back to *Coningsby*.

SUNDAY, NOV. 21.

It was quite cold when I got up this morning, but my little stove made the place fairly warm. I don't know whether my bed was better made last night, but I had a most comfortable sleep, and was not at all anxious to get up in the morning. I am wearing my leather waistcoat today and it is a great success. I am rather sorry now I did not buy the leather breeches at the same time.

A beautiful big French aeroplane has just gone over us at a great height, apparently on its way to the front. I have just been out to watch it through my glasses. They seem to have a number of different sorts, and have an aero station on the other side of the harbour.

There was a service this morning but I did not go as I was busy at the lab. We have two parsons, a Presbyterian and an Anglican, neither one very interesting. There are about four hundred patients in Hospital now, mostly medical cases, as the British have not yet been fighting much. We are getting practically all the cases of illness from the troops about here, but are sending some out to No. 28, the English hospital which came the other day and which has now got some tents up. It is

evident that we are not going to keep our cases here long. We are to all intent and purposes a large Casualty Clearing Station, which means that when fighting starts the cases will pass through our hands too rapidly to be able to do much study on them.

I think I will seal this letter and send it off.

Much love, sweetheart,

JACK.

SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 21.

This is a red-letter day. I went for a walk this afternoon back of the camp, and when I got back I heard that thirteen bags of mail had come. I rushed to the Orderly Room and found only one letter from you, your letter of Oct. 31. I was afraid the others were lost, but as they dug down more and more appeared, and by eight o'clock I had the whole lot. After supper I got them all in order and read them through again, and now I must write you a few lines before I look at the rest of my mail. You have been brave, and have been playing the game as I knew you would. You will have been getting my letters regularly now, and I have no doubt will continue to receive them, as everyone says letters go home from here much more regularly than they come out. The parcels have not been distributed yet so I do not know if my breeches have arrived. I will be glad of them, as I am beginning to lack faith in the ones I am wearing.

You poor old dreamer, why will you wear yourself out by constructing troubles. At any rate, your dream is wrong, or rather it has been I who have been writing and never hearing anything in answer.

This is a funny camp tonight, as quiet as can be, everybody reading home letters.

You dear thing, just see me now alone in my tent with your budget beside me to pick up every once in a while to look at. I am in that chair I bought at the "Army and Navy". My stove is going and smells foully for my man filled it too full, but that doesn't matter. The bottom of the tent where my feet are is cold, but that doesn't matter. It is a gorgeous full moon and the twinkling lights of the camp below us and the ships in the harbour are beautiful, but nothing matters since I have news of

you and know you are well. I must stop or I would go on all night. I haven't looked at any of the other mail.

Good-night, dearest.

MONDAY, NOV. 22.

EVENING—There are great rumours as to what Greece is going to do. There is a little English paper published here and it gives an account of an interview with Venezelos this morning, in which he blames the present Government bitterly for the position they are in. Of course, if he had remained in power they would be fighting on our side ere this. With a majority of the Parliament on his side it is a strange position to be in, and I have no doubt that the German influence in the Court is trying to remodel the Constitution more on the German lines. In Germany they do not consider that a majority of the popular house is necessary, as long as the Emperor is in favour of the Ministry. It is the thing that we fought out and settled in the time of the Georges, and the last remnant of the question was Gladstone's row with Queen Victoria over the Bedchamber question.

They have just been around distributing the Journals which have come to the tents, and I drew a copy of *Land and Water* which I must read and pass on to the next tent. Then I get my next one from Boyar who is on the other side of me. In that way every man gets a reading of the Journals.

Graham and a number of others have had their hair cropped as close as possible. They do look funny, but Graham looks the funniest of all—they are calling him Mephisto. I have a great mind to do the same, as a winter of it might help my hair very much, and you would be surprised to see me come home with a beautiful crop of hair like McGillivray. I am going into Salonika tomorrow, perhaps, to do a little more shopping. I have been looking for something typically Grecian, but as yet have not found it. Everything in the shops is either Birmingham, American or Germany. I suppose that is because the shopkeepers are all Jews.

We had our coldest night last night, but today was beautifully fine and bracing. One feels very fit in weather like this. This evening the smoke from the camp below us lay like a mist over the low land, and the atmospheric effects were beautiful. As soon as the sun gets behind the Pindus mountains the cold descends on us sharply. In the middle of the day I sat at the door of my tent and wrote to Aunt Jem.

I am going to enjoy Mahaffy, and Keats I will keep beside me. Do send me a book when you run across anything interesting, not novels but other books. Well, sweetheart, I must stop for the night, as I want to write some other letters. A good many of the men play bridge in the evening, but I have only played one game since we got here. This talk with you is far better fun.

Good-night.

TUESDAY, NOV. 23.

AFTER LUNCH—Another fine, rather mild day. How long this will keep up I don't know, but I am thankful. Every night recently there has been a ring around the moon, and last night it was very bright. Usually that means bad weather but there is no sign of it yet. I have no doubt we will have plenty before the winter is over.

By-the-bye, I wish you would send me some boxes of Oxo capsules. It is very nice for making a cup of bouillon at night. Several men had them but they are all used up. Did I tell you about the matting rug I got for my tent? It is in most brilliant colours, and the first morning when I stepped out on it from my bath with my feet damp, all the pattern came off on my feet. I keep it now for the colour, not for use.

Last night about eleven they brought in a soldier who had been stabbed by a Greek. Poor chap, he died just as he got to us. It took place in town, and probably there had been some drinking. They should not let soldiers go into Salonika after dark. No further word of what the Greeks are going to do. They can't worry us any I am glad to say, because the harbour is full of English, French and Italian war vessels, and even one Russian.

EVENING—Great excitement this afternoon. The rest of our nurses arrived, very happy to get here. Some of them had a rotten time in Malta. They were billeted at different hospitals to await the ship that was to bring them here. In one of the hospitals the authorities treated them very badly, hardly gave them enough to eat, and made them sleep in the same quarters as the servants, and made very nasty remarks about them wearing a uniform with lieutenant's stars and receiving lieutenant's pay. You would think that women would be pleased to find that at least some parts of the Empire treated their nurses properly instead of being jealous of them. However, "women are kittle cattle". You needn't put in the etcetera when you answer! Bridge games are going on all about me, but I manage to escape them. Some copies of the *British Medical Journal* arrived, and I am reading them tonight. I wish the Greek question would clear up as I would like to take some long walks, but the authorities have narrowed the boundaries where we are allowed to go, so that one practically can get only a couple of miles across the plains unless one walks to town, and that is so dusty on account of the transports that there is no pleasure in it. It is much pleasanter to go in with the ambulances, and even these are fearfully dusty.

A funny thing happened to-day. We are naturally using up a great deal of linen in the Hospital, and so the Quartermaster made arrangements to have a number of Greek women come out to do the laundry. They did not turn up, and now it seems they heard we were Canadians, so they were afraid to come!

It seems to me that I never start writing to you but I think of something I want. Now you will smile at the next request. You remember those knitted night caps that I scoffed at in Scott Adie's place in Regent St.? I think I would like one if they did not cost too much. It gets pretty cold before morning. Don't get it if it's too expensive.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 24.

AFTER LUNCH—I shouldn't say after lunch as we have our dinner in the middle of the day. Today it has been changed from one o'clock to twelve-thirty

on account of the cooking difficulties with the Hospital patients. We have been having very fair meals, the only drawback is the chlorine in the water. The Sanitary Officer is so anxious to purify the water that he gives it an excessive dose of chlorine, and we taste it in the porridge, in the milk, in the tea and in the coffee. We had rice pudding today and I had to give it up, it had too much chlorine in it. We are practically living on the ordinary issue rations, except the eggs which we buy in town. The meat and vegetables are exceptionally good, and we have plenty of them. The Mess Committee told us yesterday that our mess bill would probably come to one and six a day, or two shillings at the outside. If that is so, I am going to save money. Salonika has just been declared out of bounds, so that I will not go there except on business, when I will have a pass. Our Greek women came up today to do the hospital laundry. There are no ancient Greeks among them as far as looks go.

EVENING—We have had another beautiful day with a gorgeous sunset. Lab. work is increasing, but at present we hardly keep cases long enough to make a proper study of them. Two or three days is about as long as they stay with us, and then they are sent off to the hospital ship and away they go to Alexandria or Malta. It is much better for typhoid and dysentery cases to go to one of those places, as they are in regular hospital and do not suffer from the discomforts of cold draughty tents. When we get our hospital huts up we ought to be able to look after them longer here. I saw a beautiful aeroplane today, a French one; it passed right over the laboratory three times and three or four hundred feet up. We could see the pilot very clearly as he waved to us in passing. I wonder if there is any chance of the boy* getting into the Naval Air Corps. I should think very little, as there must be so many regular naval officers who wish to join it. However, I can't blame him wanting to fly; to me it is the most fascinating thing a young man could take up. We got some Toronto papers the other

*My nephew, Captain Harvey Roger Fuller, of the 10th Division Canadian Railway Engineers, attached to Plumer's army in France.

day, Oct. 13 was the last, there was nothing specially interesting to you in them.

This is a great place for wild rumours. Today a rumour flew round the camp that the well where we get water had been poisoned. When it was traced up it was found that when the water carts were getting water, a staff officer rode up and looked at the well, and said, after looking at the water, "This water doesn't look good. Close it up." It was so like a staff officer, he couldn't possibly tell whether it was good or bad, but he liked to show his authority. I don't use any water unless it has been boiled as well as chlorinated, even for cleaning my teeth. It is much better to take no risks. I never let my water bottle out of my tent, and I see that the water is put into it boiling hot.

Well, dearest, I must close this letter or it will get too fat for my envelopes. Don't worry about me; I am in extraordinary good health and sleep like a top. My only fear is that I am putting on weight.

Good-night, sweetheart,

JACK.

P.S. Primrose told me to give you his regards and thank you very much for your kindness to his boy.

THURSDAY, NOV. 25.

I didn't write any after lunch today as I had to attend to something in the lab. The day has been dull and looked like rain, but by evening it cleared and now it is beautiful starlight. The camp beside us is increasing in size, and the thousands of white tents are very picturesque. Apparently as soon as troops are landed they are sent out to camp on the plains near us. There were great lines of them coming past today.

We learned tonight that there might be a coal oil famine, so we will all have to economize as much as possible. I saw some rather pretty native embroidery work today; one of the men who took the convoy of patients to the hospital ship brought it back with him. I will get some if I get a chance to go into town.

We hear tonight that the Anglo-Greek difficulties have been settled. I hope things will move more rapidly. It would be fine if we could get away from

here before the summer. I have been going through the wards myself, and may have some interesting things to tell you.

Good-night, dear girl.

FRIDAY, NOV. 26.

AFTER LUNCH—Our bad weather has come at last. In the middle of the night I heard the rain, and by morning it was coming down hard. Fortunately, our bell tents are high and dry, and with a ditch about them the rain does not come in; but the laboratory which is on lower ground had a nice little rivulet running through it, and a good many of the hospital wards were in a similar state. The fatigues are digging trenches around all the tents, and if the rain does not continue too long we may be comfortable. The worst is the mud between the tents, and the path from the cook tent to the Mess tent is ankle deep in mud. The rain kept up all morning but has stopped just now, and we hope it will clear; but the sky is completely overcast and the clouds are low so that I think we are in for several days. However, we have had such splendid weather so far we can put up with a little discomfort. We are all wearing our long rubber boots and they are a great comfort. It keeps one's feet absolutely dry. The rain has begun again.

I went around the wards with Parsons today. There seems to be an Irish Division up at the front, Dublin, Munster, Leinster and others*. I was talking to one little Irishman. I spotted him at once from his face. He came from County Roscommon. Almost every Tommy is tattooed somewhere. There was one of the men who had symptoms of pulmonary tuberculosis, whose chest I was examining; he had tattooed on it the bust of a man, full face, with a figure of Victory placing a wreath on his head. The face looked familiar and I asked him who it was intended for, he said "Bobs". The man was an old soldier who had served under Roberts in India. The men in Hospital do not seem to be very ill. They are cases of dysentery, jaundice, some malaria, typhoids, but very mild; and some cases that they

*The remnant of those gallant Irishmen who had faced the horrors of Gallipoli.

call rheumatism, but which may be anything. They all improve immensely when they get into a clean warm bed and get a good sleep. There are very few very sick men among the five hundred we have here.

Well, I am off to work again.

EVENING—The rain kept up until about four o'clock, when it cleared, and there was a most beautiful rainbow; the nearer hills were covered with wreaths of mist which slowly rose and disappeared. With the sunset the air became much colder, and now a north wind has sprung up and we are getting a sharp, cold wind from off the Balkan mountains.

We go visiting at night to economize coal oil, but I think I will stay in my tent. I have taken off my muddy boots, and am not going to put them on again. But the wind is shaking the tents and flapping any loose folds of canvas so I expect I will get to bed early.

The days fly past very fast here. I can hardly realize that tomorrow is Saturday, and that we will be in December next week. We have not had any mail since Sunday night, and no parcels have arrived, so that I haven't got my breeches yet. I hope they will come all right. There are a great many refugees passing here just now. I suppose they are Greeks, although one cannot tell by their appearance. I imagine the Bulgars are none too gentle with Greeks in their territory, as they think they ought to have a good deal of this country in which we are at present. There was a funny commentary on the position of the women in a group that passed today. The women were walking through the cold mud barefoot, and carrying large bundles, while the men were riding comfortably on the donkeys! They need suffragettes here.

Well, dear girl, I must stop writing for tonight. I do miss you so, especially in the evening. I sit and wonder what you are doing, and whether you are comfortable and well. Do take care of yourself.

Good-night.

SATURDAY, NOV. 27.

Your letter of Nov. 4th enclosing Jimmie Mavor's letter arrived today. You will have received my Alexandria letters soon after that, and I hope the one which told of our going in a hospital ship will get there in time to relieve your anxiety. We are getting real winter weather today. Last night it was very windy and cold; before morning it turned to sleet and snow. It has been a fierce morning, biting north-west wind with stinging fine snow, so that one doesn't want to walk very far. Last night two of our big hospital tents blew down, fortunately there were no patients in them, but it made an awful mess. Our bell tents stand the wind well, as they are smaller. Mine was quite comfortable after lunch today, but as I didn't want to light my stove I am writing this in the laboratory. Everybody keeps coming into the laboratory to get warm, as we have to have a number of lights going and they all help to warm things up. It is a curious sight outside. The plain covered with tents, and the whirling, driving snow. We are fortunate in having all our tents up, and the means of heating them. A number of officers from other units came over for lunch today, and a chap who sat next me, an artillery officer, told me that last night his men had no tents and there are a large number of other units without tents. It seems awful to think of. A little while ago I was out in front, and saw a regiment of Greek Cavalry passing. The men crouched on their horses with blankets over their heads. Most unhappy looking, both men and horses. They say these storms are unusual but when they come they usually last three days.

You remember Dr. Hunter whom we met at Rome. He turned up today; he is head of a Sanitary Commission which was appointed some time ago for the Mediterranean forces. He is a very important man, as ever. He inspected us all and took lunch with us afterwards. He has had an interesting trip and has been twice on the Peninsula. He saw Martin* at Mudros and he was well, but he says Mudros is a terrible place; when he was there the flies were so bad you could hardly avoid eating them. We are not like that I am thankful to say.

*Sir Charles Martin, head of the Lister Institute.

EVENING—The snow stopped this afternoon, and the sky cleared so that one could see the hills—very beautiful in their mantle of white. The wind has kept up though, and it is freezing hard, so that the tents crackled with their coating of frozen snow. However, a hard frost will be comforting for a change from mud and slush. The Greek labourers who are working for us say this cold is unusual and that they rarely see snow before January, but I imagine it is not so unusual as they make out. We probably will have another day's wind, and then we may have warmer weather again. It is pitiable to see the poor soldiers who come in ill, blue, and with chattering teeth. Next day after a dose of hot whiskey, a hot-water bottle and a warm bed they are different men. They all say the Bulgars are not a bit anxious to fight the French or English. They make very little resistance, and surrender on the slightest provocation. They say they were told they were only going to fight the Serbians. Some say they were told they were going to fight the Turks, whom they hate more than anyone.

Dear girl, do try and get confidence in my taking every care of myself.

Tonight I am writing you in my tent. I have two pairs of socks on and then warm slippers. I am wearing my lined Burberry, and my feet are up on two stools and between them my stove. As soon as I feel the least chilly, off I go to bed, and I have three extra blankets in addition to my Hudson Bay pair and my steamer rug. Of course I don't have all that over me. I would die. I have one blanket under me and an extra one beside me in case I feel cold. The rest is my ordinary covering, and I am as warm as toast at night. I mustn't gossip any more as I want to read. I have finished *Coningsby* and am at Mahaffy.

SUNDAY, NOV. 28.

I am writing this down in the laboratory, which is the warmest place I can find. It is still very cold, with a high wind. My sponge was frozen this morning, and there was lots of ice on the pools. But it makes it more comfortable for walking than the mud we had. The cold is not intense, but the



PROFESSOR J. J. MACKENZIE, PATHOLOGIST,
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

wind makes it biting, and the scene is decidedly wintry with the distant ghostly white hills and the white plain. The sky is overcast with snow, and we will likely get more snow before the weather clears. Last night I wore my chamois leather waistcoat over my pyjamas, and I was most comfortable. My stove warmed my tent so that I could take my sponge bath as usual. We are really comfortable, but I pity the poor chaps who are sleeping out without any covering. Men come into Hospital literally almost dead with the cold. There is a big convoy coming in just now. The hospital next us, No. 28, was to have begun taking patients today, but although they have been here two weeks they are not yet ready. They must be a poor lot, as we began to take patients after we had been here three days. I do hope the weather gets milder, on account of the poor devils of soldiers, who must be suffering intensely.

Today the wild geese are passing over us flying south, great lines of them, honking, as they fly in long waving lines. I must have seen several hundred today. They go at a tremendous rate, and I suppose come all the way from Northern Europe. I am going to close this letter now as I want to be sure of its going in the morning.

Much love,

JACK.

MONDAY, NOV. 29.

DEAREST GIRL:

The windy weather keeps on, and this morning when I got up, it was too cold to take a bath. My sponge was frozen stiff. It turned out to be a beautifully clear day, bright sunlight, but the wind is still in the north-west, and although it is thawing in the sun, as soon as one gets into the wind one feels the cold. I was quite comfortable in bed and slept well; once when I wakened I heard the honking of the wild geese flying south. They must have been quite low, as it sounded just outside my tent. To-day the snow-covered hills to the east are very beautiful in the bright sunlight—dazzling white, with grey or deep violet shadows.

We had to take in a lot more patients last night and this morning, and by packing them close we have got altogether seven hundred and fifty. Most of them are just suffering from the cold, and improve at once in a warm bed with warm drinks. The cases of dysentery have practically stopped. We are still having trouble with our laboratory; it chills down at night and everything freezes. The new Director of Medical Service, General Macpherson, visited us yesterday, and he said he would get us a hut as soon as he could arrange it. He wants us to take over the work of a sort of supervising central laboratory for the district, to carry on very special investigations or controls when necessary. That will make the work much more interesting. He seems an intelligent officer, and alive to the necessities of the district.

I wonder what news you are getting in your morning papers in London. We get so many varied and uncertain reports that we haven't a ghost of an idea what is happening. One thing seems plain, and that is that the armies can do little fighting up in the Serbian hills in this weather. The natives say that this is unusual, and that they do not get snow until after Christmas, when they have about six or seven weeks of really cold weather with snow; then the spring comes rather suddenly so that the wild flowers are out by the end of February. I expect we will long for these wild flowers. I fully expect that they will be beautiful, as I can see lots of primrose plants and others all over the plain.

EVENING—This afternoon one of my former students, a graduate of this year, an American, turned up. He has been up in Serbia in one of the districts on the Bulgarian boundary. He went over under the auspices of the American Red Cross, and has had to get out as his district is in the hands of the Bulgarians. We had a most interesting talk; he is not an educated man, but he has kept his eyes open and has seen a lot. He says in his district the people still live and dress as they did five hundred years ago. He says the Serbians are a fine people and magnificent fighters, but they are quite without artillery whilst the Germans and Austrians have

plenty, and have also supplied the Bulgarians. The Serbians are now driven back into the hills on the Albanian border, and he thinks if they can be fed there they will hold on until the spring and then begin fighting again. He doesn't think it is possible that there will be much fighting this winter. The country is too mountainous, and in the hills the winters are severe. He explained to me the reason why we can use Salonika. After the last Balkan War there was an agreement between the Serbs and Greeks that whilst the Greeks were to have the territory and the town, Salonika was to be a free port for entry for the Serbians, and they were to have the right to use the railway up into their own territory. It was to that extent under Serbian control. At present there are Serbian officers coming down here, and the news came in today that the Bulgarians have occupied Monastir, the largest Serbian town in the southern portion. That is as far as they will push at present, as if they came further they would be exposed to our troops and at the same time come into conflict with the Greeks, which they wish to avoid. Monastir, from his description, must be a most interesting town. It has about sixty thousand inhabitants, and there are six different languages spoken there. Mainly, however, the inhabitants are Greek and Turkish. But all through southern Serbia the races are inextricably mixed. The Peace Congress, whenever it comes, will have a nice time straightening out the tangle of the Balkans. A Serbian officer, who is in our hospital at present, said to our men when they were sympathizing with him for the defeats they have had, "Oh, it doesn't matter, we have been fighting for four years and we are quite ready to go on for four years more."

The wind has gone down but it is freezing outside, and although not bad in my tent I am sitting close to my coal oil stove as I write.

Good-night, dearest.

TUESDAY, NOV. 30.

We had our coldest night last night, but the wind dropped and today is beautiful, sharp and cold but brilliant sunlight, and we can see the outline of

Olympus, which has not been possible for several days. It is thawing in the sun and I am sitting in my tent door writing.

Colonel Thorburn, a surgeon whom we saw at Malta, and whom we have seen several times here, was at lunch today. He has been up to Lake Donan in Serbia, and has just got back. He says it is a beautiful lake surrounded by mountains, very like one of the smaller Italian lakes. He is very uncomfortable in Salonika, living in the best hotel, very expensive and no fire and no comforts of any kind. The meals are so bad that he enjoys coming out to our simple camp fare.

I wish Malta or Alexandria was nearer us. I would have you come out for the winter, but they are at least two days and a half sail from here, and I may never get to either of them again. Certainly not to Alexandria. If I went home next spring, I would probably go direct without stopping at either place.

The Hospital keeps full, but mostly slight ailments. I notice here, even more than I noticed in London, the cheerful spirit of the soldier. He never grumbles, and he is so grateful for the few comforts we can give him. We have a Serbian officer in Hospital just now. He is a handsome-looking chap. As tall as I am, slender and well built, with a very fine face. His uniform is very becoming, a light bluish-grey and much swankier than either the Greeks or Bulgars. He is not very ill and some of his fellow patients, British officers, were photographing him outside the Officers' Hospital tent today.

Colonel Thorburn thinks there will be no fighting until the spring.

EVENING—The weather is moderating and tonight it is scarcely freezing, so that the tent is quite comfortable. It looks cloudy, and I am rather afraid of rain. Col. Thorburn told me today that an old inhabitant of Salonika said that they rarely have snow, and that the last two winters they have had none at all. That is probably not true, but at least it is pleasant to think that this weather is exceptional.

Tonight is St. Andrew's night so the cook gave us an experimental haggis. He had not all the ingredients, and I think it was more palatable than

the real thing. We ought to celebrate the day, but I think a mild whisky and soda will be the full extent.

Mahaffy's book is interesting, but he does not touch upon this district. I believe Edith Durham's book would be interesting reading, as she was probably in the country between here and Monastir. I wonder if you have ever looked at the map to see exactly where Salonika is? I don't believe you have.

I keep wondering and wondering how long this war is going to last. It looks to me very much as if it were going to end as I feared it would, when it started, in a stalemate. The Germans cannot conquer us, and we cannot conquer them. Although there is very little fighting at present, the terrific expense goes on, and surely sooner or later the mere cost of the thing will tell. It comes over me sometimes as I sit in my tent, the extraordinary fact that I am away out here in Macedonia taking part in a small way in the greatest war of all time. How interested father would have been in it all! It is a strange life, and when we get home to our little house this will all seem like a dream.

Do you know, I never see an English paper. Do find out when you get this whether they could send me the *Morning Post* from the London office. It would be interesting to know the discussions that are going on, and I have so much time to read. If they had a tri-weekly edition like the *Times* it would be better than a daily, as that makes too much reading matter.

I have had no letter from you since the one enclosing Jimmie Mavor's. I suppose I will get a batch in a day or two.

I must stop this gossiping. Here it is only Tuesday night, and in two days I have written nine pages and a half. By-the-bye, some day will you go down to the Strand and ask Adami* to find out from Major Todd if the Army and Navy Stores make any kind of mosquito helmet. If there is a good one which he can recommend, send it to me. The question of keeping off mosquitoes in the spring is going to be an important one. Todd brought out the one I brought with me for my bed,

*Dr. Adami, of McGill University.

and it is fine, but I want something for the late afternoon and before I go to bed.

Good-night, dearest.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1.

I did not write any after lunch today as Primrose and I had arranged to go into town. We spent an amusing afternoon, trying to talk French, and buying all sorts of things. I couldn't find anything Macedonian, so am sending a couple of pieces of Turkish work which are rather pretty. I saw something which I would like to bring home if it were at all possible—it was a brass ewer and basin of Turkish make. It was not old, just the ordinary house utensil, but quite graceful. The trouble is the size. The basin is as large as an ordinary bedroom basin.

We tried everywhere to get pipe tobacco, without success. The interest, however, is always the street life. I saw some typical Albanians today with the wide, white, kilted skirts. I tried hard to get a pillow, but the only one I found was stuffed with cotton, and hard as a rock. I found a place also where I can buy towels fairly cheaply when I need them. I got a panorama view of the place, which I am going to send you if it will pass the censor.

Today is quite mild again, and I am rather hot in my tent. Of course, it is thawing, and the camp roads are one mass of sticky mud. I bought a door mat so as to keep my tent reasonably clean.

I must get this into the post, so good-night, dear heart.

I had finished my letter and was going to fold it up when the bugle blew the signal of the arrival of a convoy. Then the call came for all officers to turn out to help. This convoy had about a hundred and twenty-five men from the front, most of them cases of frost-bite. I went through one of the wards with Watson after the men were in bed, and the Sisters and orderlies were filling them with hot cocoa, bovril, and bread and jam. They were all ravenous, and many of them had had nothing since morning. The frost-bitten men were pitiable. I saw one poor chap with both hands frozen and swathed in bandages holding his hot cocoa and his bread and jam with his wrists. But as soon as they have eaten, even before they are undressed, they fall

over in the bed and are sound asleep. But in spite of it all there is not a murmur. I asked one fellow how it happened. He said they were out among the rocks, soaking wet, with wet blankets, and in the morning they were frozen. There is more bravery in facing suffering of that kind than fighting the Germans in the fierce rush of a charge. I can't get over the cheerfulness of the men. It is wonderful. It is dreadful to think of a winter of this sort of thing. We are to have another convoy tonight at ten, another at four tomorrow morning, and probably about four hundred cases tomorrow.

Good-night, dear.

JACK.

DEC. 2.

I sent you a budget today. I hope you get it all right. I didn't write at noon as I was writing to the boy* and wanted to post it the same time as yours so that he would get it between Christmas and New Year.

We are having another mild day and this afternoon a mist came up so that it is somewhat damp, with the suggestion of rain, but all day it was sufficiently mild to go about without an overcoat. Hunter was back again today, and with him Dudgeon, a pathologist from St. Thomas Hospital in London. The last time I saw him was in London, in July. They are also working on the idea of making us a reference laboratory for the district, so that it looks as if we were going to have plenty to do. I will be glad, as I have not really been busy yet. A lot more frost-bitten patients came in to-day. In fact, we must have almost a thousand in Hospital, mostly frozen hands or feet. Somebody ought to suffer for sending those poor devils up into winter weather without proper clothing. Some of them have come from the Dardanelles, where they have been roasting in the sun, and have only their summer clothes. It is a good thing one doesn't believe all one hears about the bungling out here. Otherwise one could justify murder. Hunter and Dudgeon bid me a cheerful good-bye and said, "Will see you in London in the spring."

*My nephew, Captain Harvey Rogers Fuller.

Today Watson was dressing a case of frost-bite when he noticed the accent of the man. He said, "You are a Fife man." The man said "Yes," and it turned out that he came from two miles from Watson's home. He asked his regiment, and he said, "The Munster." Watson said, "How did you come to join an Irish Regiment?" The man said he didn't know, he just went to Glasgow and enlisted, and they sent him over to Ireland. All the glory of the Irish Regiments doesn't belong to Irishmen.

FRIDAY, DEC. 3.

AFTER LUNCH.—Today has turned out a perfect day, mild and spring-like. All morning a brilliant warm sun, so that all the patients that can are basking in it. We had about twelve hundred patients in wards this morning, two hundred more than our maximum equipment, but we have put up several large marquees and covered the floor with hay, and then made blanket-beds in that. The men are lying on this as close as they can pack. They are very happy though, and when their frost-bitten feet are dressed and they are fed up we pack them off to a hospital ship. There they have comfort.

Last night I dreamed that you had come out to Salonika without saying anything to me about it. It was so vivid it wakened me, and then I couldn't sleep again worrying for fear you would do it. By daylight it doesn't worry any more because I know it would not be possible. But the thought of you living in those unspeakable hotels quite upset me. I wonder how you will spend Christmas. After the New Year you should begin to plan to get to Ireland for the late winter and the spring. It would be such a joy to you, and we can afford it as my expenses here are so slight.

EVENING.—Another joyous day. Fourteen bags of mail arrived. My share were those from you, posted Nov. 8, Nov. 11 and Nov. 15. Also my breeches, and some other letters. So far the parcels I have got are the collars, Mahaffy, Keats and the breeches. The *Contemporary Review*, the pudding and the box from the stores have not come out. I think they will come all right, even if delayed. You seem to be getting my letters regularly.

If there should be a chance of my being transferred to Alexandria or Malta, you may be sure the first thing you would know would be a cable to come out at once.

Wishart sent me a beautiful box of cigarettes, which arrived today.

Good-night, and write often. You don't know how I enjoy your letters.

SATURDAY, DEC. 4.

AFTER LUNCH.—Another beautiful day. There is a haze over the landscape, so that we do not see the distant hills. The sun is hot, and I am sitting out in front of my tent writing and basking. Even the lizards are out. I won't write any more just now as Armour has come and suggests a walk, so I think I will go.

EVENING.—We walked out through the lines of the division next us, and followed a road which cuts away towards the north. About a mile and a half from here there is a very old stone cross, very much like an Irish cross except the circle is more out to the arms. It was like this (Sketch).*

The openings to form the circle are cut through about fourteen inches of stone. It is quite evidently very ancient, and I could not discover the trace of an inscription, the surface is so weathered. Near it is a village surrounded by a wall, and the fields immediately about the village have a regular fortification about them which seems very old—a rather significant indication of the insecurity of these districts in the days of raiding Turks and Bulgarians. We were quite close to the entrance, which is not far from us, and it looks most picturesque and dirty. It is right in the midst of a swamp which is in the midst of the divisional camp, so that they have soldiers all about them. But it is marked 'out of bounds', and the inhabitants go on peacefully as if there was nothing happening. It was hot walking, especially as I am wearing woollen socks. The grass is still green and there are one or two little wild flowers to be seen. We evidently are not going to have a great deal of cold weather, although we may

*My husband used to make little sketches on the margins of his letters.

expect sometimes blizzards like those of a week ago.
Good-night.

MONDAY, DEC. 6.

AFTER LUNCH—Another day of mist, very raw and shivery. I have a slight cold which is going round, which probably makes me feel it more. We got our first convoy of actual wounded last night; there was a slight fight on Saturday. I went round Primrose's wards and talked to some of the men. The fighting was mostly artillery, so that the wounds were chiefly shrapnel. I was talking to one man who had a very strong Glasgow accent. I asked him his regiment. He said, the Royal Irish. Then I asked him his name; he said Murphy. He is an Irishman born and brought up in Glasgow.

We have Grecian honey for breakfast now. The real thing, so thick you can hardly get it out of the pot. Miles better than what we bought in London.

A very odd thing happened here the other day. One of our ambulance motor drivers is a gentlemanly boy named Cates. I think he is a student. He was coming back to camp the other night about nine o'clock, when an officer hailed him and asked for a lift. It was pitch dark, but the voice was familiar. The officer got up beside him and they began talking. It turned out that he was Cates' brother. Cates didn't know he had joined. He was an officer in the R.A.M.C. who had come from Canada.

My breeches fit very well and are much warmer than the ones I was wearing.

EVENING—The mist is gradually turning to rain, so I suppose we must expect more mud. I got today a little French guide to Salonika, and have just been reading it. Apparently the most interesting things here are the Byzantine churches. I hope before I leave I will get a chance to go in and see them. As it is at present it is difficult to go to town at all, and the British authorities object to officers wandering around sight seeing, so that when I go in I stay in the shopping district and buy what I want. There seem to be some interesting old mosaics. I heard there were three bags of mail today, but as I have got nothing it is probably a false alarm.

Good-night, dearest.

DEC. 7.

EVENING—You will be amused when I tell you that I have started to read *Nicholas Nickleby* again and am rather enjoying it. I don't think I have read it since I was a boy. And in spite of your criticisms I feel that Dickens has considerable genius. When I finish it I will let you know what I think of the story as a whole.

The cases in hospital which I have been most interested in have been the malaria ones. I have had more chance to study malaria in the last few weeks than I ever expected to have in my whole life. At present we are trying to work out from the histories where they were contracted. Some have evidently been contracted here, but most of them seem to have come from Alexandria, from a rest camp which I told you about, in which we refused to stop, but went to a hotel instead. I thought at the time it looked malarial. Several cases have come from the front, and possibly some from the Peninsula; all the cases are mild and clear up quickly under quinine.

The Engineers are busy laying out the plans of the huts today and they start building the end of the week. I wouldn't be surprised if we got our lab. hut up in a couple of weeks. I am rather hoping they will let us live in our bell tents. I have got to like my tent so much. It is not nearly as stuffy as a hut can be. The thing that gives me joy, though, is my bed. It is so comfortable I don't want to leave it in the morning.

Good-night, dear girl.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8.

AFTER LUNCH—Another misty day, quite thick and raw and cold. My cold is almost well. The Hospital is still full as there are no hospital ships in harbour to which to send the patients. It means also that there are no new ones coming in.

A letter came to Parsons today from Staunton Wishart, whom we saw in Alexandria. He passed here without stopping, and is now in a Field Ambulance up in Serbia. He says it is very cold up there in among the mountains.

Practically no fighting. We are on one ridge and the Bulgars on another, and the exchange of shell fire goes on intermittently. We have our library tent fitted up now with a stove, so that there is a cosy place to go to after lunch. I wish there were fewer novels and more serious books. I get thoroughly tired of novels. Do send me the Everyman Library copies of Finlay's *Greece*. Shilling copies will do. I don't know whether all of Finlay is published in Everyman or not.

EVENING—Letters this afternoon. Yours posted in London Nov. 24th. That is fairly quick, fourteen days. I was glad to get it. You must have got another from me the next day after you wrote. I reproached myself many times at not sending a cake when Chambers did, but a man at Salonika said there was little chance of it getting through, so with my usual Scotch caution I did not risk it.

I am glad you are taking up French and I am sure we can afford it. Do work hard at it, like a dear. I would be so proud if you could speak it fluently.

The plum pudding has not arrived, but I will not give up hope for a while yet. Neither has the *Contemporary Review*. I am so glad you got the photograph. Primrose has a better one, but I won't be able to get a copy until we get home. I got a letter from Hugh Rose,* no special news in it. His sisters had heard from you, and he is envying me very much being in the eastern Mediterranean. No new Hospital news today. I went in to see a poor chap, in consultation, who is very ill with blood poisoning. One feels so for them when they are so seriously ill that they are frightened. We are doing all we can for him, but I am afraid he is in a serious state. There is no doubt in my mind now that the person who does the most good in a Hospital like ours, is the nursing Sister. The majority of the men do not need a great deal of attention from the physician or surgeon, except now and then, but all the time the Sister is looking after them and it makes so much difference to them. They thoroughly appreciate it. It is very hard on the Sisters in our Hospital, in our crowded hospital tents. There is just room for two

*Chief Justice Rose.

to pass with difficulty between opposite beds, and between beds side by side there is only room for the nurse to squeeze in. And remember that most of the men are literally crawling with vermin when they come in. They have a continual fight to keep themselves clean. What it must have been in Florence Nightingale's time one can have no conception. I must read her life when I get home. We have an exceptionally good lot of nurses, sensible and pleasant looking. They do an awful lot of good.

The vermin question has not worried me yet, although some of the staff have had trouble. I come very little in actual contact with the patients, so that there is not much reason for me to worry.

Primrose has such a nice French soldier in his ward—an infected gunshot wound in the leg. I came in contact with him first when Prim.* asked me to come and explain to him that they would have to give him a general anaesthetic to open up the infected areas. I go in to see him quite often, and today took him a French novel to read. He is very good-looking, with such a charming smile. He told me today he was going away the end of the week; they are taking him to a French hospital ship.

Good-night, dearest; it is such a joy to get your letters. My cold is quite better to-night.

JACK.

THURSDAY, DEC. 9.

DEAREST GIRL:

Another damp misty day. We are hoping to see the sun some day soon. It is quite mild, though. We had a visit in the laboratory from two French officers, bacteriologists. Very charming. Graham and I are going to return their call next Tuesday. I think they will be able to help us with some of the things which we are lacking in. They are fortunate in having a laboratory installed in the French School in Salonika. The laboratory was quite busy today. The A.D.M.S. came and said he wanted us to report upon the bacteriology of recent wounds, so that will probably necessitate us taking turns in being up at night when convoys come in.

*Dr. Primrose of Toronto.

I have been thinking a good deal about your remark as to Miss Taylor's* agreeing with you that Grey might have stopped the war if he had come out at once and said we would stand by Russia. I doubt very much if you are right. You do not sufficiently take into account the psychology of the German military party, and their contempt for the British Army. You must remember that it was almost universally held that the British Army was a negligible quantity in case of war. It was too small and it was, they thought, purely a mercenary corps. That was said to me repeatedly in Freiburg when we were working together in the lab. They did not consider our Army a factor. The only thing they feared was our Navy, and it is significant that the fight came within a few weeks of the completion of the new Kiel Canal, which practically doubled the efficiency of the German Navy. Then think also the impression the Ulster rebellion must have had in Germany. No German could conceive of a nation going to war with such a thorny question apparently bringing the country to the brink of civil war. Then, also, we must remember that there was a Liberal Government in power—the only party in which peace-at-any-price men have appeared or were likely to appear. A Government also that had had as a leader Campbell Bannerman, who had attempted naval retrenchment, and which had as one of its most brilliant members Haldane, who had made a pilgrimage to Germany to bring about a closer friendship. And, finally, remember the fact that the Government had committed itself to such enormous expenditures for social reform. If we had put our policy as plainly in regard to Russia as we did in regard to Belgium, it would have been treated the same way. They knew well we didn't want war; they made the mistake of thinking we were more decadent than they, and that we wouldn't go to war under any circumstances, certainly not unless we were personally attacked. Add this to the fact that they were ready and they knew Russia was not, and a suspicion from the debate in the French parliament early in July that the French were not, so

*Daughter of Colonel Taylor of the Military College, Kingston, Ont.

they were bound to try their chance in 1914 or give up the idea. No, I don't believe a statement from Grey in regard to our support of Russia would have delayed it a day. Germany had made up its mind to a great European war, and it chose the moment when it thought it would have a good chance for success, and it fully depended upon England keeping out of it. That was the reason for their special irritation against us.

EVENING—Another mail today, and your letter written and posted Nov. 17th arrived. I thought there must be one missing yesterday when I got the one of Nov. 24th. The *Contemporary Review* arrived also, and I am delighted to get it. I will have a good read tonight.

I wish I could look into the future in regard to this Balkan expedition. One hears rumours, one of which I mentioned in a previous letter, but one does not know what to believe. I am sure the Greek difficulty is settled. The feeling here is much better than it was. That is a good index. We expect wounded tonight or tomorrow, so that indicates some activity at the Front.

Well, my dearest, I am babbling on. One day's writing and already six pages. But this daily gossip with you is a joy, and I am glad I began it in this systematic way. We have been here a month yesterday. It seems a very long time, and yet it has passed so quickly. I cannot remember now whether page 1 of this letter was written in Alexandria or in Salonika, but surely I haven't written over ninety pages in a month.

Good-night, dear. The Xmas *Truth* has just come in. Many thanks.

FRIDAY, DEC. 10.

EVENING—Another dull and misty day. It is funny weather. It has been looking all the time as if it would turn to rain, but it remains just a mist.

This is probably a Christmas letter, at least you should get it just before Christmas. I can't bear to think of you all alone in that big city at such a time. Do try and go to a Christmas pantomime. One of

the children's shows.* I have always wanted to be in London to see one. I have tried repeatedly in Salonika to get a Christmas present that would be characteristic but without success. You see it is not really a Greek town, but a Jewish one, and the Jews with their well-known cosmopolitan character would rather buy things of western Europe than anything native. I am therefore enclosing a cheque for three guineas (not pounds) for you to buy something for your very self, to commemorate the only Christmas season that we ever have or ever will be separated. I am only afraid it will not be enough. If what you like is more, get it, and let me know and I will send the balance. Dear, dear girl, how I would like to drop into the Zeppelin room some night unexpectedly.

Now, sweetheart, good-night, and try and not be blue. The time is flying and it won't be long before we are together again.

JACK.

SATURDAY, DEC. 11.

DEAREST GIRL:

Another mild, foggy day. We have not had a good view of Salonika for a week. However, as long as it does not get cold I am satisfied.

I had a busy day, my first two post-mortems. One on that poor chap I told you of in a previous letter. He had an abscess on his neck which gradually led to a general infection, in spite of everything we could do and a splendid fight which he made himself both physically and mentally. I had not much hope from the first, as we had found a type of infection which my own experience has always shown to be particularly virulent. The second one was a case of shrapnel wound of the head, on which Primrose had operated and removed a number of fragments of bone from his brain. He did very well at first, and we rather expected he would recover, but he developed rather strange symptoms and died. I found that he was in the fifth week of a mild typhoid from which he had been apparently recovering when he was struck by the shrapnel. The two together were too much for him.

*Dr. Primrose's son, Howard Primrose, and I went to see *Alice in Wonderland*.

One of our frost-bite cases has developed lock-jaw. They have been pouring the anti-tetanic serum into him, and tonight he looks very much as if he would recover. It will be a triumph for Ryerson if he does, as he has done everything possible for him.

The War Office report today admits a slight defeat up in Serbia, and confirms the rumours which we have heard for a couple of days. The Bulgarians apparently surprised the French and British in the mountain mists. One can easily understand how it would happen, as they must know the country perfectly. We have got a few wounded today. Apparently it was not very serious. It looks as if the Greek difficulty had been straightened out, and the King and his pro-German party had had to back down. I never doubted that it would happen, as Greece is far too vulnerable to risk falling out with the Allies.

One of my students turned up today, rather a nice boy who was at our house last winter when the Students Society met there. He is Medical Officer in a British Regiment which is up on the other side of Salonika. He was so overjoyed to see all his old teachers and friends that he wandered about the camp all afternoon.

You will be shocked to hear that today I had my hair clipped close, as close as the clippers would take it. I will try and get a photograph taken and send it to you.

Well, dearest, I think I have written enough for one day's share. Oh, by-the-bye, I had a party last night. Watson, Graham, Armour and Boyer. We had what we call Salonika punch. Hot cocoa with whisky in it, a very delicious mixture if you don't put too much whisky in. You want just enough to flavour it. It makes a fine mixture to go to bed on. I improved the punch by mixing some Swiss chocolate with it.

Good-night, dearest.

SUNDAY, DEC. 12.

EVENING—I had a splendid walk of about six or eight miles. We walked out along the Monastir Road to a little river, and then turned N. and followed it for a while, until we met another road that

led towards our camp and followed it home. It was a curious misty day, with just a suggestion of rain, and fine for walking. The hills of course were invisible, just the mist and the continuous plain.

Coming home we passed a deserted village. It was all built of turf and the houses broken down, and the village wall—also of turf—was broken here and there, but everywhere loopholes for rifles. It was probably ruined in the last Balkan war. We are all somewhat depressed to-night, as Staunton Wishart and two of the other Toronto men who are attached to a British Field Ambulance which was up the Bulgarian front, turned up for supper. Their division was in the defeat of last week, and they have come down to refit. We heard all about the fight, and we were certainly whipped by surprise and overwhelming numbers. It is not pleasant hearing about it. They had an awful scramble getting out, and Wishart and another officer were supposed to have been lost, as they went back to see that no wounded had been left in one of the villages.

I hope you are not worrying yourself sick about the news from here, as I suppose some of the papers will be making a great fuss about it. The fighting was over fifty miles from here and there are thousands of French and English troops between Salonika and the Frontier. It is not thought likely here that the Bulgarians will venture across the Greek frontier, as that would necessarily array the Greeks against them, which they don't want. I heard something interesting today: One of our parsons had been into town; an officer asked for a lift in the ambulance, and when he got into conversation with the parson and learned we were a Canadian Hospital Unit from Toronto, he said, "I have a brother in Toronto, a lawyer named H. Gordon Mackenzie." The last thing Gordon Mackenzie said to me was, "If you are in France you might run across my brother", and he showed me his photograph. I shall write him a note to come and have dinner with me. He is a Major in the R.A.M.C. attached to a Field Ambulance which is stationed on the other side of Salonika. I only fear that on account of this last fight his division may be turned off up country and I may miss him.

MONDAY, DEC. 13.

AFTER LUNCH—A better day, still misty but we can see the harbour and the hills to the back of us. The sun peeped out for a short time this morning. I had a busy morning in the laboratory. There is very little difficulty in running things when the weather is so mild. It is only in cold weather that it is difficult, and I hope our hut will be completed before the real cold weather comes. One of our men was in town today, and he says the harbour is very busy with British and French troops pouring off the ships. Yesterday afternoon and again this morning one of the new French battle aeroplanes flew over our camp quite low down. It was a big one, and went at a terrific pace. It had two engines, and a gun mounted in front. I was very glad to have seen it.

EVENING—The mist looks as if it was really going to clear. Tonight, as I look out of the door of my tent, the harbour looks quite brilliant, as there are a couple of big hospital ships in and they look as if they were illuminated. We got good news tonight that our tobacco was in the harbour. We have all been very short, and the army tobacco is too strong so that we have been hoping for the other. In addition to the news that it was coming, the Red Cross Commissioner who is looking after it said he had decided to present it to us free of charge. The British Red Cross have a tent in our lines, and they do a lot of good caring for the soldiers who come in sick or wounded. We evacuate a lot tomorrow, a good many home to England, as one of the ships in the harbour is going straight home. If they have luck they will be home for Christmas.

There is very little to tell you tonight, dearest, so I will say good-night.

TUESDAY, DEC. 14.

EVENING—The fog finally cleared away today and the sun came out. We saw Olympus again and the Balkan mountains. It was a relief after so many days of fog. However, the wind has sprung up and is coming from the north so that we may have cold as well as clear weather.

I went into town to call on the French bacteriologist, but unfortunately missed him. However, I got into a part of Salonika I had never seen before, the residential quarters of the better classes and it wasn't bad at all. When I was waiting for a train I was spoken to in English by an evident American. It turned out to be an American missionary who had lived six years here. He told me there were several very interesting churches to be seen. One, a round one before the Basilica type was evolved, about the fifth century A.D.

The road in front of our camp has been extraordinarily busy today. The Greek troops are leaving Salonika, a continuous stream of them. French and English troops are going up to the front, and empty transports are coming down. The result is that the road is packed. I went in on an ambulance in the afternoon, and we got along fairly well until two miles from town, when we simply crawled, sometimes waiting ten minutes at a time before we could move. Coming back it was the same. When I got back to camp there was excitement, as a rumour had spread around that all the hospitals were to be moved to the east of Salonika, that is, the other side of the town from where we are. That would be an awful nuisance as everything would have to be packed up and again unpacked and set up. In other ways it would be pleasant, as that side of the bay has the reputation of being much the healthier.

I must close this long letter and get it off to the post. I ought to have some more from you in a day or so.

Dear old girl, good-night,

JACK.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15.

EVENING—Armour has just been in. He has just had a letter from his father saying that he had dined with you, and that you read him my letter about the camp. He also said you are looking well. I hope now my letters have been coming regularly, and at any rate you will know by the pages whether any have been lost or not. I am glad I have a good stock of this paper. If I see any tendency for it to

run out I will have to take to writing on both sides.

I have finished *Nicholas Nickleby* and enjoyed it. Of course, one is struck by the artificiality of the emotion, but when you include that and take the story as a whole and the study of the characters, it is well worth reading. Then here and there one runs across something that is really wonderful. I don't think I ever read anything so striking as his description of the mental attitude of the dying consumptive, where he speaks of Smike.

Good-night, dearest.

THURSDAY, DEC. 16.

AFTER LUNCH—It rained most of the night and has been raining hard all morning, so that the camp is a sea of mud. As luck would have it I had to do a post-mortem this morning, but as it is not cold I was not very uncomfortable. It was a very long and tedious one; a soldier passing last night fell or was knocked off his horse and was brought in dead, or rather, he died just as they carried him in. It turned out to be a condition which we call status lymphaticus, a constitutional condition in which people are apt to die from quite ordinary causes. As it is rare and one might have trouble in making stupid military authorities understand it, I had to exclude every other possible cause, which necessitated a very long and careful examination. I expect I will have to appear before a Board of Enquiry in regard to it.

No more news in regard to movements; apparently all the Greeks have left Salonika, and the Anglo-French authorities have taken over the customs, post and a part of the town; at least, that is the statement in the morning Salonika paper.

EVENING—Still pouring rain, with an east wind, but the sky suggests clearing, and if the wind does not go round to the north we may have a fine day tomorrow. But a tent is a very cosy place a night like this, and I am very glad I have no patients and so am not liable to be called down the sloppy lines to the hospital tents.

I have just been sitting in the library tent listening to our Victrola phonograph. We have a

very good one which the Wishart girls collected money for before we left, and we have a lot of splendid records, so that I have been listening to Caruso, Gadschi, Mischa Elman and Kreisler. It is quite a pleasure sometimes, though I must say it goes most of the time and one does get tired of it. However, I can always take refuge in my tent and can sit down and talk to my dear one.

I am reading just now a history of Austria-Hungary which is quite interesting. It is by a former correspondent of the *Times* at Vienna and now Professor of Modern History at Dublin. It was written before the war, but very clearly shows the influence of Austria on Eastern Europe and the menace she was to peace.

Well dearest, I think I will say good-night.

DEC. 17.

The rain stopped last night and the wind dropped, and this morning when I got up the country was covered with the usual mist; however, by ten o'clock the sun came out and the mist cleared, and now it is a beautiful warm day like a May day at home. I am sitting outside my tent; the temperature is just 60°F., but in the sun it seems quite hot. There is nothing special about the Hospital this morning. Several men from No. 5, the British Columbia Hospital, were in for lunch. They came to Salonika during the cold snap but were not landed, as it was impossible to pitch their tents. They sent them back to Alexandria, and they have just come back and are going to establish a convalescent dépôt to the east of the town. We have no news of the work up at the front, but it looks as if the Bulgarians were not going to invade Greece but leave that work to the Austrians and Germans. I think that is quite probable, as the Greeks hate the Bulgarians and would fight against them if they came.

It has got so hot in the sun I have had to move in my tent.

Our small boy ran away the other day, and got away up to the front. There he was arrested and sent back to us. The young scoundrel is very proud of his escapade.

I think I will have to try and get a walk today, the weather is so perfect. The harbour is very clear, and as there is practically no wind it is like glass, and the black war ships show up very distinctly.

EVENING—The afternoon was so perfect that I did not go back to the laboratory at all, but four of us took a golf club each, and went out back of the 25th Hospital and played at playing golf. We lost our balls, and had plenty of exercise looking for them. The ground is a good deal higher than our camp, and the views were wonderful, the mountains a perfect shade of violet. The sun set behind the Pindus range like a ball of fire, and before we got home the moon was shining. It was so warm in the afternoon that even the lizards appeared again. Up in the air the French aeroplanes were out. At one time I saw three of them at once, flying backwards and forwards over the harbour and camp.

No letter today, but I will surely get a bundle in a day or two. I think the last of yours I got was dated Nov. 25th, that is three weeks ago. We have been getting the Toronto papers very regularly. The last was Nov. 17th, that is, just a month old. But I can't say I get up much enthusiasm for them. There is very little in them that is personally interesting.

SATURDAY, DEC. 18.

Another dull day, but mild. I had a post-mortem this morning, a big Irishman named O'Flaherty who had been wounded by shrapnel and came in suffering from symptoms of kidney disease. He died after being in twenty-four hours. He was a magnificently-built chap, but had bad kidneys, and I found a shrapnel bullet which had penetrated his chest wall just up near the heart; it had missed the heart but only slightly. The tissues over the wound had healed almost completely. Our tetanus case died last night, and I will likely do a p.m. on him this afternoon.

We have just had the news of French's retirement. All the men here who were in France say they knew it was coming. It is disheartening to

see all our generals proving failures. The truth of the matter is that in war work we are a lot of amateurs and the Germans are professionals. We see plenty of examples of amateurishness out here. A rumour is about that some letters have come, so I am off to see if there are any for me.

Well, dearest, good-night, and I will post this letter.

JACK.

SUNDAY, DEC. 19.

AFTER LUNCH—No sun today, but mild. There is a rumour that eight bags of mail came in. I hope it is true. There were a lot of visitors at lunch today, a friend of Watson's, an officer in the Argyll and Sutherlands who was attached to the Enniskillens and was in the fight of ten days ago with the Irish division. He said it was pretty hot for a time; the Bulgarian artillery were very accurate in their firing; fortunately a good many of their shots did not burst, so that they did not do as much damage as they might have.

It looks very much as if we were going to be moved. I heard an officer asking Roberts how long it would take to move us. It will be an awful nuisance, and I sincerely hope we have as good a piece of ground as the present. Several officers from No. 5 Canadian, the British Columbia unit, were lunching with us also. They tell us we have a great reputation in Salonika.

The Greek elections are on today, but I imagine the results are a foregone conclusion. Venezelos and his party have been maintaining that it is unconstitutional to hold an election while the army is mobilized, which means of course that the soldiers are unable to vote. His party have therefore decided to refrain from voting, and that means that the anti-Venezelos party will be returned to power. It is a risky game for the King to play, as Venezelos will claim that the parliament does not represent the country, and a condition bordering on revolution may result. However, now that they have withdrawn from Salonika it doesn't affect us much. They will either remain neutral or they will join us; they daren't fight against us; the Navy will prevent that.

EVENING—The eight bags of mail came; I saw them taken off the ambulance, and I promised myself a lot of letters and probably my parcels. When it was sifted I only got one letter and no parcels. The letter was yours, posted Dec. 1st. Most of the bags contained rolls of Toronto newspapers which I rarely look at. But I was glad to get the letter. You are an awful little spitfire. I can imagine you and Miss Widdows. She is always ready for a fight and absolutely cannot understand chaff. That is why we used to tease her so much in the laboratory. She really is a nice little thing. No wonder she stuck up for the Army, for her brother was Haldane's private secretary the whole time he was at the War Office, and of course was very closely in touch with Haldane's work of reorganization. When Haldane gave up the War Office the brother got a very good appointment there on account of his experience, and he still holds it. He was a brilliant Oxford man.

Oh, my dear, I do get lonely for you when your letters come. I feel quite blue tonight. You must not worry about me; this is really a healthy place in winter. Col. Wilcox, one of the London consultants, was in the laboratory today; he has been in Mudros since last July. That must be a horrible place. He tells me Martin keeps well, has only been laid up once with flu. He is worked to death, as most of his staff have been ill and gone home. The sickness on the Peninsula has been terrible. Sanitation was practically impossible, and one might say that no man was well. Their last affliction has been frost-bite; we thought we had a lot of cases here; there it was much worse.

MONDAY, DEC. 20.

Another dull day, rather raw with a suggestion of rain. We are having lots of work in the laboratory, and there seems to be a tendency to send us stuff from other units.

There is no news as yet of the Greek elections, except a rumour from town that of the 38,000 votes in Salonika only 4,000 were polled for the King's party; the remainder either voted for Venezelos or refrained from voting altogether.

EVENING—The rain has not come and it is still very mild.

I was interested in what you said about Salonika. I have a small guide to Salonika in French which was published a couple of weeks ago, but it is very superficial. The old wall one can see when one enters the city, but I have never been up in that part, and we are discouraged from wandering about too much. One day when I was in with Primrose and we were being taken to a shop by a guide, I came across a house the lower part of which was built entirely of Roman bricks. You remember those thin flat ones which one sees in Italy? I hope before I leave to get a chance to visit the Byzantium churches. The interesting thing to me is that the road beside us which runs through the city, and which really runs from Durazzo to Constantinople is called the Via Ignatia, and is the road along which the Crusaders came and before them the Roman Generals who conquered the East. In fact, it was built by the Romans and has all the characteristics of a Roman road. Your book will probably have told you that Salonika was the place where the Young Turk party originated, and from which they marched during the Revolution of a few years ago. I wish I knew some of the people in it, but one is there so seldom that it is impossible to get in touch with them.

A very nice chap was at supper tonight. He was a lieutenant in the Royal Irish Rifles, but is a Scotchman from Dumfries. He has just come down from the front, and he says he has been trying to get clean ever since. He is much taken with the Serbian mountain country. He says it is magnificent, much finer than about here.

Good-night, sweetheart.

DEC. 21.

EVENING—No luck again in the mail. A parcel for Parsons, and all the other stuff was for patients in Hospital.

I am reading a novel which interests me a good deal. It is *The Man of Iron*—I think you have read it—by the author of *The Dop Doctor*. It is a story of the Franco-Prussian war and Bismarck. But

what I like about it is that the general construction and the style is so good. It reminds me somewhat of Thackeray or Dickens. If you haven't read it you should get it.

What is the book you are reading about the Balkans? Is it too expensive to send out? as I have very little on Salonika. The little French guide is very meagre. The old wall you speak of I have seen at a distance but not close up. It runs around the Citadel, which is at present a prison. The *Sphere* has had a number of good pictures of Salonika and its surroundings. There are none of our actual camp, but there was one of the road and the landscape about it or much like what surrounds us.

The *Balkan News* (the little English paper which is published here) today shows that the Venezelist party apparently refused to vote in the elections, so that the returns to the Parliament are almost entirely anti-Venezelist. This is what Venezelos wants; it makes his protest the more effectual, and the party in power cannot get away from the charge that they don't represent the people. Every Act they pass will be criticized from that standpoint, and sooner or later they will be driven by public opinion to demobilize and hold a fresh election, which will naturally be followed by an overwhelming victory for the Liberals. There is a great danger in driving the Liberals into forming an anti-monarchical party which so far Venezelos has held them back from. The radical element is strong, and of course there is no such thing as a titled aristocracy in Greece around whom the Conservatives can rally. I should imagine the King must be feeling a bit shaky in his position and a favorable peace for us would upset him.

Good-night, dear girl.

JACK.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22.

AFTER LUNCH—During the night I was wakened by the wind springing up, and by morning the tent air was decidedly cool. When I got out I found it had cleared, there was a fresh breeze blowing and the air was sharp. Everything very beautiful, the mountains especially standing out plainly. The sun

has been shining all morning, and although it is chilly many of the hospital tents have their curtains up all the way around so that one sees the long rows of beds.

EVENING—We had a gorgeous walk this afternoon. I started with Malloch and King Smith about twenty-five minutes to two, and walked towards the range of hills behind us. When we got back to a ridge which is a third of the distance to the hills, I suggested that we should walk on to the foot of the hills and see if they were steep. We went on, then decided to go about half way up one ridge, and sit down and enjoy the view. Then it looked so easy we kept on until we got to the topmost peak, about 1,000 feet up. It was fine, very rocky, with patches of soil and bunches of wild holly. The plain stretched away before us for miles, the white tents forming patterns of all shapes. Beyond the hills was another valley and another ridge with tents on it, and then away in the distance the peaks of the mountains on the Bulgarian boundary. We got home about 5.30, thoroughly tired, but happy that we had done it. I am going to turn in early. We must have walked about twelve miles, aside altogether from the climb. The day was perfect for walking, the air like champagne. Up on the hillside we came across Vlach shepherds with great flocks of sheep, black and white. The shepherds are very picturesque objects, with great cloaks about them, and crooks. All the time they keep up a sort of chirruping whistle to guide the sheep.

Good-night, dearest.

THURSDAY, DEC. 23.

AFTER LUNCH—We have another bright day, beautifully warm, and I am writing in the tent door. I got hold of an ordnance map today, and found that the hill we climbed yesterday is 1,470 feet above sea level, that is, about 1,200 feet above our camp. A number of the men, stimulated by our walk yesterday, are going to do it again this afternoon. Today I got out my camera and went around the camp taking photographs. I don't know how they are going to turn out, but if successful I will have to

get you to send me some more films, as I only brought four dozen altogether. I'll wait until these are developed before I take any more.

EVENING—There is a young Engineer officer attached to the camp just now, in connection with the waterworks. He is a fine type of the best sort of man in the Army today. He was an engineer for MacKenzie & Mann in 1908, in some of their undertakings in Mexico. Then when the Mexican revolution became too serious for work to go on, he went to Ecuador and Peru in South America. He came home to join the Army when the war broke out. He has ridden through all the hills for miles about here in connection with roads and lines of communications, and he tells me our troops and the French are holding a practically impregnable line.

Opposite me at Mess tonight was an Artillery Officer who was in the last fight at the Bulgarian border. He was chaffing us a lot about our lunacy in having table cloths and table napkins, with a bread and butter plate and knife.

It is very difficult to realize that tomorrow is Xmas Eve. The weather is so mild and un-Christmaslike. However, as I was telling one of the nurses today, we may have snow for Xmas yet. Only I hope for the sake of the Tommies we don't. There seem to be no serious cases in Hospital just now, although we are full. Mostly influenza and rheumatism, with occasional cases that look like typhoid or dysentery, but very mild.

Good-night, dearest, I hope you have my cable by this time.

FRIDAY, DEC. 24.

CHRISTMAS EVE—I did not write after lunch today, as I was enticed away for a walk. The day was perfect, and I could not resist the temptation to go off up to the top of the hill I climbed the other day. We took about two hours to go up, but were well repaid by the view. We found a Staff Officer up on top with a map, and he pointed out a lot of places to us. Coming down we passed a Greek village, with a quaint old monastery with a bell tower at

one side. Then home across the plains, passing a camp full of 18-pounder guns on the way.

When I got home I found that a mail had arrived and that there was a parcel for me. I rushed off and got it and found it was cake from the Stores. It was in beautiful condition; I haven't enjoyed a cake so much for a long time. You are a dear! I imagine I will get letters tomorrow or Sunday, as a number of letters came for the Sisters but none for the officers. Tonight at Mess a choir of the men with the bugler came up and sang Christmas hymns outside the Mess tent. They are now down at the Hospital singing to the patients. The patients have been working hard, under the nurses' directions, to decorate their tents for tomorrow. Each tent has its own idea, and some of them are quite pretty. I only saw one or two of them this morning, but others I will see tomorrow.

Dear old girl, I do hope you have something nice to do tomorrow. I know how you like to spend Christmas, but then I must be there to help. And if you want to be quiet and lonely, people whom you don't like will be annoying you by their sympathy. Oh, how I wish I were with you!

This is such odd Christmas weather. Today as we walked the little lizards kept skipping away from us. I was wearing my vest of chamois, and I was sorry I had not left it at home. Then coming home the sun set behind Olympus and the sky was glorious. Tonight the moon is not yet up, but it is brilliant starlight and just the least chill in the air. If we had a golf links here it would be perfect golfing weather. I suppose we will have some cold weather in January and early in February, but it can't last long.

There is apparently nothing doing up at the front, and it is questionable whether anything will be doing soon. Everyone says our lines are exceptionally strong, and they only hope the Bulgarians and Germans will attack.

Well, dearest, I will say good-night for the present; if anything else happens tonight I may add a line before I turn in.

SATURDAY, DEC. 25.

EVENING—Christmas day began very successfully. Letters and parcels and Shelley's poems from you.

We had a first-class dinner: soup, fish, turkey, plum pudding and mince tarts. Cocktails to begin with, champagne at dinner, and liqueurs after it. They were all delighted and said they hadn't had such a dinner since they left England. After dinner we sat about and talked. The day was magnificent, and the sun went down in a blaze of glory. I had quite a talk with Col. Dunlap—I think that is his name—who is a patient in Hospital. He is an Irishman from Kerry, practically without accent, has knocked about all over the world, and when I was talking about Irish scenery he said, "It is funny, but there is no doubt about it. Every time I go home I wonder at it. But Ireland is the most beautiful country in the world." I thought you would like that.

The patients had a happy time also. Every tent had a different decoration, and all made up out of the things that were to hand. The up-patients in each ward had a table set out with a regular Xmas dinner: beer, stout, plenty of nuts and raisins, Canadian apples, and of course turkey and plum pudding. Tonight the men are having a concert, but I have not gone down to it as I want to finish this letter; it is getting so heavy I am afraid it might not go.

I saw Miss Scott's nephew this afternoon; he came through our lines. He is not with No. 28 just now but is Medical Landing Officer at the quay and is living at the hotel in Salonika where the Staff have their Headquarters. He spoke about his baby and evidently he is awfully upset and worried, although he says the men who are looking after it are the best in London.

There was such an amusing naval man at Mess. He has the medal for saving life at sea, and it turns out he was the man who jumped in and saved Barney Barnato when he tried to commit suicide on his way home from S. Africa. He said, "There wasn't much credit in it, because I knew the Johnnie was worth over ten millions and I was sure to make something out of it." He kept us in shrieks of

laughter with stories about the sailors. He said if you want to make the sailors absolutely wilt, all you have to say is "Buck up now, you're marching like a lot of bally soldiers."

He says there is only one condition of peace that the Navy wants, and that is that the German navy be made to come out and fight.

Well, this is a long scrawl and I must stop. I do hope you have picked up after your cold. If you are feeling the effects, do get a tonic.

Much love, dearest.

JACK.

SUNDAY, DEC. 26. AFTER LUNCH

DEAREST GIRL:

We certainly are fortunate in our weather, another spring day, hazy but warm. I had a p.m. (was just called away as I got this far and did not get to my letter until evening) this morning, a case of typhoid, the first case we have had, but the poor chap brought it from France with him. He came to us last Wednesday, and was taken ill on the transport. We have so many mild fevers in hospital, but we can't show that they are typhoid and they usually clear up in a week and the men go back to work. It is very much like what they call trench fever in France.

The British Vice-Consul was out today. He was telling me that the Turks are very tired of the war. Constantinople is a dead city, whereas it used to be one of the busiest cities of Europe, and certainly the busiest city in the Mediterranean. The poorer people are suffering dreadfully, dying of starvation, as there is no work to do. He hears that the Germans are lavish with promises of munitions, shells, etc., but they will not send any money, Red Cross stuff or food. He and his Chief have both lived many years in Constantinople, and are very fond of the Turks. They are confident the war cannot go on much longer.

The Engineers have started to build us a laboratory, so that does not look as if we were going to be shifted to the other side of the town, at least for a time. But they may finish it and yet move us as soon as it is built. Tomorrow Graham and I am

likely to get a ride through the town. The D.M.S. has asked us to go and sample the town water supply and analyze it. They are sending one of the staff motors for us after lunch. I hope the day is fine.

I have finished reading *The Man of Iron* and have enjoyed it. There is a touch of genius about it. The descriptions of the Prussian advance in 1870 and the study of Bismarck are very good, and there is such a prophetic forecast of the present war that it is difficult to realize that it was written a good while before war broke out. If you haven't read it you must get it.

A big French aeroplane came over us this afternoon, quite low down. Some of the nurses waved their hands at the three men in it and so she made a magnificent sweep and came back over us so low that I thought they were going to light. However, they waved their hands and went on again. I would give a good deal for a flight over this country.

Good-night, dearest.

MONDAY, DEC. 27.

EVENING—A motor came for us at 1.30 and took us into Salonika, and then out along what is called the Lambit Road for about five miles. We saw a different part of the town from what I had hitherto seen, but especially saw a good part of the old wall. I must try and get up closer to it. It was a fearfully dusty ride, as the road leads up to a large French camp and is the main transport line to our advanced position, so that it was one continuous string of vehicles of all kinds. Both the Turkish and Grecian cemeteries are on it, and coming back we met a Greek funeral. They were all on foot, priests in full vestments carrying crosses. Just behind the priests was the body, that of a pretty young girl dressed like a bride, and lying completely visible in a basket-like coffin which was carried by four men; after them came the mourners, men and women.

I had mail today. The second box from the Stores with shortbread and two plum puddings. Many thanks, dearest. Also letters from Mavor, the Boy* and Loughed. I will enclose you the Boy's

*My Nephew, Captain Harvey Fuller, the 10th Canadian Railway Engineers, attached to Plumer's Army.

letter in this. He is such a kid yet. I must write him again soon. Mavor thinks the war cannot last much longer. He says his correspondents in Europe keep telling him of jealousies and recriminations among the leaders of the Central Powers, and if that is true it must mean progressive weakness. He gives me very little Toronto news. It was written on a Sunday, when Hutton had preached at Convocation Hall. He said Hutton upbraided Greece with being sunk in intellectual pursuits whilst her country was being ravished! If he saw the Greeks of Salonika he would hardly connect them with the intellectuals of the Golden Age of Greece. We are in a much better position now than we were a few weeks ago. I saw tonight in the *Scotsman* of Dec. 9th a despatch from the *Daily Telegraph's* Correspondent here on the situation, and it is absolutely true. You ought to try and get it, it would be in the *Telegraph* of the same date.

The Greeks pretend to be friendly, but they put all sorts of little hampering difficulties in the way. For instance, No. 5 Canadian (the British Columbia Hospital) has landed and is on the east of the town. They had to move three lines in one day, because the Greeks raised objections to the places selected for the tents. I was told the other day that two German officers actually came down from Monastir in uniform to buy beer for their troops. There is nothing to hinder them, as the railway is run by Austrians, and the town of course is a Greek town. However, the evacuation of the town by the Greek troops removes the danger which possibly threatened at the end of November. They are well out of the way, and our troops are becoming stronger and better equipped and entrenched every day. I rather doubt if there will be any more fighting in this area. The Austro-Germans have no object in attacking us, but as long as they remain in Serbia they hold us here. If they come down, they risk throwing Greece in with us, as Salonika is the apple of the Grecian eye, and they would not risk it going to Bulgaria or Turkey. If the Bulgarians came down the Greeks would go at them at once. Even Constantine could not prevent that. They hate one another most cordially.

Well, dearest, I must stop gossiping and go to bed. You don't say whether any of my letters are missing. You can tell by the paging.

TUESDAY, DEC. 28.

AFTER LUNCH—I am beginning to tire of registering a fine day. We had by far our finest view of the mountains this morning when we came out. It gradually got warmer and now it is hot, with a summer haze all over the landscape and touching the hills. A number of the men went for a long tramp today, Primrose and five or six others. They started at 9.30 and took their lunch, and expect to do at least twenty miles before they come back. I had work to do so did not go.

There was a tragedy in the next camp to us yesterday. A young Irishman in the Leinsters who had been giving trouble ever since he came out was court-martialled, the immediate charge being desertion in the face of the enemy and general insubordination. He was sentenced to be shot, and the sentence was duly carried out. An officer who had command of the unit said that when he heard the sentence he started to laugh, and said, "That is a good joke, to let me enlist and then bring me out here and shoot me." It is a terrible thing, but the officers say he had become so incorrigible it had to be done. He had been court-martialled once before just after getting here, and had been let off with a mild sentence and a warning.

EVENING—The walkers came back very tired but exultant. They have done the largest walk anyone has attempted. They went about twenty miles. I must beat that some day soon. The excitement this afternoon was a German aeroplane. I was sitting at my tent just after I had ceased writing you, when Graham called out, "Get your glasses, that looks like a German plane." I had been watching it idly for some minutes, and thinking it was very high up. I got the glasses and sure enough on the under planes were the German marks (sketch). It had apparently been reconnoitering over the harbour and must have come down from Monastir. A minute or two later I saw a French plane turn and follow it, but

it was much too high to overtake. A half an hour later I saw a French, two Italian and a British plane going off in the same direction. The day was so perfect that the aeroplanes were passing all the time. At one time we saw six in the air at once.

I saw wild crocuses in flower today up in the hills, so that we will probably have spring flowers before the end of January. I think this place is going to be hot in the spring, and the mosquitoes will be bad. I am glad I got a light suit in Alexandria (a drill one) and the helmet. I may need another drill one (unlined). I wonder what Walker would charge for tunic and trousers? My mosquito netting will be fine. It is beautifully made and completely covers the bed and tucks under the mattress.

Good-night, dearest.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29.

AFTER LUNCH—Rather colder today, with a wind from the north, but clear and no signs of change. I had a p.m. this morning on a man who had been thrown from his horse, and was brought in last night suffering from very severe fractures and lacerations. They had operated to try and save him but he died of shock and haemorrhage.

No special news this morning except plenty of work. I don't think I will walk this afternoon.

Sometime when you are in the *Times* book club would you see if there is a book published on the botany of Macedonia or Greece?

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30TH. AFTER LUNCH.

DEAREST: This has been an exciting morning. About ten o'clock four German aeroplanes came over, and tried to drop bombs on various important points. They dropped a good many, but I doubt if they got anything, though while it lasted it was quite a show. I was in the midst of a post-mortem when they started. The planes were very high up, but the naval guns made good practice and quickly drove them off. They are very beautiful machines, like silver, and as the sun was strong they glittered beautifully. Evidently the one which came a few days ago was scouting.

I got up at six this morning, and so had an opportunity of seeing the sunrise. It was glorious, and kept brightening and brightening until the whole sky was a blaze of rose colour. A few minutes after seven the rooks wakened up, and literally thousands of them came up into the sky from the east of Salonika where apparently they have a rookery. The day is very hot and I have to shed my waistcoat.

EVENING—I had another p.m. this afternoon. A man died suddenly in a casualty clearing station about a mile from here, and as they had no way of doing a p.m. the body was brought over to us. I have consequently been very busy all day, and hope I will not be disturbed tonight, although I am liable to be called on at any hour until six tomorrow morning. The nurses are giving an entertainment New Year's night, and we are all asked to go in masquerade. I don't think I will bother.

I am reading just now a rather interesting book *Germany and two German Emperors*, by Perris. It was written before the war, and is a kind of historical study of the influences which have moulded the present German nation, and its attitude to the rest of the world. I think you would like it.

There were a few more letters today, but nothing for me. Did I tell you they have started to build us a laboratory hut, and have the foundation laid? That does not look as if they were going to move us soon, although you never can tell. They do such stupid things.

Well, dearest, I will say good-night.

DEC. 31

EVENING—There was a big mail today, and I got letters from Aunt Jem, Willa and the Edgars, but none from you. The Canadian letters were sent about Nov. 25th, so that it apparently takes a little over a month to reach here. Pelham wrote me a letter, chiefly with University news, and his wife came to the conclusion that he had not really sent me the gossip, so she wrote one which was very amusing and contained a good deal of news which I would not have had otherwise.

Well, dear, tonight is the last night of 1915. What a year! And to think, you in London, I in Macedonia. It is a strange world. Surely next New Year will see peace, but who can tell? At any rate, my dearest, it is better that we should be in the swirl of this cataclysm than that we should be comfortably vegetating in a backwater like Toronto. For me, of course, it is endlessly interesting. It is you, my brave girl, that is getting the dull and lonely part of it.

If you were only a strong woman, how you would enjoy getting into the thick of it, and you would make good. But dearest, to be hackneyed or smug or whatever you like, "They also serve who only stand and wait" (I hope I quote correctly). I hope you are feeling tonight how much I am wishing a happy new year for us both.

I told you last night that the nurses are giving an entertainment. I did not intend going, but have had to change my mind, so I am putting on my gorgeous dressing gown over my uniform, wearing a red Fez and a mask so as to play the game with the rest. Then I am going to try and take a flashlight photograph of the whole show.

Perris' book on Germany is interesting me, and I rather feel the reasoning is sound. He is a man who knows German history, literature and philosophy very thoroughly, and he traces the influence which made modern Prussia. You must try and read it. It is getting near nine o'clock, the hour of our show, so I will say good-night and *Prosit Neujahr* as we used to say in the good old days in Germany.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

AFTER LUNCH—The entertainment last night was very amusing. The nurses were extraordinarily clever in their costumes. Everybody was happy and we sang "Auld Lang Syne" as the New Year was coming in. Then a number of us went into one of the tents and talked until one o'clock. Then I went to bed. During the night the rain began, and this morning it was pouring, and the camp was a sea of mud. The sun struggled out once, but the rain has set in again and I am afraid we are in for a wet

week. However, we have had so much good weather for the last two weeks, we can surely put up with a little bad. There were to be special New Year's celebrations today, but the weather is so bad that they will not come off.

EVENING—This afternoon a large French aeroplane with two men in it came over our tents, and turned and swooped about a hundred feet above us. She waved to us and then threw out a typewritten sheet with New Year's greetings to everyone, but especially "the Nursing Sisters whose silhouettes among their tents have added poetry to our flights." Charming, wasn't it?

The President, the Dean, and Dr. Reeve all sent cables to the hospital, which were received this morning.

There were six aeroplanes in the raid of the day before yesterday, four aviatics and two albatrosses. Every one is overjoyed at the arrest of the consuls, as it has been common knowledge for a long time that they were the centre of a network of spies who forwarded every move of ours to the enemy. The Greek Government have entered a formal protest, but in the meantime the captured consuls are on their way to France.

An R. C. army chaplain has been attached to our unit. He is a most interesting man. A Maltese by birth, but Scotch and English parentage. He has lived so long out of England that he speaks with a distinct foreign accent. He is very proud of the fact that he is a Canon of St. John's Cathedral in Valetta, the Cathedral Church of the Knights of Malta. Particularly proud because, with the exception of the non-resident Canons of the four great Roman Basilicas he is the only non-resident of any R. C. Church. He was educated at Rome, and loves it intensely. I was talking to him about the Roman churches the other night, and he could tell me the history of every church. He told me a very interesting historical fact. The King of England is an Honorary Canon of the Church of St. Paul's Without the Walls (you remember the long drive we took to see it) and the Abbott of the Church is by virtue of his office on honorary Knight of the Garter. This

dates back to the earliest days, he says to King Edward the Confessor, but I think he is wrong as the Garter was not established then. He is very fond of San Clementi. He was only nineteen when he went to Rome. He apparently has been in the Army a long time, as he wears a string of ribbons.

Well, dear girl, I have finished another package of my paper; I think I will have to start and write on both sides. Dearest, have you done anything about your trip to Ireland?

Good-night.

SATURDAY, JAN. 2.

Another perfect day. My tent is as wide open as I can get it, and I am writing at the door. There is a good deal of aeroplane activity today. Evidently the French feel they were caught napping the other day, and they are not going to let it happen again. The morning paper states that the King of Serbia has arrived in Salonika and is stopping at the Serbian Consulate, and there is a rumour that some forty thousand are coming here to refit. I hope it is so, as it will be interesting to see them.

I have been trying my pastels, and think I will send you a sketch I have made of sunrise over the hills behind Salonika. I am afraid it is much too impressionistic, but it will give you some idea of the view I have from my tent when I look out in the morning. I have also a photograph of our first dinner in camp, when we sat and ate in the sun. You will recognize me. Today I was extravagant, and paid a pound for a Turkish sword. I think you will like it. It is somewhat of this shape. (Sketch.) It has an inlaid blade and ivory handle.

Well, dearest, I think I will seal and post this letter. Much love,

JACK.

JAN. 2, EVENING.

DEAREST GIRL:

I managed to get my letter and the sketch packed into an envelope, but I am afraid the sketch will be rubbed. However, it will give you an impression of the view to the east of our camp. I may try other sketches later. I was very lazy this afternoon,



SOME OF THE "SISTERS" OF NO. 4 CANADIAN HOSPITAL



"J.J." AND BROTHER OFFICERS AT SALONIKA

and instead of going for a walk came up to my tent to read. Of course I fell asleep. I am progressing well with Bismarck, or rather Perris' book on Germany, which largely circles about Bismarck and his policy. He was an extraordinary man. Brutally direct and yet insidious in his cunning. Perris speaks of him as the great predecessor of Lord Northcliffe in his handling of journals. He controlled an enormous number, and used to edit and even dictate articles. In one of his journals he would write a vile attack on the French people, and then a few days after in another of his journals would appear a vicious attack upon the article also written by himself. All this comes out in Busch's life. Busch was a typical Boswell. I came across in this book a quotation from the Czar's invitation to the first Peace Congress. It is a wonderful prophecy of the present war. In one sentence he says, "It appears evident, then, that if this state of things were prolonged it would inevitably lead to the very cataclysm which it is desired to avert, and the horrors of which make every thinking being shudder in advance." An interesting point also is that the failure of the Hague Conference to bring about a truce was due to the opposition of the Prussian delegates. Another interesting thing which comes out in the discussion of Bismarck character is that all the forms of frightfulness which the Germans are convicted of in this war were advocated by Bismarck in 1870, and were not put in force because of the humanity of the Crown Prince Frederick and the old Emperor under the influence of their two wives, the Crown Princess and Empress Augusta. Bismarck even wanted to withdraw from the Geneva Convention. The book is fascinating. Is absolutely fair. He evidently admired Bismarck and it is very philosophic, a touch of Lecky in it; I wish I could send it to you but it belongs to the library.

They are starting a Medical Conference for the three Hospitals in this district, Nos. 28 and 29 and our own; we have our first meeting at No. 28 next Wednesday. I think it is a very good idea.

Good-night, dearest.

MONDAY, JAN. 3.

AFTER LUNCH—Last night not long after I stopped writing Graham, McVicar, then Watson, Thompson (our Paymaster), Primrose and Malloch came into my tent, one at a time, and we began a discussion of the conduct of the war, and the relative advantages of German and English methods. The result was they did not leave until 11.30, and no one could sleep in the tents around. It was very amusing. It all arose out of a beautiful example of Army stupidity which had just come to light. When we got here we found we were short of some stores for the laboratory. I suggested we could get them from one of the labs. in Alexandria. The A.D.M.S. said he would cable. Nov. 24 we sent him the list; he wrote to A.D.M.S., Alexandria. From him it went to another Department and so from one to another, until it came back to us yesterday with the question was this to be just one supply or would we require a continuous supply from time to time. In the meantime, the only place in Alexandria where the things could be got have never been asked for them, and the original list has been lost. I would give a good deal to get a copy of the correspondence as an indication of the circumlocution office, but I suppose I would be court-martialled if I took it.

EVENING—It is getting distinctly colder tonight, so we may be in for a cold snap after all. We are getting more and more work from other hospitals, in the laboratory, so they are evidently using us as a central institution for special work. We had five specimens for a New Zealand stationary hospital today, and one from No. 29 General; some of it is interesting, some of it is merely stupid. The two wireless officers of the *Minnewaska*, the transport which brought us to Alexandria, were at supper tonight. The ship came in this morning with troops. They are nice boys, and were full of stories of their journeyings since we left them. We were comfortable on that boat; I would like to travel on her again.

TUESDAY, JAN. 4.

EVENING—The wind is still as high as ever, and the tent is swaying in a way that would alarm one if I didn't know how firmly it is pegged down. We had an extraordinary sunset tonight, vivid crimson and vivid gold on a background of sullen, blue-black clouds, the whole above the dark mountains. This afternoon Armour and Thompson and I walked up to the hill where the French anti-aircraft battery is set up. Such a nice boy in charge, very proud of his guns and anxious to show them off, so that we saw the whole mechanism. It was very interesting. The French have a very practical kind of shelter tent. It is only about two and a half feet high at the ridge, and is anchored to the ground with stones and earth. The men have to crawl into it, but they are packed there so closely that they can't help being warm and they are protected from the cold wind. It is not luxurious, but it is better than sending the men out without tents at all, as many of ours have been sent.

I have finished *Germany and the German Emperor*, a remarkably sane book, and the more interesting that it was written a year before the war. I am now at a dead end for something to read, that is, something with meat in it. We have stacks of novels. Do, dear girl, get me sometime a shilling copy of some of the historical books in Everyman's Library. I think I told you about our R.C. Padre—his name is Cavendish—such a contrast to our Orange Protestant Padres. The Presbyterian who comes from the north of Ireland is the limit. There was an amusing burst-out today. At the Mess meeting last night the question of beer at the Mess was discussed. Hitherto those of us who say we want a glass of beer were put on a list, and at the end of the month the amount spent was equally divided. Last night one of the men who does not take beer got up and said it was not fair to the beer drinkers to charge them with all the beer, as we had a great many guests who invariably drink beer, and he thought the whole Mess should pay for it. The chairman asked to have it fully discussed, and especially for any one who had any objections to say so. There was some discussion but no objec-

tions, and it carried. Today at lunch the Presbyterian Padre said he would not pay for beer. It was against his principles. McGillivray broke out and completely annihilated him. It was too funny. None of us who take beer care a rap how it is done, the cost is so slight, but this parson has had more guests than anyone, and all his guests have taken beer. He was evidently too much of a coward to speak out his convictions at the meeting, but went around grumbling afterwards. He went to Dave Smith*, who is Mess Chairman, and told him he couldn't conscientiously pay for beer, so Smith said, "Well don't, it will stand on the books as a debt against you and when we leave here we will divide your debt amongst the rest of us." I think I have given you enough gossip for one night.

Good-night, sweetheart.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 5.

EVENING—This afternoon Gordon Mackenzie's brother came into camp to see one of his officers who was in hospital. I had a long talk with him, and took him round and showed him the Hospital. He is a Lt.-Colonel in command of a Field Ambulance about six or eight miles from here. He is a very nice chap, about ten years younger than Gordon. Gordon is in England just now, as his mother is not expected to live. I hope you may run across him in London. I am going to walk over and see his camp some afternoon. There is a rumour in camp tonight that part of the Army Post Office has been burnt. I hope none of my letters were in it. I was told this morning by the sergeant who goes for the mail that 5,800 bags left Malta yesterday for here, so that I may get something by Sunday. Our small boy has run away from us again. He is somewhere up at the front. They have been trying to get word to his relations, but he is such a young liar that it is impossible to say whether the addresses he gives are correct or not.

There is very little gossip tonight so I will say good-night, dearest.

*Dr. King Smith.

THURSDAY, JAN. 6.

EVENING—Mail tonight, your letter posted in London December 16th. That's twenty-one days to come here. Pretty poor service! I also got a letter of Christmas greeting from your enemy (!), little Miss Widdows; also a Christmas card from Alex Wilson.

My dear, I hope by this time my letters will have reassured you about the dangers I am exposed to here. But to answer your question. It is difficult to say how much danger there is. First, dangers of war, that is, dangers from the enemy. We are much too far behind the actual front for risk. The worst possibility, that is, the complete defeat of the Anglo-French forces, might expose us to the necessity of moving out in a hurry with loss of all our equipment; but then you have to remember the harbour is full of battle ships and we are completely protected by their guns. That is, no German or Bulgarian force could get near enough to us to injure us. A defeat of our forces now is quite impossible, because they have had weeks to entrench and get their guns in position. If the Germans cannot break the line in France I don't see how they can break it here, as the country which we have to fortify is much more suited to it. As a matter of fact, I am afraid the Germans may not attack in earnest but simply hold us here so that they can carry on and advance against the Suez Canal. The other danger is from bombs, as in such a raid as I told you of the other day, but even the Germans would hardly deliberately attack a Hospital. That danger is no greater than we had in London during the Zeppelin raids.

Another danger is from disease. Against typhoid and cholera I am vaccinated, and in any case I never touch unboiled water; I have never touched salads or uncooked vegetables since I left England, and don't intend to touch them until I return. As to typhus, which we might get, we know the method of spreading, that is, by the clothes louse, and I am not exposed to these as the men who are in the wards. But even they, with care, avoided getting lice when the heavy rush was on and the patients came in actually crawling. Besides, you must

remember I took materials with me for my own protection which I would use at once if a case of typhus came in. The nurses are the people I fear for most if typhus should get in, as they have greater difficulty in keeping the beast off and are more in contact with the patients. The other danger is malaria. Fortunately all the malaria we have seen so far is of a mild type, and the men who have had it have not been sick long. Against malaria there are two protections, first, to keep off night flying mosquitoes, and second to take a certain amount of quinine each day or every second day, and these precautions I shall begin as soon as the malarial season begins.

I think I have told you frankly all the actual dangers to which I am exposed. I really do not think you have serious cause to worry. And if I am taken sick I am in the hands of the very men who would look after me if I were in Toronto.

I am sending this letter c/o Canadian Government Office; be sure and tell them your address, and let me know as soon as you change.

Good-night, my dear.

JACK.

FRIDAY, JAN. 7. AFTER LUNCH.

DEAREST GIRL:

I find that there was a fire in the post office tent the day before yesterday, but I don't think I had a letter to you in it and there was no incoming mail there, which interests me most.

We had another air raid this morning, and saw some exciting air fights between French and German aeroplanes. We don't know, but we hope that a couple of raiders were captured or destroyed. The interesting thing is to see the anti-aircraft guns firing at them. They fire shrapnel shells, and each shell as it bursts leaves a little tight ball like cotton wool which hangs in the air for several minutes. At one time I counted seventeen of these balls of smoke all around a German aeroplane, and we thought she disappeared, although you could not be certain as she was so high up and several miles to the east of us. There is no doubt the German planes are beautiful machines and have a

terrific speed. It is a beautiful day again and the wind has gone down.

EVENING—This afternoon the weather was so perfect that I went for a walk with McGillivray and another chap. We walked north-west along the Monastir road to where it crosses the Galika river, about three miles from camp. That whole district is changed now; the last time I walked there, there were any number of British troops; now they have all gone, moved off to other lines and their place is taken by French. I must say I like the looks of the French troops. They are extraordinarily practical-looking, and they seem to work very hard. I had a talk with the sentry at the bridge about the air raid, but apparently there had been no special attack up there although there is a French Aviation Camp not far away. The troops keep coming in; on the way back we passed a half battalion of infantry, all in their blue coats and blue metal helmets, and loaded down with equipment. We saw what looked to me like Australians, but I have not heard that they have brought any Australians here.

SATURDAY, JAN. 8.

AFTER LUNCH—Another summer day. Dear girl, if the warm pyjamas come, they may be a joke. There is just a chance that I may have lost them, as the notice appeared in today's orders that some time between Dec. 15th and Dec. 21st over 160 bags of letters and parcels for the Salonika Army were destroyed by fire on board one of the steamships. Of course your letter was posted Dec. 16th, and I got that all right. I will have to have patience and wait. Willa's parcel to me may be gone also, and some laboratory material that I wrote to Miss Cullis and Miss Widdows to get for me and which must have been sent about the same time.

There was nothing doing in the air today, apparently, although it is a perfect day for flying.

I tried one of my plum puddings last night, and found it fine but very rich. If I can get any whisky I am going to give a party some night soon. I had a note from Col. Mackenzie today giving me directions as to how I could reach him. I will probably

walk over tomorrow afternoon. Lab. work is rather slack just now.

EVENING—This afternoon was such a slack, lazy day that instead of going for a walk, I rested after lunch; then did a very little work; and the rest of the afternoon sat out in front of the tent with my glasses and watched the aeroplanes, the shipping in the harbour, the landscape generally, and finally, just at sundown, the enormous flocks of birds (rooks and starlings) fly away home to their resting places east of the town.

The birds are very interesting here; there are such enormous flocks of them. The starlings, at least I think that is what they are, fly about in flocks of hundreds, and at a distance they drift about in the air like clouds of smoke. It is fascinating to watch them. The wild geese are coming north again, so that we can't have very much cold weather after this. I am reading Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle* just now. It is interesting to see his comments as he goes along in view of the *Origin of Species* which appeared more than twenty years later.

Tell Miss England when you see her that if either of her nephews has the misfortune to be sent to hospital and they come here, I will know of it at once and will see that they are well looked after. Parsons is the physician in charge of Officers and Primrose is the surgeon. If I knew what division they were in I might be able to look them up, that is, if they were near, but a great many of the soldiers, the majority in fact, are a good many miles from here.

I think I have exhausted my flood of talk for tonight, so good-night, dearest.

SUNDAY, JAN. 9

AFTER LUNCH—A sunny hazy day with the sky full of fleecy clouds. The officer who commanded the troops on the transport and the Adjutant of Troops came over for lunch today. They are artillery officers belonging to a heavy gun battery, and they tell us they are all ready, but they are doubtful if they will be attacked, as their position is practically impregnable. It is pleasant to see these

chaps from time to time, they were very pleasant companions on the *Minnewaska* and they tell us what is going on at the front.

Yesterday one of our privates, a graduate of the University, got word that he had been given a commission and was ordered back to Shorncliffe. He left this morning early for England. He came in to say goodbye to me, and I asked him to try and find you if he went to London, so that he could give you information about how I look, and the camp surroundings. His father is a lawyer in Toronto. The boy is rather rough-looking, but he is a nice boy. His name is Murray. I hope he is able to find you. Things are likely to be busier this week, as all cases in this district come to us. The three General Hospitals take it week about.

JAN. 10.

EVENING—Well, dear girl, what do you think, I went for a picnic tea in Macedonia. Primrose and I and four others took six of the nurses out for a walk. We went out on the Monastir road, past the Galiko river, and up to the French aerodrome. It was the first time I had been there, and it was most interesting. The Commander of the Squadron was the most charming man I have met. He took us all in beside one of the planes, and showed us every part of it, how they controlled the flight, how they came down. They are beautiful machines. They have eight there, and expect four more. The Frenchman spoke fair English, and he kept us entertained for a full half hour with anecdotes of his experiences in France. He agreed with me that a fight in the air is the finest sport there is. We came back, and built a fire on the banks of the Galiko and made tea. It was quite a good afternoon. We saw one aeroplane start off and another come down. The starting off is most graceful; the propeller is started and the machine begins to run along the ground, at first slowly, then faster and faster; then you notice that it has left the earth, and in a few seconds it is soaring up into the air above you.

MONDAY, JAN. 11.

AFTER LUNCH—I see by the morning papers that our friend the enemy, Mackensen, has moved over to the Russian front again. I wonder if that means that the Germans are not going to push the Balkan campaign? Of course, it may not be true.

We had two distinguished visitors today, the French Director General of Medical Services, and a little lady of about forty-five wearing a Red Cross uniform of the French Army. Both decorated with the Legion of Honour. The little lady replied to my salute when she came to the laboratory with the most charming feminine variant of a military salute, just touching the rim of her neat little bonnet. I do hope you are working hard at your French. I have lost my heart to them entirely. We are going to see a lot of France when the war is over. Wouldn't it be fine if it should end before the summer, and if you and I could make a pilgrimage through the war zone before we go home?

EVENING—This afternoon brought a letter from you, dearest. The one written just before Christmas. Do my letters only come in once a week? I usually send two a week, and I understood there were several mails leaving here each week. I take it you have got them all, as you do not say anything about gaps except the one written on the hospital ship.

I am worried about those fits of exhaustion you speak about. Do, dear girl, go and see a doctor. I mentioned Russell of Upper Wimpole Street in one letter, but just now it has occurred to me you might better go and see Sir James MacKenzie. You remember him at our house when the British Medical met. Do go and see him. I really believe he would help you more than anyone. You needn't be shy with him. He is a gruff old Radical but kind-hearted and very sensible, and he would be extra kind to you for the three reasons of our name, the fact that we entertained him and because I am away out here.

A large bundle of Toronto papers came in to-night. I have been looking in vain for your letters in the *Star*. I must have missed them.

Well, dearest, I will post this budget tonight. Don't forget to send your address as soon as you get settled.

Much love, sweetheart,

JACK.

JAN. 11, EVENING.

DEAREST GIRL:

The afternoon was quite hot, and most of the men were out walking. I may be able to get a horse sometimes and get some riding lessons. It is a magnificent country for riding, not a fence or a hedge or a ditch anywhere. I have been reading Lloyd George's speech on the production of munitions. It is a magnificent speech, and shows how much has been done, but it is a terrible indictment of the War Office when it shows that it took so long for them to realize the necessity of high explosive shells and machine guns. There must have been terrible stupidity. I wonder if K. is stupid also.

My dear, I have been thinking about your health all day, and I want you to go and see Sir James MacKenzie. Do go, to satisfy me. You can telephone his office and make an engagement, and then take a taxi there.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 14.

AFTER LUNCH—Today started out as a beautiful day, but the wind sprang up about eleven and got stronger and stronger, and the temperature fell, so that now it is quite chilly and the tents are flapping like mad.

I have to go over to a Medical Meeting at No. 28 this afternoon to show some specimens. This morning I had another post-mortem, a case of Primrose's, a sentry at the Ordnance Camp who was found shot in the leg, and said he had been shot by a Greek who was trying to steal something. He came in with a very nasty rifle wound in which gas gangrene developed, and Primrose had to amputate the leg. He did very well for forty-eight hours and then died rather suddenly yesterday afternoon. It seems that the infection had spread all through his body. A sad part about it was that it was strongly suspected that the wound was self-inflicted, as the

charge had entered the back of the calf and the rifle had been held close to the leg. He was a little dark Irishman named Keogh, just the type of man to have too much imagination, and when one is tramping back and forth in the middle of the night it is quite easy to get an attack of nerves and think, "Well, if I put a small bullet hole in my leg they will send me home". There is a patient under arrest in hospital just now with a bullet hole through his foot, which is suspected to be self-inflicted. He is to be court-martialled as soon as he is well enough. The punishment for that sort of thing is very severe. This poor boy had made up his mind he was going to die and he was absolutely apathetic from the start.

EVENING—We had a Medical Meeting over at No. 28 Hospital this afternoon, with General Macpherson in the chair. It was a most successful meeting. A large marquee tent was filled with Medical Officers from the General Hospital and clearing stations of the base. I showed a couple of specimens, and Graham contributed a paper to a discussion on typhoid. I met another of my students of last year who is an officer attached to a Casualty Clearing Station about five miles from here. It is nice to see these boys, and they are so genuinely glad to see me. The weather is a good deal colder tonight, and one feels one's British warmer as a great comfort. It is still very windy, but I started my fire about five o'clock and now my tent is quite comfortable.

There is very little news tonight so I will say good-night.

THURSDAY, JAN. 15.

There seems to be no doubt that we are going to be moved to the east of Salonika sooner or later. The A.D.M.S. told one of our men at the meeting yesterday that he had been looking over suitable sites, and was now hesitating between three. It will be a nuisance, but it would be more logical to move us, as there are only French troops out this road now. How I will move my household goods I don't know. I think I will have to buy a donkey and

pack everything on his back. I imagine they will do it slowly, as sick patients cannot be moved just when the orders come. In the meantime they are going on with our laboratory building, but very slowly. It will likely be just finished when the orders come to move.

EVENING—There is a meeting of the Mess this evening, some mix-up over our Christmas dinner. We supposed we were paying for it ourselves. Then the other day Almon Fletcher had a letter from his mother saying she had been criticized for sending \$250.00 which she had collected for the officers' Xmas dinner. This was the first we had heard of it. Roberts had never told us he had received the money, but of his own initiative devoted it to the men's dinner. There is a good deal of feeling about it. We don't mind paying for our own dinner, but we feel we had a right to say something about the disposal of the money. It is too bad Roberts is head of a University Hospital, as he misses opportunities of really doing things simply because he consults no one. However, we can't alter things now and have to put up with it. Chambers has been offered a transfer to the New Ontario Hospital which is being established at Orpington in Kent, and he has accepted largely because the O.C. has behaved so badly or rather rudely to him. He will be going back soon, but, poor old chap, he is dreadfully upset about it, as everybody likes him and he knows it, and he has a feeling he is deserting the rest of us. I do not know what we would do if it were not that Gordon* is coming out, he has to report in London the day after tomorrow, and may start for here immediately afterwards.

Good-night, sweetheart, our meeting is very soon.

FRIDAY, JAN. 14.

EVENING—I got three parcels today—the pyjamas and cap. They look most comfortable. A box of shortbread from Margaret, which is delicious, and a pound of tobacco from Miss Cullis and Miss Widdows.

*Dr. Andrew Gordon.

This morning I had another autopsy—a puzzling case of meningitis. I have not worked out the bacteriology of it yet.

The day was quite cold, but clear. We heard what we took for bombs away off towards the town, but soon found out it was the Greek New Year's Day, and they were celebrating with a salute of twenty-one guns. After lunch I was unpacking my parcels when a messenger came and told me that two officers had called to see Primrose and myself. It turned out to be a chap named Derry, who married a sister of Mrs. J. C. McLennan, and had heard of us through his sister-in-law. He is a Medical Officer attached to a hospital ship which is in port now, and had walked out with a friend to call. He is a very nice fellow, and in civil life is one of the anatomists at University College, London. We gave them lunch and then showed them the Hospital. After they left six of us walked back into the hills about a mile and played a game of golf, each with one club, up and down a pretty little green valley. We had an old boot at one end as the hole, and at the other a couple of stones. It was very amusing and we came back feeling quite ready for our evening meal.

Whilst we were up there we saw a wonderful sight. I had noticed for several minutes a sound like a great many saw-mills humming, but thought it must be a train or some other machinery down near the railway. Suddenly Ryerson called out, "Look at the aeroplanes", and we saw coming from the French aerodromes to our west a stream of thirteen planes, and shortly after eight more, in all, twenty-one. They flew over us and away down over the harbour, and then in twos and threes went back to their sheds. I shall not soon forget it. I imagine partly they were giving a demonstration of their number to possible spies, and partly they were celebrating the Greek New Year. We must have a large number here. These were all the same type of biplane, and I have seen several other kinds which were not up today.

Thanks very much, dear girl, for the pyjamas and cap. It looks as if tonight would be a cold wet night, and I will test them. Do you note that this

volume has now reached page 201? What shall I do when I run out of paper!

Much love, dearest. I had better post this.

JACK.

JAN. 15. AFTER LUNCH.

DEAR GIRL:

The man who said that winter began in Macedonia on Jan. 14 was right. Last night it got much colder, and about nine o'clock it started to rain and ever since it has been blowing, sleeting and raining. I am now writing in my tent with my oil stove beside me, my fleece-lined Burberry on me and my steamer rug over my knees. Your warm pyjamas came in the nick of time. I appreciated them very much last night. In regard to the cap, my feelings are mixed. I went to bed with it on, stood it for an hour, then took it off and put it under my pillow, went to sleep, wakened up, felt my head cold and put it on, went to sleep and wakened with my head too hot and took it off again, finally felt cold again and put it on, and I had it on when I wakened this morning. My fingers are numb so I will not write any more just now.

EVENING—The French yesterday or the day before blew up several bridges and a good deal of railway line between the front and the Bulgarian border. The Greeks have protested, but it would be foolhardy to leave that railway line as an easy path down for the Germans and Bulgarians to attack us. The effect on the Greek, of course, is that it cuts off eastern Macedonia from Salonika, and they have a large army in eastern Macedonia which gets its supplies from here. These will now have to go about eighty miles by road. The French General who is really in supreme command here seems a forceful man who goes ahead and carries out what he thinks necessary without too much consultation with the politicians at home.

Well, dearest, I have very little to say tonight.

Good-night, sweetheart.

SUNDAY, JAN. 16.

AFTER LUNCH—The rain ceased last night and today is beautifully clear but quite cold, and the snow is lying on the tops of the hills. However, the wind is drying up and we will probably be more comfortable in a day or so. I tried a sketch of the same hills I sent you a little while ago and will send it when I finish. This morning I had an autopsy, a case of nephritis which came in a few days ago. There was nothing of special interest in it.

This morning we saw a large number of very heavy French guns going up the road past us, there were also numerous French reinforcements. It is difficult to say how many soldiers we have here in the whole Salonika district. This afternoon we were going to take some of the nurses up to the top of Dandbaba, but it is all covered with snow, so we are not going to venture the excursion.

EVENING—It is quite cold tonight, but beautiful moonlight, and the wind does not seem so strong. I spent most of the afternoon reading and preparing my lectures, which begin tomorrow night. I see in a copy of the *Scotsman* for Jan. 1st which Watson loaned me, that White, the Dominion Minister of Finance, has been made a K.C.M.G., and Colonel Grasett has been given the C.M.G. It will please the old Colonel very much. I imagine he will be resigning very soon. Shaughnessy of the C.P.R. has been made a Baron.

Have you been making any plans about going to Ireland, dear girl? I think you ought to do it in time to see the spring come, and you might easily get material for writing about there. I must write Aunt Jem tonight, and also Margaret to thank her for her shortbread, so I will say good-night dearest.

MONDAY, JAN. 17.

AFTER LUNCH—The weather has moderated and today is a mild beautiful day. I am writing outdoors. This morning I had two autopsies, both supposed typhoids. One undoubtedly was, the other I have not yet made up my mind about. They were both very interesting, and kept me busy right up

until lunch. The bacteriological investigations on them will take even more time.

One of our last year's graduates was in to lunch today. He is attached to a Field Ambulance which is up near the front trenches away to the east. He says they have their positions very strongly fortified up there. Young Wishart is still farther east. It is strange how little we know or hear in this place. Rumours galore, but no definite information.

EVENING—This is a perfect night, the moon almost full, no wind, and the twinkling lights of the town in the distance, with the dark mass of hills behind it. Out west on the Monastir road I can see a string of rapidly moving lights coming towards us, and listening one can hear the honk of the horns of the French motor transports coming into town. The days are getting perceptibly longer, and soon I expect we will be eating our evening meal in daylight. Joy! Graham has just handed me a letter from you postmarked Jan. 3rd; I will read it before writing any more.

Dearest girl, it is rotten that you are having such weather. Surely it will improve after the New Year. You must try and get out of London for the spring, even if you don't go to Ireland. In a nice country place, and there are such places not far from London, you could be lazy and yet enjoy the full beauty of the spring. The Toronto parcels have not yet arrived but I expect they will soon. Watson got some parcels the other day all the way from Texas.

Dearest, don't forget what I said in my previous letters about going to call on Sir James Mackenzie. I am sure he will be able to give you something to help you, and even if he didn't you would find him an interesting personality.

We are not certain about Cameron* but we think that he is still in England and is going to be attached as Chief Surgeon to the Ontario Government Hospital at Orpington. The last news we had, early in December, he was still at Taplow and his position there had been entirely altered for the better. Some one had told the O.C. of the Hospital

*Mr. Irving Cameron.

what a cad he was in his behaviour, and that he ought to feel honoured at having such a man as Cameron on his Staff, so he became very humble and allowed Cameron at once to assume the position of Chief Surgical Consultant. The news from Tallow said that he was as happy as a lark, and everybody was glad. Mavor wrote me a letter which I received today also. He has been working through the Napoleonic campaigns in Spain, and he thinks our position here is directly comparable to Wellington's at the lines of Torres Vedras, and that it is going to have the same significance for the end of the war. I am sure I hope it will.

Well, lassie, I must go and give my lecture, so good-night. Did you order the *Post* or is it too expensive? It has not arrived yet.

THURSDAY, JAN. 18.

AFTER LUNCH—I imagine the Canadian doctor whom you heard was coming out to No. 4 was Dr. Gordon. He expected to report in London Jan. 15 and come on here at once, but we have not heard any definite news from him. Last night after my lecture I was asked to go to the Sisters' Recreation tent which has just been put up. It is a beautiful big tent, like an Indian tent, only larger. I stayed there playing bridge until after ten.

Today is another beautiful spring day, quite mild. I had a post-mortem on a poor chap named Fitzgerald, a private in the Munsters who was wounded in Serbia, but recovered, then just as he was to be sent out he developed pneumonia and later nephritis, and died last night. He was a typical red-headed Irishman. There was a particular thing about his tattoo marks. A good many of the soldiers are more or less tattooed. He had a shield with roses and "England" on one arm, and a harp with shamrocks and "Ireland" on the other; but nearer his hand he had a cross in the form of a tombstone with a halo behind it, and on the cross was "In memory of my Loving Mother". I have never seen anything quite like that before.

The big guns are going up at the front today, but only single explosions, so that the general impres-

sion is that they are just registering ranges. There is a rumour that another big mail has arrived.

I had better post this letter as it is getting heavy, and I want to enclose my sketch.

Much love, dearest.

JACK.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 19.

EVENING—I did not write after lunch today as I went into town before lunch and did not return until six o'clock. There was a meeting of the Medical Society at No. 5 Canadian, which is east of the town, so Primrose, Watson, Chambers and I went in at twelve o'clock. Prim. was going to lunch with one of the surgeons on the staff of the D.M.S., and the rest of us went to a restaurant and had our lunch there. Then we pottered about the bazaar until it was time to go to the meeting. We went to a couple of antique shops which would delight your heart. Full of old swords and daggers and all sorts of silver ware, but prices!—terrific! One place had some beautiful rugs. Some naval officers were pricing them. A lovely Anatolian that I liked they asked twenty pounds for, and simply snorted when they were offered twelve pounds. They had a beautiful small rug about three feet by two, and asked sixteen pounds for it. I started to bargain for a belt buckle for which they asked sixty drachmas, that is just twelve dollars, but I couldn't wait so may go back and try them again. They are awful sharks.

We went east in the tram car and passed through a much cleaner and prosperous part of the town, with really beautiful views of the old citadel and the hills which you see in my sketches. No. 5 Hospital is near the sea, and is much better placed than we are. I heard today that they are laying out sites for three General Hospitals on higher ground between No. 5 and the sea coast, and we are to have one of these sites, No. 28, and 29 the other two, so that we will probably move. But the Engineers are so slow and they depend on Greek labour, so that it may be months before we are moved. I shall like the other side of the town and I am sure it is much healthier. We probably could have sea bathing there.

I got your letter of Dec. 28th today, I thought there was one missing. I also got the *Candid Quarterly* with *Punch*. Many thanks, dear. You don't know how I devour anything decent. The evenings are so long.

I am glad you have met Felix Moscheles* I have heard of him, years ago. I remember reading at home articles of his on the friendship of Mendelssohn and his father. It was in St. Thomas when I was back from College for my holiday, and the governor had the articles. I had a letter from Fane Sewell. Gorden Mackenzie is in England. I do hope you see him. Go and ask if he is registered at the Canadian Office, and drop him a note.

Well, my dear, I must away to a lecture.

Good-night.

THURSDAY, JAN. 20.

AFTER LUNCH—Today is another mail day. I got a letter from Willa, another from Aunt Jem and one from Professor Hunter. Then I got four parcels—a plum pudding, a pound of good Toronto coffee, and a box of Coles' sweets. Then the Boy's electric torch, which is really a useful thing; my own was worn out. Then a box from Eaton's, I don't know from whom, containing sardines, sliced beef, Oxo, chicken, prepared coffee and biscuits and a small plum pudding. My last box was some special lab. stuff which I asked Miss Cullis and Miss Widdows to get for me, and which was much needed.

Primrose and I are going out to see Col. Mackenzie this afternoon. I hope we will be able to find him. In any case it will be a pleasant jaunt.

I intended telling you yesterday that I had heard the Irish pipes. There was a company of soldiers going along the road, and they had two pipers. They were not Kilties so I was curious to know what they were, and found that it was a body of the Royal Irish who had been camped about five miles from us and were moving to a new camp ground. I must say they sound very much like the Highland ones. You will be shocked to learn that they had their

*Felix Moscheles was a well-known figure in London and a god-son of Felix Mendelssohn.

drums decorated with Highland tartan, so perhaps they weren't Irish pipes after all.*

I am reading the *Candid Quarterly* and will not pronounce judgment until I have read it more fully, but I am so far not impressed. Gibson Bowles is evidently what the Boy calls a "knocker". As I remember him, he is what one might consider a British "Junker". When he argues for a new election and a new parliament on the ground of the six parliaments of the Napoleonic period, he entirely overlooks the fact that the parliament of that day was a typical Junker parliament; the common people had very little to say about it, and it didn't matter to the ordinary soldier fighting in Spain or elsewhere whether there was an election or not, as he had no vote; but today if an election is held there would probably be a couple of million men defranchised, and the people who would elect the new parliament would be the people who had stayed at home. The matter is not so plain as Mr. Gibson Bowles makes out.

EVENING—Primrose and I went over to Col. Mackenzie's this afternoon. He was not in when we got there, but one of his officers persuaded us to wait and he came in about four o'clock, so we had tea with him. He is a very charming chap, much more vivacious than Gordon. We had a long talk, and left about five o'clock. It was fortunate we went over when we did as he expects to move in a day or so to a point about forty miles from here, and so we would have missed him. However, he thinks if we get to the other side of the town he may be able to communicate with us. It was an interesting drive. We went in an ambulance, about ten miles there and ten miles back. If we had walked it would have been about six miles as the crow flies. The road he is on leads to the main British camp, and so is correspondingly busy. Very much like what ours was in November. It passes the Greek and Turkish cemeteries and, as Primrose remarked, it looks as if there were more people dead than alive in Salonika. On the road there is a large village of

*The tartan and the pipes went from Ireland to "Alba of the Picts."

houses all the same size and shape in long lines, brick, and just one story high. They have evidently been built by the town to house certain classes of the population, but they are swarming with women and children, and the glimpses one gets into the doorways show them to be filthy dirty. They are either Bulgarians or Greeks, as the women are not veiled like the Turkish women. I tried to find out what they were, but without result.

Coming back our ambulance stopped suddenly, and a young chap in blue overalls threw in three large bundles and then climbed in himself. It was such a jar to Prim. and myself, who have been accustomed to the correct salute, that we were dumb and just looked at one another. I thought it was Prim's place as superior officer to administer the rebuke. Prim. looked coldly and said, "Where are you going?" The blue overalls said, "Out behind the Canadians. Where are you going?" Prim. said, "We are Canadian officers." The overalls, "Gee, that's lucky." Then we got a bad bump from the road, and the remark came, "Say, this is some road." The type was too evident. So I said, "How long have you been out here?" It was a young American engineer in charge of a well-digging machine. Had been at Suvla Bay, and is now sinking wells in this district for our Army. It was like a breeze from across the Atlantic. At any rate it was pleasant to realize that someone who was a real engineer was at the work. The R.E.'s gave the well contract to some Greeks when we came early in November. Five of them worked until Jan. 1st, got down sixty feet, and struck a moderate supply. This American machine went down thirty feet in two hours, and they expect to go down three hundred feet in ten days and get us absolutely pure water.

I said to the boy, "How many are there of you?" He said, "There were seven, but one got cold feet and went home, and one got enteric and was sent home, so there are only five of us left." He himself had been wounded rather badly with shrapnel at Angue and had been six weeks in hospital. He is making forty pounds a month and his keep, and is going to take a post-graduate course when he gets home. We were amused, and it brought home to us

the extraordinary atmosphere in which we have been living since leaving Canada.

Gordon Mackenzie is to be in England until the middle of February, winding up his mother's affairs. She died about Christmas time. His address is: H. Gordon Mackenzie, 14 Second Avenue, H.O.K., Sussex, so do drop him a note and ask him to come and see you if he comes to London.

Good-night, my dear.

JACK.

FRIDAY, JAN. 21. AFTER LUNCH.

DEAR GIRL:

A beautiful warm day, really hot, and we are all sitting out basking in the sun. There is very little doing today. I even heard that they are closing some of the wards preparatory to moving, and certain of the Quartermaster's stores are being boxed up. However, that does not necessarily mean an early move, as our Q. M. likes to have everything ready in time. It is quite possible that Graham and I might be left here for a week or so after the Hospital moves, simply because we have, or rather will have a hut in which to work.

EVENING—As the afternoon was so fine, Graham* came along and suggested we should go out and play golf up in our improvised two hole course. McGillivray came with us, and we played until nearly five o'clock. It was great fun but very silly golf, and I lost twenty lepta to McGillivray (just tuppence). When we got back we found out that Primrose and Roberts had been up to the French aerodrome, and both had had about thirty minutes flight over the camp. I am absolutely green with envy. I was planning with Graham to slip up there some day and ask for a ride; now everybody in camp will be going, and it will be very difficult to get up. Prim. says it is the most delightful experience he has had in years. He was up about three thousand feet, and had the whole of the district spread out under him. I am so peevish about it. You remember when we

*Dr. Duncan Graham who was my husband's assistant at Salonika.

were in Paris how I wanted to go up in the balloon at the Bois.

SATURDAY, JAN. 22.

EVENING—I did not write after lunch today as two parcels came from you, Finlay's *Greece* under the Romans, and the *Cornhill* and the *Nineteenth Century*. I immediately stretched myself out to look over them; got interested and began reading, and then went to sleep. You don't know how much such literature is appreciated out here. I have already promised all the books to several others after I finish.

About four o'clock this afternoon I went up to the Sisters' Mess tent, where they always serve tea in the afternoon. After tea I did a little work, and then when I came out I saw to my astonishment Parsons with two children, little girls. I naturally made a rush for them, and found there was a third in an automobile which was in the grounds. They were about four or five years old. I tried to annex the one in the motor, but the young lady would have nothing to do with me. They turned out to be children of Serbian refugees. An American and a French lady have established a sort of home for these kiddies. They speak no English except "How do you do?" Each one had a doll of which she was very fond, and the Sisters had given them apples and sweets. They were so quaintly and prettily dressed. They each wore a Red Ridinghood cloak with peaked capote of a khaki brown, fringed and lined with some white material, whilst under the cloak they were in cheap, but bright-coloured clothes. They were absolute pictures. I suppose you have infected me with your prejudice, but I said to Parsons, "You can see that an American or a French woman has dressed these children." They had been brought out to call on an American Correspondent who happens to be in Hospital just now. The lady who had charge of them promised to bring us a dozen of them next week, so that we will have a regular children's party. If all Serbian children are like them, they are truly adorable. Beautiful brown eyes and rather dark complexions. And most self-



A FLOCK OF SHEEP ON THE SALONIKA HILLS



THE SERBIAN REFUGEES ADOPTED BY NO. 4 MESS.

А.П.О.

possessed. To hear them discussing each other's dolls in their own language was very amusing.

I am more and more disgusted with the *Candid Quarterly*. I ran across a nasty remark about the Munitions Office in it, which stated that it was quite inefficient and packed full of Welshmen, and that the old nursery rhyme was notoriously true. I am afraid I can't read much more of it. Gibson Bowles is evidently a very stupid man, and one can understand why he has never had a chance for a Cabinet post.

Tomorrow I am Orderly Officer, which means an early rising. I have to be present at parade at six-thirty. I am glad the duty does not come very often. The last was pretty near a month ago.

Good-night, dearest.

SUNDAY, JAN. 23.

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—As I am Orderly Officer I have been up since six, and I thought I would just have a word with you while I am waiting for breakfast. I climbed out at reveille and dressed and was present at 6.30 parade, then went to the men's breakfast at 6.45. Got a complaint that they had not been getting any oatmeal, although it is a Government issue. Have just been out again for day orderlies' parade, and really should not be talking to you because the sunrise is exquisite. One of those faint blush sunrises spreading over the sky from the east. Even old Homer who saw it out here, not perhaps more than a hundred miles from where we are, called it "rosy fingered morn". I have made myself a cup of coffee from some prepared coffee which was in my Eaton's box. It was most grateful and comforting. I heard some more about my Serbian kiddies last night. A man named Frothingham in New York is giving the money to support the work. They have about fifty children whom they have gathered up in Serbia, whose parents are lost. The women in charge wandered about everywhere, and where there was a lost child it was brought down here. There is a Serbian branch to the charity which has agents searching for parents or relations of the little ones.

Think of this story. They found an eighteen-month-old baby under a table in a house in a deserted village, dying. It was brought down here and is now quite well. The history was this. Its father and mother were fighting, and its mother died. The neighbours couldn't take it, but they brought it milk and fed it a couple of times a day, like a puppy in a kennel. Then the Bulgarians came, and they fled and left the baby. The Bulgarians did not see the little mite, and a few days after it was discovered and saved. Now they are searching the remnant of the Serbian Army for its father! I must try and go in and see those children.

Well, Madame, I must go to breakfast.

EVENING—Very little work this afternoon. A convoy of patients came in, but there were not many cases. I had to go down and look at a case of suspected measles, and send him off to the isolation tents. I have been enjoying the two magazines very much. That story by Chas. Kingsley in *Cornhill* ought to be interesting. You might send it to me each month after you have read it.

There is rather an interesting man in Hospital just now. He is an American war correspondent, and was in Belgium at the beginning of the war, and in Paris for the three days when the people did not know whether the Germans were going to be driven back from the Marne or not. He says that up to that point the German programme of the march through Belgium and northern France was so laid out that each officer knew as soon as he crossed the Belgian Frontier where he would lunch and where dine and sleep each night—even the names of the restaurants, so that they would not be overcrowded. He said that the effect on them of the battle of the Marne was actually stupefying. It was so entirely unexpected.

A nice French boy, a lieutenant in a heavy battery, came in to tea this afternoon. It is just a month since he left France. He doesn't think the Germans and Bulgarians are going to attack the Salonika lines. They are so strong. Certainly the French have an enormous number of guns here. He thinks the war will be over in July, and that is

the opinion of almost every French officer I have spoken to. I had a long talk with a Staff Officer who is in Hospital just now. He also thinks our position is very strong. He gave me a lot of details in regard to the character of our defenses which I cannot put in a letter.

We heard today that our Hospital will move to the east when our tents are ready. As they have not begun them and the same Engineer Officer is in charge as looked after the plans for huts here, we expect they will be finished probably by midsummer. McGillivray got at the Captain of Engineers who is looking after our laboratory hut, and he said, "I wish you'd tell your Colonel that I am a poor man, but I am willing to bet him three to one that from what we have seen of his work he can't finish huts for one hospital in three months, let alone huts for four hospitals." I hope he tells him.

Good-night, sweetheart. I see I have reached my letter limit, so I'll close and post this.

Love, dearest.

JACK.

TUESDAY, JAN. 25.

AFTER LUNCH—I did not get a chance to write last night. There was a guest at Mess—an Indian Medical Service man—and I went into one of the tents after Mess to talk to him; he had been on Anzar and Suvla, and had seen a tremendous lot of interesting things. He was blown out of his hospital by a shell, but uninjured. Things must have been terrible on Nov. 28, 29 and 30th, when the rain and cold came. There was a very heavy rain, about two inches in as many hours, so that all the trenches and dugouts were filled with water; then it froze. There were ten thousand cases of frost-bite on the Peninsula. The Turks seem to have suffered as badly as our men.

Today is a perfect day, not too windy, and warm. I ate something last night which disagreed with me. The first trouble I have had since I was in Alexandria. I decided to stay in bed as that is the best treatment, and I am writing in bed with my tent wide open. I am feeling much better now and if there was anything to do would get up, but I expect

this is the best treatment. The day is so beautiful that everyone has gone off somewhere. I had made an agreement last night with the R. C. Padre to go in and see the churches, but I had to postpone it for another day.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 26.

AFTER LUNCH—I am feeling much better today so got up, and have been doing some work. Last night we had another bad wind which tore the top of the laboratory tent. Yesterday evening I got a batch of mail. First your letter of Jan. 5th, then the two French books, which I think I am going to enjoy reading; three letters from the President and Macallum and Pelham.*

Today I got a pound of tobacco from Mrs. Henry Boulton. I can tell you it was much appreciated.

This is another beautiful day, and things are quiet in Hospital. Some of our men were at the aerodrome yesterday, and the French aviators told them that every time they go up to the enemies' camp there are fewer tents, and they think that all the Austrians and Germans are withdrawing. This probably means that they are not going to attack us, but wait for us to attack them. In any case, it means no actual fighting for some months. The *Graphic* which came in this week has a good map of Salonika and the surrounding districts; if you look at it and estimate a point about five miles west of the town you will see where we are. We have a Medical Meeting over at No. 29 this afternoon. It is likely that I will go over to it. Just now I must get at the letters I have to answer.

EVENING—We had a fairly good meeting this afternoon, but most of the time was taken up with the discussion of splints, in which I was not at all interested. There was one interesting case shown. A man wandered into No. 28 Hospital in a state of what we call complete amnesia. Can't speak, doesn't know his name, his regiment or anything. There was quite a discussion as to whether he was really amnesia or was malingering. One of the Staff Officers expressed the opinion that if he were taken

*Professor Pelham Edgar.

out of Hospital and just made comfortable but made to work hard, he would recover. McVicar, our Major, who has had a good deal of experience in Toronto Asylum, got up and said he protested against healing insane patients with cruelty simply because they were in the Army! There is no question from the looks of this boy that he has always been mentally deficient.

When we came back to our own place this afternoon we saw long lines of French soldiers coming down the road. It looked almost as if they were evacuating; we went down to find out, and found that it was just a portion of the French Army which was coming back to go to a rest camp. Among the many rumours which are going round is that the British may leave this area entirely to the French. I think that most unlikely, as we are getting in more and more stores every day.

I had a Christmas card from Dr. Ernst of Boston today, and written on it some very kind words; one can see where his sympathies lie. I must write him.

I have a lecture tonight so will say good-night.

THURSDAY, JAN. 27.

AFTER LUNCH—A beautiful summer day. I am writing in my tent door, and there is a small green lizard playing about in front of me. I have quite recovered, so my day in bed proved good treatment.

Our former R. C. Padre Cavendish* is coming out to dine with us tonight and afterwards to give us a lecture on Malta. He is a Canon of the Church of St. John, the Church of the Knights of Malta, and knows the history of the Island very intimately, so that it is likely to be very interesting.

There is an enormous hospital ship in the harbour this morning. It is probably the *Mauretania*. The spring birds are beginning to come back, and in the morning now one is awakened by a little bird which has a note somewhat like a lark, an improvement on the everlasting cawing of the rooks which we have had all winter.

EVENING—We had a regular Mess dinner tonight, and beside Father (or rather Monsignor) Caven-

*Now Roman Catholic Bishop of Malta.

dish we had two French aviators as guests. The French air-men are getting very friendly with us. Some of the Sisters were out at the aerodrome last Saturday, and asked two of the aviators to come and have tea at the nurses' weekly afternoon tea in their recreation tent. This takes place on Thursdays. They said they would come in if they could, but if they couldn't stay to tea at least they would call. This afternoon I was coming back from a walk and as I came up the hill to the Hospital I saw an aeroplane coming down towards us. It got so close I thought it was going to hit me, and made a rush off to one side. However, this was the call. They would fly up into the air, then swoop down to within fifty feet of the tents, then shoot up again, and so on for about five minutes, then they flew away. We heard afterwards it was the same officer who sent us the New Year's card. The Commandant says, "He is a devil, but he is the best pilot I have." I was asking the Commandant tonight if he was busy, he said, "Yes, very, I was up in Serbia this morning." Just imagine, only about 100 miles away.

The afternoon was perfect, a beautiful haze over the country and the air mild and balmy. I walked out about a mile to a Greek village, sat on a knoll and watched things—the kiddies driving home the oxen, the old women bringing in the donkeys, the fields just beginning to show a tender green. I was all alone, and I thought how much I would like to have you with me. It was the sort of afternoon you would love, and as the sun went down the distant mountains took on such an exquisite violet tint.

Well, dearest, good-night.

FRIDAY, JAN. 28.

AFTER LUNCH—Another beautiful day, and everything quiet. We had a very interesting lecture from Cavendish. It was chiefly in regard to the Knights of Malta and the Church of St. John. He quoted one Italian historian's description of Malta. It was *Napoli bella, Roma santa, Malta piccolo fiore del mundo*. That is, "Naples beautiful, Rome holy, Malta the little flower of the world," but he said this was because in the Church of St. John are buried more members of the greatest European families

than in any other church in the world. At one time, when the Order was flourishing, no knight was admitted unless he could show twenty-four quarterings. They came from every country in Europe, and often the families became extinct through the last member joining the Order. After the lecture I went into one of the tents to talk to him, and he kept us interested with his stories of Gallipoli. He was there from near the first, and his accounts of the blunders and lack of organization are appalling. He was attached to hospitals or hospital ships, and the medical arrangements were shocking. He precipitated one big row by going straight to the Admiral and reporting the conditions. As he said, some of the Staff would like to have wrung his neck. Every way one looks at the Dardanelles, it shows the most utter incompetence and lack of organization. And there is only one man to blame and that is Ian Hamilton. It is all very well for him to suggest that subordinate officers did not carry out instructions. It was his business to see that he had the proper officers in command, or throw up the work and tell the country. The French had three hospital ships running from Mudros to Bazerta, and they were so managed that there was always one in harbour. With only twice as many troops, we had at first fifteen hospital ships and subsequently about fifty, and yet sometimes we would have a couple of thousand wounded and sick lying for days waiting, and no ship to take them; at other times, twenty ships waiting and no patients to put in them. An Italian officer said to him at Alexandria, that Italy could carry on war with the money Great Britain wastes. Wasted money is bad, but wasted lives are tragedies.

Love, dearest.

JACK.

JAN. 29.

AFTER LUNCH—What do you think of this dirty sheet of paper? When I finished my lecture I went into the library tent as I heard letters had arrived. I sat there for nearly thirty minutes, and then came back and found my — stove had burnt black and had been vomiting clouds of black soot. Every-

thing was filthy. I managed to get my bed sufficiently clean to go to bed, but had to leave the tent open all night, and had to undress in Graham's tent so as to avoid getting my clothes soiled. As it is, there was soot on my helmet and extra cap, on my warmer and my extra coat—in fact, everything was filthy. My batman has been having a tremendous scrubbing up but things are not clean yet, as it happens to be a wet day so the stuff cannot be put outside. A gentle rain began last night about midnight and is still coming down, not heavily but continuous.

I got your two letters posted Jan. 11 and Jan. 13, last night. I can't understand why you don't get my letters more regularly, as I post them twice a week and there are many more than two mails. I am glad Adami* is looking after you sometimes. It makes me feel that there is some one you could go to if you were ill, and he would see you got the best attention in London. But I hope you will write old Sir James Mackenzie and make an appointment.

I had another letter from Mavor last night; it is sufficiently interesting to send on, so will enclose it when I post this. The references to the verses in Thessalonians are apropos of some "knocking" I was doing against the British Staff. Look them up as they are amusing and very characteristic of Mavor's acid humour. I am somewhat impressed by his arguments on the economic conditions which are developing in Germany and Austria, because in those things he really is sound. I can remember now his discussions just after war began, and a very great many of his forecasts have been borne out. Let Adami see it.

The news we are getting these days is more pleasant. I saw a letter today from France which says that we are firing two shells for one of the Germans, and all the French aviators here say that the German and Austrian troops are withdrawing from our front. There are also rumours of a disagreement between the Bulgarian and the Central powers, a condition which is not unlikely when one remembers Austria's ambitions in the Balkans, and the Bulgarians' anxiety to get this port. I paid three-pence for a copy of the *Daily Mail* of the 8th today,

*Dr. Adami of McGill University.

but it is such a rotten paper that one gets very little decent news out of it.

I have an autopsy this afternoon.

EVENING—The rain still keeps up. We have an east wind, the first for weeks, and the rain is quite different from the heavy downpours we get with the north-west wind. It sounds very much as if it were going to continue. My post-mortem this afternoon was another case of typhoid. It is very curious that all the cases of typhoid which have come to autopsy (three) have died at the end of the first week, a condition which we never see at home. I might go several years without seeing a typhoid in such an early stage. I don't know what is the explanation, but it is another example of how difficult and different the pathology is from what it is under home conditions.

We started our Mess ante-room tonight. That is an assembly tent for the Officers before and after Mess. We have not had one heretofore as we could not spare the tent. It is a fine Indian tent, lit by three hanging lamps with rush mats on the floor. I have been sitting there for an hour listening to the Victrola. We have a lot of good records. Tonight among others we had the 2nd Movement of Tchaikowsky's "Pathetique Symphony" played by Landon Ronald's orchestra. We also had several Kreisler records. I am glad you are hearing so much good music. That is one thing about London. One can always get some good music, and from what I see in the illustrated papers that is more than can be said of the plays. There seems to be an awful lot of rot on.

Good-night, dearest.

SUNDAY, JAN. 30.

AFTER LUNCH—The rain has stopped and the weather is a good deal colder, but the day is fine, with patches of blue clouds. There is very little doing today. My stove behaved quite well last night and this morning, but I am afraid to leave it alone in the tent, so have to put it out whenever I leave. There was a small mail today, but nothing for me.

EVENING—This afternoon Armour* and I walked over to a Greek village about a mile away. I had never been in it before, as at one time it was out of bounds. This afternoon we went into the village church, not a very old one. It was built in 1859. It was very quaint and interesting. When we went in an old priest was reading something all by himself, in a curious monotonous voice. An old woman who was a sort of verger was cleaning and arranging things, and two dirty babies were toddling about quite unconcerned. Then the priest went behind the altar screen and began intoning the service. One or two women came in and a couple of men, each one took a candle and lighted it and stuck it in a holder, then kissed an ikon, a picture apparently of St. Anastasius. The old woman every once in a while would flop down on her knees and bow until her head almost touched the floor. We stayed for some time. The little girls of the village were quite pretty, and I made friends of several by giving them pennies. But it is filthily dirty, and completely surrounded by a swamp, so that they must all be saturated with malaria.

The French made a *coup* last Friday which we heard of today. Last week a German submarine got very close to the harbour, and torpedoed a mule transport. Evidently the General decided to take over a Greek fort which guards the passage from the Gulf into the harbour. It was supposed to be manned with a few hundred Greek soldiers, but they marched a brigade of French troops down; I saw them the other night. When the naval units went over they found four thousand Greeks had been smuggled in. The French evidently knew it, and so had a sufficient number of their own troops handy. The Greeks were not pleased, but handed over the fort, as they saw it was useless to kick up a row. It is quite evident that the King's party are still secretly helping the Germans, but they are in a hole, as their army is divided and we are feeding it. The country people in the villages are happy, as they are earning good wages, and certainly do not work any too hard for it. It is quite a sight to see our detail of Greeks every night at five o'clock line up and get their day's pay, and then march off towards

*Dr. Robert Armour.

the town or the villages; and that scene is enacted in every camp in the district, so that they are seeing more ready money than they have ever seen before.

You ask in your letter if there is any danger in these walks. None at all in daylight, as the people are much better disposed than they were; they always salute you on the road now and look friendly. An Engineer officer who is in Hospital just now went up the road to the north-east about ten days ago on a motor bike. He went miles beyond our advanced lines, until he came to a Greek encampment. He asked the officer if it were safe to go further, and he said it was perfectly safe up to a certain bridge, after that one was apt to run into Bulgarian detachments, "comitadjis", as they call them. He said to the Greek officer, "Are you going to fight?" The Greek said, "I hope so." Then he asked, "For us or against us?" All the Greek replied was, "We have two enemies, the Bulgarians and the Turks." However, the politics are so twisted out here that one never knows what will happen.

Good-night, dearest.

TUESDAY, FEB. 1. AFTER LUNCH.

DEAREST:

I sent you a cable today which I hope you will get. The truth is we had a Zeppelin raid last night, and I thought you might be worrying until you received this letter. It was rather a calm cold night, and I went to bed about eleven. I was wakened at three by several loud reports in rapid succession. I thought "there is a night attack up at the front, evidently the enemy has crossed the border", and turned to go to sleep again, when it struck me the reports were more like bombs than guns, so I got up. As soon as I got my head out of my tent I could hear the engines of the Zeppelin, and could see that they were dropping bombs on the harbour and quays. Most of us got up and went out. A fire broke out in the town and the Zeppelin went north dropping bombs as it went. Then it turned west and passed our camp some miles north, but dropped nothing anywhere near us. Some of the men saw it but I couldn't make it out; I could just hear its motors. We watched the fire for a short time but

finally turned in. It was very cold and I was glad to get back into my bed. This morning some of our men went into town, and found that the fire was in a Greek skin warehouse. A British N.C.O. and two French soldiers were killed, but most of the casualties were among the Greeks. Several bombs dropped in the town and destroyed little shops and houses, but, as usual, no military damage was done. One of our men saw the holes this morning, and said they were not nearly so large and didn't do nearly so much damage as those in London. The Zeppelin was probably the one which the Kaiser presented to King Ferdinand some months ago. We have not heard whether it got back safely. The last sounds we heard were the French guns at the front firing at it. Today everything is quiet. It is a beautiful day and a good deal warmer.

The meeting of the Salonika Medical Society takes place this afternoon at the New Zealand Stationary Hospital, and I will probably go over to it. It is rather an unusual sight to see this meeting with perhaps sixty medical men, all in uniform, and a General in the chair. They probably meet at our Hospital next Wednesday.

We all expected mail today but nothing has come. I am enjoying Bourget's novel; it is an interesting psychological study, and done with all Bourget's cleverness of style.

EVENING—I went to the meeting this afternoon. Gordon Mackenzie's brother* was there and I had quite a talk with him. There was rather an interesting discussion on the disposal of camp refuse. Also a short discussion on cases of a curious recurrent type of fever which has been in all the hospitals here.

On the way home we had to go into town, and we found that the French had put the German aeroplane which they captured the other day at the crossing of two streets, and there were great crowds of sightseers inspecting it. It was very interesting to see at close quarters one of the planes that attacked us a few weeks ago. When I got back I found we had a couple of French aviators to supper

*Colonel Hector Mackenzie, D.S.O.

and one was placed opposite me, so that I had to talk to him as he spoke no English. I found to my horror that I was mixing German words with my French. They are very cheerful chaps, and quite convinced that the war is to go on for another year or two. My *vis-a-vis* was quite a boy, but he brought down a German plane on January 7th, when we had our second raid.

I must run away to my students.

Good-night, dear.

FEB. 3.

EVENING—I did practically nothing this afternoon. On Thursdays the Sisters serve tea in their recreation tent, and officers who have been patients, with their friends, come over, so that there is quite a crowd. I went in this afternoon, and from the gabble one would think one was at a tea at home. I heard this afternoon that all the newspaper correspondents who were in Salonika have gone off to Athens, as there are rumours of exciting doings there shortly. I wish to goodness I could get leave to go to Athens for a few days. Of course that is impossible, but it would be fine to get one glimpse of it before one went home. It is the one city in the East that I have always wanted to see. However, we may see it together when the war is over.

I have just seen the review of a book I would like to read if you could get it for me and send it out. It is *The Greek Triumphant*, by Captain A. Trapniaun, published by Forster Green & Coy. It is a new edition, published at seven shillings and sixpence, and it describes the fighting by Greece in the last two Balkan wars, and especially the fighting in Macedonia in the second war. It probably describes the battle which took place over the very ground where we are encamped, and would be very interesting. You might go to the *Times*, and it may be possible to get it a little cheaper.

I am going to lunch tomorrow to an Indian Field Ambulance which is commanded by a friend of Watson's. They send their laboratory work to us, and today we got blood smears from two cases of relapsing fever, which of course is new to us. We are going over to take lunch and see the cases. I

expect we will come back with our mouths burnt out of us, as Watson has been there, and says they always give you an Indian meal with lots of pepper and curry.

Good-night, dear.

FEB. 4.

I went over to the Indian Hospital today for lunch; Graham and Jimmie went with me. We enjoyed ourselves very much. Our special object in going was to see the cases of relapsing fever, and to get specimens of blood for examination. We saw four cases, all of them very sick. We brought samples of blood back, and could see the microbe which looks like a little corkscrew swimming about under the microscope. There is not much danger of it spreading, as it is carried from man to man by lice, and if we get rid of them we stop it at once. These are the first cases that occurred here and they probably came with the Indian soldiers from the Peninsula.

Smith, the O.C., tried to give us an Indian luncheon, but unfortunately the cook had run out of curry and peppers so we had to do without the hot stuff. Smith is a most amusing chap. Full of stories of the Peninsula, where he had a Field Ambulance for some time. It must have been very exciting, as they were under fire the whole time. He is a capable chap, and seems to manage his Indians very well. At least, they seem very happy. He says they are like children; if you assure them they are not very sick and are going to get better they do very well, but if you say they are seriously ill and likely to die, they give in at once and die in spite of anything you can do.

When we got back this afternoon I noticed Roberts taking round a Greek officer and two ladies with a couple of English officers. They were brought to the laboratory, and I showed the ladies some of the things. They spoke French but no English. One was the wife of the officer, who is a General of Division, and the other was the wife of another Greek General. They came in a limousine, with a gorgeous Albanian soldier as orderly—the first decently dressed Albanian I have seen. The

General is one of our friends in the Greek camp, and had sent out a message a few days ago asking permission to see the Hospital.

I bought a box of Turkish delight today when the Mess Sergeant went into town, and I am going to send it to you. If you get it safely I shall send more.

The news today seemed more favourable. It looks very much as if Roumania was going to come in with us. I hope it is so. It should clear the situation very much in the Balkans. Even the fear of Roumania would tend to keep the Bulgarians in their own country.

It has been raining on and off all day and now is pouring hard. I had a p.m. this morning on a case of paratyphoid. Quite different from the typhoid I see at home. It is a mild variety which is seldom fatal, but this poor chap had complications. It is extraordinary the way even the slight exposure which our men have here in the front line picks out the unfit.

Good-night, dear, I have to go to my students. Much love.

JACK.

FEB. 5.

EVENING—Joy tonight—a letter from you, the one of Jan. 17th. I am glad that Robertson came to see you; he is a wise boy, but rather inclined to be a pessimist.

I have written you before about the actual situation here. I don't believe myself that there is any danger from the Germans as long as our line holds. Remember that the fighting line will be well away from us, and that we are established on high ground overlooking a broad flat valley across which the enemy would have to come, and this valley is completely dominated by our heavy artillery. Every one agrees that our lines of "Torres Vedras" are very strong. If the worst came to the worst, what would take place is this; every patient that could be moved would be shipped on to a hospital ship, with all the nursing Sisters and the married officers. Those who could not be moved would be left in charge of unmarried officers.

You don't tell me the name of your doctor. I hope he is all right. I still would like you to see Sir James Mackenzie.

I had a note from Brodie.* He says they are discussing the possibility of a second University of Toronto General Hospital, in case the additional 250,000 men are raised. They are even discussing the advisability of shutting up the University for next session. At least some of the Faculties. He does not think that would apply to medicine, as we must graduate medical men; the country needs them.

Robertson is right about our position being the plum of general hospitals from Canada. There seems no doubt that McGill has been broken up, and Becket, the O.C., has resigned. We are doing steady work, and I notice when a Staff Officer falls ill our hospital is the one he comes to. In spite of little frictions we really get on awfully well together, and from what we hear of the other hospitals out here, especially the other Canadian (the B.C. one) we have mighty few troubles. As a matter of fact, some of the men from No. 28 told Watson we were to be envied. They had only been a couple of weeks together when they were sent out here. Today Father Huertler, who was R. C. Padre with us while Cavendish was away, and who was transferred to No. 29, came over for mid-day meal, and he said he was charged 4 francs a day and six-pence extra for beer for meals which could not be compared with ours, for which we pay three francs a day and beer included. We have many things to be thankful for.

Well, dearest, I think I will write Willa tonight, so will say good-night.

FEB. 6.

EVENING—I went for a walk this afternoon. A party of us, officers and nurses, walked out to a Greek flour mill about a mile and a half away. The spring is showing on the plains, a delicate green everywhere, and what trees there are are in bud. We went a little farther, and sat down under some trees near a house where there were some natives.

*T. G. Brodie, Professor of Physiology in the University of Toronto.

While there an old woman came and sat down beside us, and gabbled away in Greek. At last we made out that they were Greek refugees from Adrianople who had been driven out by the Turks. She was a quaint-looking old person, and as far as we could make out by her signs, she had been driven out with only the clothes she was wearing. A little child came over, and we gave it some chocolate.

This evening before Mess, Father Cavendish told us an interesting story, illustrating the attitude of the R. C. Church in regard to marriage. In Malta, shortly after the war broke out, there was an English regiment. One day a young second lieutenant in the regiment came to him, and asked if he could have a talk with him as he was in trouble. Cavendish took him to his house and the story was this: He was engaged to marry a girl in England and they had been indiscreet and the girl was pregnant. The boy had lots of money, and as he expected any day to be ordered to the front, he was afraid he might be killed, and then she would be left unprovided for with an illegitimate child. His trouble was that he was a Protestant and she was a Catholic, and the Colonel of the regiment added to the difficulty in that he would not give permission because he was only a subaltern. Cavendish said, "You cable the girl to come at once, and before leaving arrange with her home Bishop to cable to Rome for a dispensation, and I will write the Colonel." Cavendish wrote the Colonel at once. Next morning, the boy came in in great distress to say that orders to march had come, and they were to leave Malta a week later, on a Tuesday evening. Then in the afternoon came an answer from the Colonel, a most rude letter, absolutely refusing. A letter, Cavendish says, which would have rendered him liable to court-martial if it had been shown. However, the Padre tried the soft answer and went to see the Colonel, and eventually got his permission.

In the meantime, the poor boy was in a frenzy of anxiety lest the girl should be too late. However, she arrived on the Monday morning, but without the dispensation, and there seemed no chance of getting it. Cavendish went to the Archbishop of Malta, but he said he could not give it, it must come

from Rome. By the Monday afternoon they were all in a dreadful state. He was trying to console the girl and said, "Well, one thing we can do is to get him to sign a paper agreeing that the children shall be brought up Catholics." She said, "Oh yes, he will do that, we have often discussed it." So the padre went to the boy. The boy said, "Yes, certainly, I have no religion, and my father although Church of England never bothered us children about it. I would rather my children followed their mother's church. In fact, I don't know but what I will join her church after I am married." The padre said, "Why not now, and the whole difficulty is solved." The boy thought for a moment and said, "Well, if you will take me in, I will join." So the padre hurried him off to St. John's and baptized him, and immediately after married them, and the youngster went off happy to the war, and his wife went home to England. Rather a romantic story, is it not? Of course, Cavendish has so much confidence in the absolute justice of his church that he does not see that if the boy had been fixed in his Protestant ideas, the girl would not have been allowed to marry without the dispensation, and as it did not come the church would have been guilty of terrible injustice to her. The boy is still alive and the baby is born.

I find that the P.O. has charged me two shillings and threepence for sending your box of Turkish delight. Isn't that an outrage?

Tonight there are further rumours about Roumania, and an additional story from our aviator friends that they were preparing for a raid on Bulgarian depôts when a cable came from France forbidding any further raids on Bulgaria for the present. That is interpreted here to mean that Bulgaria is reconsidering her relations with Germany. There is evidently great juggling in Balkan politics just now. If Roumania were to come in with us now, things would look bright here, as there would certainly be no attack on the Salonika lines. I hope it may be true.

Good-night, sweetheart.

FEB. 8.

AFTER LUNCH—Your letter of Jan. 23rd arrived today. As that is about seven days after the last one I got from you, I imagine there is one in between which has been delayed. I got also my last Xmas package, one from Fane Sewell. I have also all yours, except the Oxo. It will probably be along soon, but I do not need it so much now the weather is getting warm. Today is quite hot with beautifully banked clouds on the horizon.

This morning after breakfast I saw troops going up the road, and so went down. They turned out to be a full regiment of French Cavalry, Chasseurs d'Afrique, which had just arrived from Marseilles. They were mounted on the most beautiful little Arab ponies. We had a talk with a couple of the officers while they were resting.

If you look in the *Sphere* for Jan. 22nd you will see a bird's-eye view of Salonika, and if you look at the left hand (your left hand as you face the picture) where the railway line runs off the page, you will see the position of our Hospital; the hill Dandbaba at the back is the one we walk to some days.

Chambers is still here but expects to go soon. We shall really miss him. He is an absolute character, and so good-natured that though we all tease him, he takes it very sweetly.

Primrose had a note from Ramsay Wright today. He has closed his home in Oxford, and has volunteered to do secretarial work for the Munitions Office in Newcastle. He will do it well as he is very systematic.

EVENING—This afternoon a number of us got our Xmas stocking which Mrs. D. King Smith had made up for us. It was great fun unpacking them. Mine had a pipe, a piece of soap, a silk handkerchief with my initials, a pair of laces, a tooth brush, two collar studs and a tie pin, note paper and envelopes, chocolate and nuts, and finally a toy dog with a small cane hooked in the collar*. The latter a personal touch that touched me. She made up a

*My husband, who was very tall, always walked with his cane hooked in the collar of his dachshund.

stocking for everyone, officers, sisters and men, so that she must have been pretty busy.

This afternoon I went for a walk with King Smith and Malloch, up towards the Village of Yeni Keni (look at the *Sphere*). We didn't go as far as the village, but found a deep ravine with a little stream in it, and followed it down for about a mile and a half. It was very pretty, and in the bottom land I found a little yellow flower which looked like a crocus. I will send it in this letter. The spring is evidently coming on apace.

Tonight after Mess we saw a curious sight. There was brilliant star-lighted sky, with the new moon well towards the west. Suddenly one of the fellows called our attention to a star that was moving. Then we heard the whir of an aeroplane. It was evidently one of our French friends going home after dark, and showing a light. It shows that the French air men can fly at night, and it looks as if a raiding Zeppelin would have a bad time if it came down this way again.

You ask in today's letter if it is safe walking now. We go much further than we used to and into all the villages now, and the people are quite friendly. This afternoon we passed a Vlach shepherd with his flock of sheep, and he immediately came over and begged a cigarette and then took a look through my field glasses. The ewes are lambing now, and every flock has thirty or forty lambs not more than two or three days old, but skipping about in the most ludicrously awkward way with their wee bodies and their big legs. When I go near any of them I am on the look-out for a good shepherd crook, as it would make a pretty umbrella handle for you. So far all I have seen are artificial crooks, not natural, but I may get one some day.

Well, Madame, I must close as I have to go and give a lecture.

Good-night.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 9.

AFTER LUNCH—A warm day and hazy. The Salonika Medical Society meets here this afternoon, so we expect a great crowd. There has been very little doing today except getting ready for it.

Unfortunately, our laboratory is not yet complete although we expect it to be finished by the end of the week.

I am arranging to go in with Armour tomorrow morning so as to go over the churches and other sights.

EVENING—We had a big meeting today; there must have been about a hundred Medical Officers here. The chief subject for discussion was functional nervous conditions, and there were some quite good speeches. The best one was by Col. Thorburn, one of the consulting staff surgeons. He is a man from Leeds, I think, who was the first one to study and investigate cases of neurasthenia following railway accidents and similar shocks. He talked for ten minutes, and I don't think I ever heard a more clear-cut exposition of the subject. Of course, he spoke from the experience of over twenty-five years, but he grouped his facts so well it was a pleasure to listen to him. There is one man in the Society whom everyone dislikes. He is a London practitioner named Hertz, probably Jewish. He toadies to Gen. Macpherson the D.M.S. and has had himself made Secretary of the Society, but I've never seen anyone so universally disliked. He tried to butt in to our Hospital when he arrived but got badly snubbed so that he does not worry us any more. He is so unpopular that I think he will probably be promoted homewards. Macpherson is no fool and probably sees through him.

I suppose you got my cable all right. I may send you another some time as it is not really expensive.

It is quite warm tonight. I have my stove going, but sitting without my overcoat on it is almost too hot.

Good-night, dearest.

THURSDAY, FEB. 10.

EVENING—This has been a very full day and now it is a quarter to ten and how can I get it all in this evening? First when I got back from Salonika tonight at six o'clock I found your letter in French, and I can't tell you how proud I am—you have made progress, and we will have something to

practise together when I get back. But I am afraid if you progress as well in the next few months as you have in the past you will be away ahead of me.

But to get to today's doings. I went into town this morning about 9.30 and saw the British Consul, and got him to make me a power of attorney, so that you could claim money on my letter of credit. You remember that Capreol extended mine as well as yours, and as I cannot use it here I thought it would be well for you to have it, so that if you should need anything before your own is renewed you could draw out some on mine. I will enclose all the papers.

Armour and Ryerson came with me, and after we left the Consul's we went sightseeing. We first went to the Arch of Triumph of Galerius. It is a typical old Roman arch, with innumerable figures cut in the stone, not unlike those we saw in Rome, but very much battered and disfigured. From there we went to the Church of St. George, an old fifth century church absolutely circular, with eight bays. Inside the dome are beautiful old Byzantine mosaics, the gold the colour of that at St. Mark's. It has been much restored since the Greeks took back Salonika, but the mosaics have been cleared of the plaster which covers them. From there we went to St. Sophia, which is a small model of St. Sophia in Constantinople. Here the mosaics of the dome are much more interesting, they are saints and apostles in a most archaic style. In the half dome over the altar is a gigantic Virgin and Child in mosaic, all beautiful Byzantine colours like St. Mark's, but the face of the Virgin and the attitude are absolutely Cimabue.

From St. Sophia we went to a large church where they have housed about three hundred Greek families, refugees from the Bulgarian and Turkish borders. The church has two wide galleries, and the whole ground floor and the galleries are divided up into spaces about ten feet on a side, curtained with old sheets, matting, cloth or sacking, and in each is a family. You never saw such filth, and *such* a smell! We looked into one little corner and there was a baby about eight months old in a little hammock wide awake and sucking its thumb, and



ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S ARC DE TRIOMPHE
AT SALONIKA. BUILT IN 3RD CENTURY



CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE. ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS
BYZANTINE CHURCHES IN THE WORLD

not a soul near it. I tried to make friends with it, but it began to screw up its small face and I desisted. Then a little sister came along and I made friends with her instead. It brought home to one what these people are suffering, and yet they seemed very happy. There were no men about, as they are all working in the various camps.

From this church we went to St. Demetrius, another fifth century church in the Basilica style. It is by far the most interesting. The Turks had largely damaged the mosaics, but in some places the plaster had been carefully chipped off, and they are exquisite even in that incomplete form. In addition to mosaics, apparently the whole church has been frescoed in plaster; this, of course, is much more difficult to clean of its covering, and it has only been done here and there, but if it were possible to do it all it would reveal most interesting remains. The pillars on each side are of green marble which have been taken from ancient Greek or Roman remains. The roof is of wood, enormous beams and very old, as the church has never suffered from fire. I am going back there again. From St. Demetrius we walked through the Turkish town up into the old citadel, which is a terrific climb, but repays one well from the magnificent view one gets over the town and harbour.

We went back and had an Italian lunch at the Hotel Roma, and after that pottered about the shops and looked for antiques. I was tempted by some really good Turkish embroidery, but they wanted 80 francs so I did not get it. I may go in again and bargain for it. But finally I did buy a belt, silver filagree on brass, at least, the buckle is. The belt you can throw away, but the buckle is in three pieces, being about 4 inches long and the centre piece about 2 inches in length, so that it will make a really pretty ornament for an evening dress. I imagine I paid more than it was worth, but I beat him down and it is interesting-looking and I think you will like it. If I find I can send it by registered mail I will send it instead of putting it in my trunk.

That finished the day's doings, and when I came back I found that the French aviator who had been at Mess before was coming to give us a talk tonight

on aviation. We had a number of other guests for dinner (it was guest night) and after dinner our Aviator Captain talked. He speaks English rather badly and very quaintly, and he kept us in fits of laughter. He had arranged his talk very cleverly. First, what he knew of aviation before the war; and second, what he knew of aviation after the war. He had been interested before the war so far as to join a company to make aeroplanes, and as he said, "Little by little I lose all my money and I think it is silly to fly." After the war began he decided as he was a Cavalry Officer and could not ride his horse at the Boches but must stay in the trenches, it would be better fun to be an aviator. Then he told us of the examination which he passed after his training, the first time the Germans fired shrapnel at him, the first bombing expedition he made and, finally, a fight with a German plane. Most interesting and naive. I wish I could give you an idea of the way he told it. He talked for an hour and a half, and we were sorry when it was over.

This is a long day and a long letter, so I must say good-night.

Much love, sweetheart.

JACK.

FRIDAY, FEB. 11. EVENING.

DEAREST:

Today has been soaking wet and it is still raining hard. This morning two Greeks turned up to see the Hospital; one was a Greek surgeon, an officer in the Army, and the other was a Greek newspaper man. The journalist is a friend of Venezelos, and writes for the chief Venezelist papers, and he came to Salonika on a mission for Venezelos to write up the condition of our Expeditionary force. General Sarrail had given him every opportunity to see everything, and he goes back to show the Greek people that this is a very serious expedition on the part of the allies, and not a mere picnic as the Germanophil papers in Athens are trying to make out. In fact his mission is to counteract a very insidious German propaganda in Greece. He is a very clever man and a brilliant writer. He had heard of our Hospital so came out with a request to

see it. As they spoke no English, only French, I had to take them round and they were duly impressed, especially when they learned that we had brought everything all the way from Canada. The surgeon gave us a very cordial invitation to go in and see his hospital in Salonika. The journalist told me that he could teach me to speak modern Greek in less than two months as I was quick at picking up pronunciations. We kept them to lunch, and had altogether a very interesting day.

I have a lecture tonight so will say good-night.

SATURDAY, FEB. 12.

AFTER LUNCH—The rain got worse and worse last night, until just about three in the morning it came down in torrents. I had to get up and cover my tent.

Politically there seems little doing, but more and more the indications are that we are not going to be attacked, and that our force will assume the offensive. I imagine Salonika is the troublesome point. The Bulgarians have never got over the fact that they lost it in the second Balkan war. The Turks still want it, and the Austrians have been hoping to get it for years. Now that it is in Greek hands, the Germans no doubt have promised Greece that she may retain it if she remains neutral. Until they decide who shall have it they will not attack.

I got a rather interesting book in town the other day which has just been published in Paris, *The Coveted City, Salonika*, and it shows that since Roman times there has been a continuous struggle for it. In its position it is very like Venice, and with its railway connections with the hinterland its trade importance is enormous.

EVENING—This afternoon I went for a long walk to the fort of Dandbaba, about eight miles there and back. We found a few wild flowers, especially purple and yellow crocuses, and a few anemones or hepatica, with a flower like our hepatica but a leaf like an anemone. There were also a few daisies just showing. I am pressing some of them, and will send them in a letter when they are dry.

The General was around today to see the laboratory, and he said he thought it would be a couple of

months before we moved to the east of the town; not that we ought not to go sooner, but it was impossible to get the Department of Works to hurry with the tents. As far as actual hurry is concerned, I am much happier in my tent than I would be sharing a hut with someone else. However, the important thing is not to worry.

TUESDAY, FEB. 15. AFTER LUNCH.

DEAREST GIRL:

It is a beautiful day, warm and hazy, and lizards are very much in evidence. About eleven o'clock a German plane came down, apparently over our lines away to the north. We could hear the guns and see the shrapnel exploding, and some of our fellows saw the plane but I couldn't make it out. From the sound of the guns it must have been a number of miles north of us. From the line of shrapnel it apparently went off to the east. A short time after we saw two of our French battle planes soaring about at a great height, evidently on the lookout for the raider, but he had disappeared. I hardly expected to see any more, as we heard that the Greek Government had got promises from the Austrian Germans not to make any more raids in the neighbourhood of Salonika on condition that the French ceased raids on Giogheli. And we know that the French had stopped, as they told us the last night they were here that they were going up next day, and a few days later they told us the raid had been stopped by cable from Paris. I couldn't make out whether today's raider dropped bombs or not. It is possible he did not, but was only scouting and photographing our positions.

EVENING—This afternoon I found a party of nurses and officers were going to walk to the top of Dandbaba, so I joined them as I wanted some exercise. I knew I would get none tomorrow as I am Orderly Officer, and consequently cannot leave the camp. It was a beautiful walk, but the haze prevented one getting any distant views. We saw more wild flowers, especially mauve crocuses. It was a hot walk up, but coming back the temperature was just right. We left the camp at one-thirty, got

to the top about three-thirty, and started home at four.

I noticed today in the *Mail and Empire* of Jan. 14th that Harry Field has been released from Ruhleben and was in London at that date. It would be odd if you ran across him.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 16.

EVENING—There has been practically nothing doing this afternoon, and I had a good sleep so that my all-night's vigil tonight (I am Orderly Officer again) will not worry me. Between twelve and one the night Sisters have a supper, so I have contributed my last plum pudding which I have been keeping for some special occasion like this. All I have to do is to go around the camp two or three times after lights are out, and see that the camp guards are at their posts. I will probably get to bed between four and five and won't get up for breakfast.

I have a lecture tonight so will say good-night now, I may write again before morning.

2.30 A.M.—It is a perfect night, a beautiful moon and very still, so that one hears every sound. I am sitting in my tent and the sounds from all around come very clearly. Over at the Ordnance Camp they are unloading boxes, and one can hear them dropping an occasional one; then the whirr of a motor bicycle as a despatch rider passes by the camp; then a night bird or some sound from the distant town. And just now someone in a tent nearby has begun to talk in his sleep. I have been twice around the camp to inspect the guard, first at eleven and then again at one. When I went to the guard tent at eleven I found they had just brought in a soldier, who claimed he had been knocked down and kicked by a Greek on the road. I took him into a tent and examined him, but came to the conclusion he was more frightened than hurt, with the possibility of a little alcohol to add to his confusion. However, I couldn't send him on at that hour so put him in Hospital with a hot water bottle to his sore tummy.

At twelve I went to the night nurses' tent and had supper. A patient of one of the nurses who is in the

main supply dépôt had sent her in some sirloin steak—so we had steak and fried potatoes and hot coffee—seven nurses and myself, then my plum pudding, for which one of the nurses had made some brandy sauce. I remained afterwards and helped them dry the dishes. I will make another guard inspection a little after three, and expect to get to bed about four o'clock. Nothing is likely to happen between four and six, when the Reveille bugle blows and the new Orderly Officer comes on duty. The night has not really been so very long, but I am very sleepy in spite of the strong coffee.

Good-night, dearest.

THURSDAY, FEB. 17.

Tonight we have a number of guests at Mess. I have left them all playing cards in our ante-room tent. One meets some interesting fellows out here. There was a Major of the Indian Medical Service and a Captain belonging to the Ordnance in Malloch's tent before dinner, and it turned out they had both been in China during the Boxer trouble. The Captain had also lived in Japan away out in the country in the unspoiled districts. He thinks the Chinese are infinitely superior to the Japanese.

There were letters today, but I got none; practically all the mail was for the Orderlies or for patients. We seem to have to wait a long time, but we are fortunate compared with the men who were in Gallipoli. The Indian Major told me tonight that the first mail he had had since Dec. 6th reached him last night.

I am going to turn in early tonight and read in bed. I have my lamp shaded now, so that my tent does not show the light a bit, and I can safely read without worry. As a matter of fact, I don't believe these moonlight nights are at all likely to be selected for raids. We have an enormous red cross painted on the roof of our large kitchen, so that the enemy can tell that he is over a hospital.

Good-night, sweetheart.

FRIDAY, FEB. 18.

AFTER LUNCH—Mud, mud, mud! It began to rain hard last night or rather this morning between

three and four, and by daybreak the wind had shifted to the north and was blowing the usual Balkan gale. It has been raining more or less all morning, but from the break in the clouds I hope it is not going to last. We find our laboratory hut a great comfort on a day like this.

I see by the morning news that the Russians have captured Erzerum. Two men from the Consulate who were at Mess last night and who know the whole of Turkey intimately, told us that if it were taken it would be a serious blow to the Turks, as there is no other fortress between it and Constantinople and practically no hills, so that in spite of the distance (over seven hundred miles) it will be difficult to stop the Russian advance. I had a long talk with one of these men last night. I was asking him about a sect of people here called the Dounmeks. They are Jews who have accepted Mohammedanism, and go to the Mosques. In spite of this they secretly continue their Jewish rites, and although they speak Turkish they keep up their Hebrew for their secret religion. There are almost 18,000 of them and they keep very much to themselves, mixing neither with Turks nor Jews. They are very prosperous and excellent business men.

FEBRUARY 19.

AFTER LUNCH—I went to bed last night without saying good-night, the first time since I left England. It was blowing so hard that I did not go back to my tent after Mess. In the ante-room I got into a game of seven up, and I played until after ten o'clock. It is a gambling game in which I won the large sum of seven pence. My tent was jumping so when I got back that I went straight to bed.

This morning I got your letters dated Jan. 29th and Feb. 5th, also the other volume of Tacitus. I have been wondering if you had sent the *Post*, but concluded you had not as Watson gets the *Scotsman* regularly from Edinburgh. But to be sure of its arrival one must order from the Newspaper Office itself. My *British Medical* has been the most regular thing I get. This morning I got the one of Feb. 5th. We get any quantity of Toronto papers, but they are not interesting.

I enjoyed your account of the Houses of Commons and Lords very much. Do you know, dearest, you are writing better all the time. I don't think you quite catch the reason for British greatness allowing for all the unpleasantnesses you mention; it is due to the highest development of the democratic ideals which has taken place everywhere. It may be in spite of the upper classes, but it has been going on for so many centuries that we do not realize how deeply it is ingrained in the institution. I don't understand the Montenegrin stories, but apparently it was impossible for them to hold out any longer. We are all rejoiced over the fall of Erzerum. I am glad the Grand Duke Nicholas has been able to pluck laurels in the Caucasus as great as he had in Poland.

The wind dropped last night, and this morning is beautifully clear. After these heavy gales, we always see the mountains so plainly. This morning Olympus was glorious, in full view and showing his snow cap well. The first good view we have had for weeks.

Good-night, sweetheart, I am going to post this.

JACK.

FEBRUARY 19. EVENING.

DEAREST:

I took a long walk with Armour this afternoon across the flat land to the sea. I have been wanting to do it for a long time, but something always intervened. It was much farther than we expected and although we got to the water edge only at the outer part of the harbour we were over five miles from camp. It was a beautiful afternoon and the turf springy and perfectly level, only as we got near the sea we struck wet and swampy places. There was not much of a beach, but on it were quantities of sand and the water had the clear Mediterranean colour. It was very pleasant to sit and listen to the waves breaking on the shore.

The plain is simply covered with enormous flocks of sheep, with the picturesque Vlach shepherds looking after them. The number of new-born lambs is tremendous. We were photographing one flock, and saw a funny sight. Two lambs were evidently

weakly and the shepherd had put on them like a coat the skin of another lamb which had died. They looked very comical. I expected to find wild flowers, but there were none out.

When we got back we found that Gen. Macpherson had been here and told Roberts he would likely not send us any more cases as he wanted to have us ready to move as soon as the tents were up. There are twelve tents ready now. It will be an awful nuisance moving.

Good-night, dearest.

SUNDAY, FEB. 20.

Another beautiful day, very little wind, so that there are lots of French aeroplanes up. The morning gossip today came from our R.C. Padre, Cavendish. First, that the British troops would be away from here in a month, the Italians coming to take our place; second, Greece and Roumania to join us immediately. The Padre is a very nice man, but we have found most of his information is inaccurate.

This afternoon we are to have a picnic with some of the Sisters. I am to lead because I said I wouldn't go to another picnic unless they gave me tea. Two of our men started off this morning early to climb to the top of the mountain on the other side of the town. I have been waiting until we move to make the attempt. On a clear day we ought to see Mt. Athos from it.

EVENING—We had a very pleasant walk and picnic this afternoon, four nurses and Malloch, Primrose, King Smith, Thompson and myself. We had difficulty in boiling the kettle as we could get no wood, only dead weeds, but we finally succeeded and had some very good tea. We picnicked in a deep ravine which has formed in the plain about half way between the camp and the hills.

I found some rather pretty buttercups today, and we found one place carpeted with daisies. I have just been thinking that you should watch for advertisements of the spring flower shows this year. The big one is in May, but I think there are others earlier, and the London flower shows are famous. Don't miss them, and make notes of the things you like.

The rain has started again, but whether it promises more than a light shower I can't tell. The only thing I hope is that it does not bring wind. It is hard to realize that this country was at one time as fruitful as any on the Mediterranean. But all the vineyards and olive groves were destroyed hundreds of years ago, when the Turkish government began to degenerate and the Janissaries, a sort of Pretorian guard, got the power in their hands. They practically made the whole of Macedonia into a desert, and drove what population was left into brigandage. As you walk across the plains you see endless signs of ancient irrigation areas which must have been for vineyards, but there is not even a wild grape growing today. Some day the Greek Government will take hold and something will be made of the district and the Vaider Valley. They say the change Venezelos brought about in four years is marvellous, but now he is in disgrace and the reactionaries are letting the reforms he introduced slip away.

This is an extraordinarily interesting part of the world and I am going to know more about it. It is almost impossible to know what the race is which we now call Greek, there have been so many races settled in the country. It is probable that the inhabitants of the Islands, including Crete, are more surely Greek, but up here there must be a tremendous Slav element in the mixture.

The rain is coming down more heavily, so I have taken off my boots and am going to stay in my tent reading. My pen is running out of ink so I will say good-night.

MONDAY, FEB. 21.

AFTER LUNCH—I finished the French history of Salonika last night. It is not well written, but the facts are interesting. The writer is quite evidently a Jew. He thinks (of course he wrote before the present war) that Salonika and the country around should be internationalized, given to a Balkan Confederation, and its freedom from any one power guaranteed by a group of the Great Powers. It sounds plausible, but I am afraid its execution would be difficult. The Greeks and Bulgarians

would never get on together. The enmity between these two seems much more bitter than between Bulgar and Serb.

There is a group of houses in town which are worth seeing. When the allied Greeks, Bulgars and Serbs captured Salonika in the first Balkan war, the Greeks immediately took over the city; but at the same time there were between thirty and forty thousand Bulgarian soldiers here, and they did not look with favour upon the Greek activities. On account of the desperate fighting with the Turks about Adrianople they had to withdraw most of these troops, but they left some fifteen hundred in garrison, to show that the question of permanent occupation was not settled. When the quarrel broke out between Serbia and Greece on the one hand and Bulgaria on the other, the Greeks gave the Bulgarians one hour to leave the city. They refused, and about sundown one night the Greeks attacked the houses where they were lodged. They made a vigorous resistance, and all one night a fierce battle raged about these houses. In the morning the Bulgars who remained were overpowered and taken away as prisoners. But you can still see the walls of these houses absolutely pitted everywhere with bullet holes.

The R.C. Padre Cavendish has just been in, and I have been trying to draw him on the subsequent settlement of this area. He is absolutely convinced that Greece will never get Salonika again, and that the French have already made up their minds they are going to keep it. I wouldn't be surprised if he were right. Certainly the French behave very much more as if at home than the English. I have been putting that down to General Sarrail's forceful character, but it may be part of a definite policy. The Padre was pointing out that the works which the French are constructing are of much more permanent a character than one would expect, if this were to be a simple expedition to be withdrawn when the war is over. The Padre's judgment is very apt to be influenced by his religion, and you can see when he discusses the French Government that the anticlerical attitude of that government affects his judgment.

EVENING—There is great excitement tonight. First, Chambers leaves tomorrow and we are all giving him a send-off; second, the news came from town that the anti-Venezelos party in Greece had been defeated and Venezelos had been summoned by the King to form a government; and third, it was posted in the A.D.M.S. office this afternoon that the Allies had broken the western front of the Germans in six places. Chambers' departure may be the only truth, but we are celebrating them all.

I slipped away to finish my letter and think over a lecture I have to give. I am sending the belt home by Chambers. I have also given him two envelopes for Mavor, each contains a map. Would you open them and put them in one envelope and send them. I don't want them to go in the franked envelopes, as the censor might object and stop them. There are two stones out of the belt, one fell out and is in the box but I think you can get it fixed up.

Dear old girl, how I wish I were going back tomorrow. I wrote Brodie today and asked him to arrange with Morley Fletcher and Jones to have me transferred in May back to London for the lung research.

I must go to my lecture. Good-night, my dear.

JACK.

TUESDAY, FEB. 22. AFTER LUNCH.

DEAREST:

Chambers left about one o'clock; there are several nurses, who are being invalided home, going with him. They are supposed to leave this afternoon on the *Egypt*, a hospital ship which takes them as far as Malta. Chambers had an awful time packing his trunk; I hope your belt is not smashed, but I thought it wise to put it in a metal box, so that it ought to be all right.

As usual, all the pleasant news which came in last night seems to be without foundation; the only thing to keep us cheerful is the increasingly favourable accounts of the Turkish defeat at Erzerum. It promises a great deal and will undoubtedly have an effect here.

I intended to put in yesterday's letter a photograph of some of the Serbian kiddies which Watson took the other day. I will try and remember to put it in this. I have never got a chance to go into town to see the home where they live.

EVENING—The wind has dropped and it is a beautiful starlight night, but quite cold.

This afternoon a number of us went over to the Indian Hospital, which is about a mile and a quarter from here. The Indian soldiers were having wrestling matches. It was a strange sight. In the centre was a square, levelled, and covered thick with sand. On one side were sitting all the officers who were present. Opposite the officers were all the Indian Hospital patients who could be up, squatted on the ground, huddled up in blankets with only their keen dark faces showing. Then surrounding it all or squatting on the ground were several hundred Indian soldiers from the mountain batteries, most of them Sikhs, and sprinkled among them British Tommies and French soldiers. There must have been over a dozen bouts. In each case the men were completely naked except for a little loin cloth, and there was no rest until one or other was thrown on his back. It was most amusing, and the Indians seemed to enjoy it more than anyone. Each group had their own favourites, and kept cheering them on and shouting hints until the referees stopped them. They were all very muscular men, but none with an ounce of extra fat, so that the play of muscles under the skin showed beautifully. Some of them got pretty bad falls, but they were most good-humoured, not the slightest show of temper, and the winner always capered around the ring once or twice like a big boy. Each winner got a tin of condensed milk as a prize. When the prizes were distributed, they marched to the Mess tent to say goodbye to Captain Smith, the O.C., and he made them a speech telling them that the Sahibs were all pleased with their performance and would like to see it again. They were more like a lot of jolly school boys than men. Some of the N.C.O.'s were men of over forty.

We had tea afterwards and came home about half

past five. Smith, the O.C., is a very good man, a fellow student of Watson's at Edinburgh, but an Irishman from Roscommon with a distinct brogue although he has lived most of his life in India. His father was an Indian Medical Officer before him. We were asking him today if he spoke Hindustanee with the same brogue as he did English.

A strange mix-up, isn't it, that we should all be watching this thing on the plains of Macedonia?

If you haven't sent the *Post* yet, you might send it, or the *Times* or *Telegraph*, for a couple of months. I do long for an English paper. The only one for sale here is the *Daily Mail* and every time I buy it I swear I never will again. It is worse than our Toronto papers. Good-night, dearest.

FEBRUARY 23.

AFTER LUNCH—The Salonika Medical Society meets this afternoon at No. 28, and I expect I will have to go over, although the programme is not very interesting.

We had an aeroplane alarm this morning about half past eleven—a French plane passing over us fired two blank shots, the signal that a German plane was coming. In about ten minutes we saw the batteries away west beginning to shell, and this kept up for some time. The raider at first came towards us but the shell headed him off and he disappeared north. I hadn't my glasses with me so could not see him. The orders now in case of raids are that medical officers are to go to their wards and place the patients on the ground, and at the same time send the Sisters to the dugouts, then go to the dugouts themselves. This morning the Sisters refused to leave the patients. However, our anti-aircraft people seem to be so active that we are not likely to be worried as we were early in January.

General Sarraill told his air-men that if the Zeppelins got past the first line again, into the neighbourhood of Salonika, he would send them all back to France in disgrace.

EVENING—We had guest night tonight, and I had to run away from dinner to give a lecture, so that it is now nine o'clock. A perfect starlight night,

and just now I have been standing outside my tent watching our French aeroplane patrol passing over us and back again. It's a fascinating sight. You do not see the machine, you just see what looks like a very brilliant star passing across the sky at a rapid pace, and if you listen you can hear the hum of the motor.

Our meeting this afternoon was not specially interesting. A fair crowd there, but the topics discussed did not touch my interests.

A rumour came from town today that there had been a bad Zeppelin raid on London. I hope that is on a par with our other rumours, which are the wildest things and seem to be manufactured out of whole cloth. The less there is doing about here the more yarns we get about France and England and the Turks, and so on and so on.

TUESDAY, FEB. 24.

AFTER LUNCH—I almost finished Bourget's book last night—only a few more pages to read. I have enjoyed it very much. The man is undoubtedly one of the great writers of the present day. I have promised it to two people already. Finlay's *Greece* is now going the round of the camp. I am half way through the book on Bohemia and have promised to loan it when I have finished, so you see your literature is appreciated.

EVENING—We were hoping for mail today, as we have had nothing for a week. I was talking to an officer from the front this afternoon. He tells me the advanced line of defence has been complete for some time, and they are now constructing a new line six or seven miles further on. We have a lot of troops coming in so that I imagine Sarrail will begin an attack just as soon as the danger of bad weather is over. We are beginning to feel the effects of slackness and no work. It gets very tedious, but it is very fortunate that the health of the troops is so good. Even the tenth division (the Irish one) from which most of our cases of sickness came, seems to have bucked up, and very few cases come into Hospital. The men are being worked very hard at the construction of defence work and

the food is good and the water pure and plentiful, so they are all very fit.

Our nurses had their usual weekly tea this afternoon, and there was a great crowd there. They are becoming very popular, and even some naval officers turned up today. It is becoming a sort of destination for a Thursday afternoon ride.

Good-night, dearest.

FRIDAY, FEB. 25.

AFTER LUNCH—I went into town this morning as I had to get a pair of light gloves. The pair I bought were not bad but I had to pay ten francs for them, which was more than they were worth. After buying them I wandered about the streets and watched the people. Got some picture post cards, but especially I went down along the quay to see the sailing boats. That is always a picturesque sight. These boats come from the Grecian Islands, and it would be nice to take a trip on one. They are very broad beamed, with a couple of masts, and are unusually gaudily painted with the name of the boat and the name of the Island where they belong. Some days ago some of our fellows saw one from Mt. Athos which was entirely manned by monks; I looked for it today but could not find it.

There was a mail today but nothing for me.

EVENING—In town today I bought some water colours and I am going to try some sketches. I wish you would go into a little shop, I think on Holles Street, at any rate it is one of those streets that run from Cavendish Square to Oxford Street, and buy me a block of white drawing paper the same size as the sketches I sent you. The one I got was green, and it does not do so well for water colours as white. You can send it by post. Do send it at once. I am getting ambitious and it gives me something to do when things are slack.

I won't write any more tonight as I have a lecture and I want to post this.

Much love, sweetheart. Good-night.

JACK.

FEBRUARY 26.

EVENING—The rain began in earnest this afternoon and it has been pouring since.

We had quite a treat tonight. About twelve miles from here there is a Scottish Brigade stationed. A corporal in the Black Watch is in civil life an organist and choirmaster, and he has organized a choir in his own regiment and a battalion of the Argyle and Sutherlands who are in the brigade also. The corporal has been a patient in Hospital, so he asked if he might bring his choir over to give us a concert. They gave a concert to the patients and men first, and then at seven they gave one to the officers and Sisters. It was perfectly splendid. Fine voices and well trained. Choruses, solos, recitations and Highland dancing. You can imagine how my heart warmed to them. Their Padre came with them, a fine young chap. He told me the choirmaster has three sons in various Highland regiments. They enjoyed it as much as we, for it was the first outing they had had for two months. Nothing but trench digging day in and day out.

It is quite late now so I will say good-night, dearest.

SUNDAY, FEB. 27.

AFTER LUNCH—The sky has cleared, and it is a hot day. About eleven o'clock the usual scouting German aeroplane appeared away to the north-west, but was received with a hot shrapnel fire and made off. He was a long way from here, but one could see him now and then. The sky was filled with little white clouds, and he would dodge from one to the other in trying to escape the shrapnel. It must be an exciting experience.

Twenty patients came in today, so there is prospect of more work next week. It means that we will be the receiving Hospital for the present week.

EVENING—Forty more patients arrived this afternoon.

About three o'clock Primrose, Armour and I wandered across to the nearest Greek village, called Dudelaar. I have told you about it before. Today we examined things a little more carefully, and

came across a lot of interesting indications of antiquities. For instance, within the church enclosure on the ground is a block of marble which is undoubtedly a fragment of a Corinthian pillar, that is, it is so deeply fluted—at least I think the Corinthians were the only fluted ones. At one corner of the village is a ruined chapel, very small, which is built of Roman bricks, and here and there one runs across old fragments of carved marble. As this village is close to the Monastir road, the old Roman Via Ignatia, it may have been at one time an important place.

The days are getting longer and today was decidedly hot; the wind was from the south, which is not common here, but I can imagine if it blew long it would bring heat, as it comes direct from Syria.

I have come across a better kind of Turkish delight. As soon as I hear you got the first batch safely I will send some more.

I am reading Ian Hay's last book called *The First Hundred Thousand*. It is very good and most amusing.

Good-night, dear.

MONDAY, FEB. 28.

EVENING—I spent the day in town. Armour wanted to do some shopping, and I wanted to get some water colours which I had forgotten to purchase the first day I found them, so we went in about half past nine. We missed the return ambulance, so had lunch in town and went to some of the churches. It was a most enjoyable day. First we had an extraordinarily good lunch, with good wine and good Turkish coffee. Then we went up to what is called the Eski Djouma or Church of the Virgin, one of the fifth century basilicas, where you will remember I told you they had about three hundred Greek refugee families. They had cleared out all lime on the ground floor and I was able to see the mosaics in the arches between the pillars. But very few of them have been exposed as yet by removing the Turkish plaster. The kiddies began dancing round us and begging, and in a few minutes I must have had thirty children mobbing me, with

Armour trying to take a photograph of me and my assailants. Pretty soon the mothers started in to increase the crowd so we fled.

From there we went to S. Demetrius again. We must have spent over an hour in S. Demetrius. An old priest came and took us around. He spoke practically no French, so we had very great difficulty in getting anything out of him. But he told us the mosaics dated from the year nine hundred. We saw new beauties in the church. Some day I am going back to try and make a sketch of the interior. The priest saw we were interested, and was so anxious to talk to us. He said to me in bad French, "Speak Greek?" I said no. "Speak Russian?" No. "Speak Turkish?" No. "Speak Serbian?" No. Then he shook his head and tried French again.

When we came out of S. Demetrius, we happened to look down a short street which ended in a gateway. Inside was an old Turk, who beckoned to us. We went through the gateway and found ourselves in a neglected garden, in the centre of which was a small mosque and minaret. The old Turk was very handsome, and the most perfect old gentleman I have seen for a long time. He took his keys and opened the mosque, and there was absolutely nothing to be seen—bare walls and bare floors—but he was quite proud of it, and explained that he was the Iman. He asked us for our cards, which we gave him. He kissed them gravely and put them in his turban. Then he took us over to the minaret and told us we could go up. You remember the spiral stairway at Notre Dame? Well, imagine one almost as high, but steeper and so narrow that a fat man could not get up it. We climbed painfully to the little gallery at the top from which the Muezzin is called, and there we were repaid. The mosque is about a third of the way up the hill, and you have a wonderful view of the city and the surrounding country. It was a day of sunshine and cloud, with sharp showers, and you can imagine what a picture it made. I wish you could have seen it. But you never would have got up those stairs. We finally came down, and there at the bottom was our Turk with a bunch of fresh violets for each of us. We wanted to give him some money and felt shy of

doing so, but we did and he received it with the most perfect breeding. He was evidently very pleased to get it, but he took it like a gentleman without embarrassment or without embarrassing us. We stayed for a few minutes, and wandered round his garden admiring his cherry trees and almond trees, just beginning to show blossoms. Then we said goodbye, and he said "au revoir". He was a delightful old person.

From there we loitered down through the queer streets. I found a place where I can buy some Turkish plates, but I hadn't time to bargain today. They wanted thirty francs for them. I will go again.

Then we went to the Café Roma and had tea, and good luck came to us for we found one of our ambulances and got home.

Good-night, dear.

TUESDAY, FEB. 29.

AFTER LUNCH—The last day of February! This winter has gone fast, I am afraid it has dragged for you, dear girl. Today is very cloudy but with breaks, and the light on the hills and harbour is wonderful.

We are all worrying over the news from Verdun. The Germans seem to be making the greatest effort of the war and trying to break the line, regardless of the sacrifice of life. It looks now as if the French might hold, but there are one or two remarks in the Communique which look as if they were preparing the people for the fall. One thing is certain if the Germans do not succeed, I should expect peace to be a great deal nearer. I doubt if the Kaiser and Crown Prince would recover their prestige with the people after such useless sacrifices.

EVENING—The rain is starting quietly so I imagine we are in for a wet night. We have been longing for mail. It is eleven days since I have had anything from you, and rumours are spreading that a mail boat has been sunk. I hope it is not true. I do so count on your letters, and when they do not come I get very lonely and homesick. Tonight I am a bit off colour, as I caught a little cold in town

yesterday. I am not bad, just a little achey. However, one of the men said he heard a large mail came in today so I may get a letter from you tomorrow.

The Hospital is filling up again, but no interesting cases. Slight rheumatisms and colds—nothing serious.

Good-night, dear girl. Much love, dearest.

JACK.

MAR. 1.

EVENING—I went over to the meeting at the 20th Casualty Clearing Station this afternoon. The rain was pouring down, but it was much pleasanter than on a dry day when the dust's something awful. The hospital where we met is back of the town, in among the hills—quite a different country from where we are—and the drifting rain made the hilly landscape quite mysterious. It was a large meeting and a good discussion.

While there we heard pretty definite news that a big English mail had gone down on a French boat which was torpedoed off the south coast of Greece last week. I suppose my letter from you and the magazines which you sent me are lost. I do grudge the letters. But one shouldn't think of them, where probably over a thousand poor French soldiers have been drowned.

Tonight is Mess night and we have a lot of guests, a number of men from the Ordnance Camp and two French officers from the Aviation Camp. They are all singing or playing cards, so I sneaked away to have my talk with you.

The French seem to think that the news from Verdun is good, and that the German drive has been definitely thrown back. If that is true I should not be at all surprised if it is the last German effort. You remember Mavor said that if they had made no marked successes by March, the people would begin to be unruly, and wonder why they are being required to make such terrible sacrifices.

I am trying water colours again. Do you remember our first summer in Muskoka when I tried water colour sketches? I find tricks coming back to me. Some day soon I will send you one of the sketches.

Good-night, dear heart. I suppose I must resign myself to going for another week without news.

FRIDAY, MAR. 3.

EVENING—I did not go walking this afternoon, but tried to make a water colour of Mt. Olympus. It was pretty rotten. I can't get my skies properly, and the whole thing looked horribly dauby. I will have to try it again.

We have had no mail at all today, so I am resigned to wait until next week. The Hospital has been receiving all week, but the number of patients today is only about three hundred, and they are all quite mild. It gives us very little to do and time hangs heavy.

Good-night, dearest, there is very little to say tonight.

Just a few minutes ago there was a call of mail and I rushed to the recreation tent. There was your letter of Feb. 14th, your birthday present book, *The Greek Triumphant*, and a big package of all sorts of journals. One of your letters must be missing.

SATURDAY, MAR. 4.

AFTER LUNCH—You must not give up your French. After getting on so well it would be the greatest mistake. Don't do it.

I have started *The Greek Triumphant*, and it is going to be interesting. But like all works on the Balkans, the author is prejudiced. In this case, very much in favour of the Greeks and against the Balkans.

Today is beautiful. The air is very clear, and one can see for long distances. I thought surely a German scouting plane would be down today, but there has been no sign of one. The anti-aircraft batteries seem to be doing very good work.

I hope you will like the filigree belt buckle. I wonder if it would be a good thing to have the stones which have fallen out replaced, in London, with a blue enamel or something of that kind. However, that can wait until I get back and we can see about it together.

EVENING—Armour and I went for a long walk this afternoon. There is a village about six miles from here called Gradobor, so we started to walk there. It was not very good walking, as the ground was still wet in places from the recent rains, and we had to cross one or two deep ravines with streams at the bottom. However, we finally got there. It is very picturesque, situated on the side of a steep ravine on a hill, and at the back of it are higher hills. The houses are all square, with outside stairs and galleries. They apparently live in the upper storey, and stall the animals in the lower one. The women wear very bright colours, especially aprons and kerchiefs, so that the little streets looked quite gay. We wandered about and went into the church, which was the usual Greek village church with very crude and ugly ikons.

On our way back we were fortunate enough to get a lift from a couple of French officers in a motor.

The wild flowers are becoming more numerous. On one hillside we found the ground white with crocuses. There was also a large yellow buttercup, very plentiful, and a beautiful blue anemone. In places a shrub very like a gorse was just beginning to show yellow flower buds.

Good-night, dearest, I am going to post this letter.
Much love,

JACK.

SUNDAY, MAR. 5. AFTER LUNCH.

DEAR GIRL:

Have forgotten the number of the last page of yesterday's letter so put 347 at the top of this. However, it doesn't matter.

The day is cooler and windy, but the day is fine. I have been very short of work for some time now, and as soon as I hear when Brodie is coming back to London I will begin to agitate for my return.

We still seem to be without definite news about Verdun. I was told this morning that the French Headquarters here had heard that the slaughter of Germans was the most terrible thing of the whole war; that they are marching them in thousands to absolutely certain death. I see there is a possibility

of Mackensen* being in command. Of course that is his method of attack. I hope the French may be able to hold out, but there is such a thing as being absolutely overwhelmed by numbers.

EVENING—The days are lengthening rapidly, and tonight after the evening meal the men are still playing lacrosse. It was a beautiful sunset, a quiet evening, and now a very young new moon in the west.

I am lonely and homesick tonight. I do miss you so much dearest. I did nothing this afternoon except try some water colours, and read and sleep.

Some of the officers were over on the other side of the city today and had a look at our new site. It is a good one, but so far there are only seventeen tents up, and we need seventy-five! It will be a full month before we think of moving.

I am reading *The Greek Triumphant* diligently. I think the author makes out a rather bad case for the organization of the early part of the Greek activities in Epirus. Their hospital and medical arrangements seem to have been exceptionally bad.

The spring has brought a new note into the night atmosphere. In the swamps across the railway from us are thousands of frogs, and they are keeping up a tremendous row. It reminds one of the country at home.

We got general orders several weeks ago that bugles were to be stopped. I believe it isn't customary in active service. It was stopped for a while and last week they began again, and it is surprising what a difference it makes in the day's routine. Our bugler is very bad, but the Ordnance Camp tent has a splendid man and it is a joy to hear him sound the "last post". I am reminded because the evening service parade bugle has just gone. However, I don't think I will obey the summons tonight.

Good-night, dear girl.

*Mackensen was one of the most brutal of the German generals.

MONDAY, MAR. 6.

AFTER LUNCH—This is a hot summer day, with a characteristic summer haze over the landscape. We had a little excitement just as the luncheon bugle blew. We heard guns, and saw the shrapnel bursting away to the north. I couldn't see the Germans at first, but as the firing gradually moved to the north-east, I finally picked him up, very small and very high up; probably six or seven miles away, perhaps more. He was going very fast to escape the shrapnel and disappearing north-east. He was evidently a scouting plane, taking photographs and watching the movements of our troops.

I had a post-mortem this morning, the first death we have had in hospital for six weeks. A poor chap with erysipelas who died last night.

There are rumours of good news from Turkey today—reports that a rebellion has begun in Smyrna against the Germans and the present Government. I think it is quite possible. You may have noticed in the despatches that the French aeroplanes from here raided the Smyrna district last week. It was quite a feat, and the first story we heard was that they had bombed the town. However, next night a couple of aviators were at Mess, and they said it was untrue that they had dropped bombs. They just flew about over the town. It looks to me as if it had been simply a demonstration to show the people there how easy it would be, and to stimulate a movement which our people had learned had already begun. Smyrna is a very important place, and a rebellion there would do more to upset things in Constantinople than anything else.

Another parcel mail today but no letters.

EVENING—The sun was so hot this afternoon that the mosquitoes began to come out in numbers, so I put up my bed netting. It is very good, but it takes up an awful lot of room in my tent. I have to give up practically one half of the room to the cot when the netting is up. However, it is better to have it, and I have no doubt I will get a lot of comfort from it; when we get into huts it will not be so much in the way. It is the sloping wall of the bell tent which cuts the room out.

G. sent me a number of weekly *Times*, and I have been reading them with a great deal of interest. There is no question one does find very interesting matter in the *Times*. They are not afraid to spend money to get good material.

By-the-bye, have you seen anything of poor Haultain. I have been intending to write him, but I am uncertain of his address. I wonder if he is still in Inverness?

I did not go walking this afternoon, first because I hate to go alone and, second, because I am rather fed up with the immediate country around the Hospital, and one must go at least three or four miles before getting to anything interesting. I have a great mind if I can get someone to go with me to start out some day for an all-day excursion to the first line trenches. Some of the men have been there, but on horseback. I would not venture to ride so far.

I have a lecture tonight so will say good-night, dear.

TUESDAY, MAR. 7.

AFTER LUNCH—Another warm day, but cloudy. There are rumours about that outgoing and incoming mails are stopped on account of submarines in the Gulf. So you may have delay in getting this letter and the previous one.

I had another p.m. this morning, a boy of nineteen who came in with acute appendicitis and was operated on; but conditions were very bad. He made a good fight, but died last night.

The air is full of rumours today, even one that the enemy was going to attack our lines within a week. There was some gunfire east and north this morning, but we could see nothing. It was probably the usual morning scouting aeroplane, but it was too hazy to see the shrapnel. The *Balkan News* this morning has two reports that the German fleet was beginning to prepare to leave the Canal. I think that is quite possible. This persistent fighting about Verdun looks as if Germany were deciding to make one tremendous effort. I feel certain they would not hesitate to sacrifice their whole fleet if only they could depend on inflicting serious loss on Great

Britain. If they fail at Verdun, as I think they must, they may try again at Ypres, and perhaps by the end of the month things will look more like peace. If there is a fleet action there is no doubt we will suffer fearfully. It will be a dreadful fight.

EVENING—Armour and I went for a walk this afternoon. Out along the railway track and then south through the only grove of trees there is in this neighbourhood, as far as the Galiko river, and then home across the marshland. There is a village in the grove, and the women were busy weeding and cultivating the ground. They have small fields which are irrigated, and between the irrigation ditches they grow quantities of fresh vegetables, lettuce, radishes and onions. The lettuce looked awfully good, but one dare not eat it. We long awfully for fresh salad. I have not tasted one since I left London, and I don't suppose I will taste any until I return.

The trees in this grove are the most extraordinarily deformed trees I have seen. They appear to be lime or linden, and some of them are a couple of feet in diameter, but they have been cut so that they look all deformed. They are just breaking into leaf now. The railway embankment was covered with a pretty little yellow daisy, and at one place I found a patch of violets which looked like miniature pansies. In fact, they were miniature pansies, but not any larger than a small violet. There were other flowers which I did not recognize. The spring has definitely arrived.

I intended posting this letter tonight, but it is no use posting it for a day or two as the outgoing mails are being held.

Good-night, dearest.

WED. MAR. 8.

AFTER LUNCH—It is another very hot day. When I got up the whole camp was blotted out by a thick sea fog, which gradually lifted and gave place to a regular summer day.

The air is throbbing with the firing of guns. Three British divisions are registering ranges and there is a continual boom, boom, boom. They have

some big naval guns about ten miles from us, and when one of them goes off you can actually feel the vibration of the ground. I see by the Morning Communiqué that the Zeppelins have been in England again, but have not been near London. I can't understand the Germans' point of view. They are such an extraordinary mixture of capability and childish incapability.

We have a meeting of the Salonika Medical Society this afternoon, at the Indian Hospital, which is about a mile from here. A number of us are going to walk down. They are going to discuss relapsing fever.

EVENING—It is now ten o'clock so I have not much time to write. This was our Mess night, and we had a lot of guests. We had five French aviators, and the wife of one of them. She sat on Robert's right, and enjoyed herself very much in spite of the fact that she was one woman to about forty-five men. She spoke English very prettily, was very good-looking, and distinctly well-bred. After Mess she went off to the Sisters' recreation tent; the men all went into our recreation tent, and there was singing, card playing, etc. I played until a few minutes ago. They have all gone now and I am back in my tent.

The Frenchmen are an amusing crowd. One of them sang "Tipperary", and then when some of our fellows were singing college songs, the Frenchmen danced to the tunes if they couldn't sing them. We heard tonight that another French Transport had been torpedoed. We hope it is not true. There are still stronger rumours that Turkey is suing for peace.

Well, my dear, I must say good-night.

THURS. MAR. 9.

EVENING—I have finished *The Greek Triumphant*. The author paints the Greek soldiers in very glowing colours. Certainly if they did all he says they did, they are wonderful fighters. But they did not show the same spirit in the Graeco-Turkish war of a number of years ago, when the Turks thoroughly whipped them.

I am going to post this letter tonight and trust that you may get it all right. I am enclosing one of my water colour attempts. It is a shepherd who grazes his flock close to our tents. I didn't dare try the sheep.

Good-night, dearest, much love.

JACK.

SAT. MAR. 11.

I am glad you are at Falmouth. It will be a change, and from all I have heard of it it must be much more beautiful than Folkestone. That part of England is a district I have always wanted to go to. When I get back we might have a week there together, once you know the ropes.

You know, dear, there is just a chance I may be sent for by the University early in the summer. Brodie told me in a letter that they were talking of offering another University of Toronto General Hospital, and letters which some of the men got yesterday show that they are trying to work out the scheme. There is at present a wide difference of opinion. Some men want a district hospital like ours; others want to offer their services without any conditions, to go wherever they are needed individually; and the President would like some scheme by means of which those of us who have served for a year may be brought back, and our places taken by new men. Added to this, the University is going to hold a special summer session in medicine beginning July 1st and lasting until October 1st, and they might very well ask me to return and take charge of my department. Loughheed has resigned and joined the new battalion of the 48th, and stories from home indicate that the students are not getting a very systematic course in pathology.

However, the important thing is not to worry. You are now an old campaigner and if I had to go back I know you would be ready and we might steal two weeks' jaunt without saying anything.

EVENING—Instead of having a sleep to make up for last night, I went for a nine-mile walk. It was rather hot going, but coming back it was cool and pleasant. Up on the side of Dandbaba we found

enormous numbers of blue anemones. There is also a small flower of a purplish-blue colour in the shape of a small bell, only very small and in solid close-packed clusters. I don't know its name, but it looks a little like heather. In places there are quantities of forget-me-nots, of a beautiful blue. With all the rain we have had and the warm weather between, everything is growing fast.

I shall get to bed early tonight.

Good-night, dearest.

SUNDAY, MAR. 12.

AFTER LUNCH—It is a lovely day, with sufficient clouds to discourage German aeroplanes. The air is clear and the harbour looks very close. I went to bed about eight last night and got so sleepy by a quarter to nine that I dropped off and did not waken until morning.

We have all begun taking quinine as a malaria preventive, and there is great complaining. The general impression is that it is not much use in capsules or tabloids, so it has been put up in an acid solution, and we are supposed to take a dessert-spoonful two days a week. It is a bitter, unpleasant dose. Some of the Sisters have been made quite ill with it. It is a good thing you are not out here. I don't know what you would do. However, now that the warm weather is beginning it is the only safe thing to do.

EVENING—Primrose, Mallock, King, Small and I went for a walk to the top of Dandbaba after lunch. It was very hot and close going, but beautiful when we reached the top and coming home. As it is a good twelve miles there and back, to say nothing of the climb to the top, we have a pleasant feeling of exhaustion.

MON. MAR. 13.

EVENING—I have had rather a pleasant day. I went into town in the morning with Padre Cavendish*, just for the jaunt. We went over to the 5th Canadian Hospital, as Cavendish wanted to find out if the R. C. Padre there had gone over to hold mass

*Father Cavendish, now R. C. Bishop of Malta.

at the Dublin Fusiliers yesterday. This Padre's name is O'Mahoney, a round chubby-cheeked Irishman; as one of the officers said to me, he saw in one of the men's letters which he was censoring the statement, "We have three pets in the camp, a dog, a goat and the R. C. Padre." However, O'Mahoney told me there was to be a St. Pat's celebration in the Irish Division, and I may get a chance to go over to it, although it is about fifteen miles away.

When I got back as far as the Indian Hospital I dropped off and lunched with Smith, and after lunch Smith took me with him to visit some Indian Mule batteries up on the lakes. We did not get nearer than six miles from the lakes, as the road was too bad for the car, but we had a beautiful journey up a long valley for about fifteen miles, with rugged hills towering upon each side, and gardens and vineyards stuck in the most impossible places on the side of the hills. The almond trees are in full blossom, and they give a beautiful touch of colour. We passed through one very picturesque town which climbs up the side of the hill. The main road twists through the town, but it is so narrow that they have to have a guard at each entrance to the town with a telephone connecting them, and our car was held up until the signal came through that the way was clear.

The women out here wear brightly-coloured aprons and head-dresses; and beyond this little town we saw about a hundred of them working away up on the hillside carrying down broken rock for the stove. A regular female labour gang with a British Tommy in command! They made a very beautiful patch of colour as they moved up and down with their loads. I don't know what these people will do when we leave. They never had so much money in their lives.

It is funny the lack of interest the ordinary soldier takes in his surroundings, evidently taking it all in the day's work. The corporal who was guarding the entrance to the town, was I saw, a Dublin Fusilier. When he stopped us I said, "What's the name of this town, Corporal?" and he replied, "Shurre, sor, I don't know." (The Dublins have been there since before Christmas, I know.) However, he went

and asked, and came back and gave us a name which we found out later had some slight resemblance to the real name, but very slight. I wish I could get over there for St. Patrick's day, so that I could tell you about it, but I am afraid it is too far away.

I think I will risk sending this letter to Falmouth instead of to the Canadian Office, because you might get it a little sooner.

Good-night, dearest.

Love,

JACK.

WED. MAR. 15.

DEAREST GIRL:

EVENING—I did not get a chance to write after lunch today, as I had to go off at once to No. 5 Hospital where the meeting was to be held, to arrange my specimens. It is quite a long journey right through the town. The meeting was quite interesting. I was specially interested in General Macpherson's contribution to the discussion. It turned out that he had been sent as special commissioner to the Panama zone and Cuba, to study the work of the Americans in the prevention of malaria and yellow fever. He then was sent to two different malaria-ridden districts in Judaea, and by the use of similar methods almost stamped it out there. It is comforting to realize that the Director of Medical Services is a man who realizes what must be done, and knows how to do it. In fact, he has begun already to carry out preventive measures. We were all distinctly wrong in our first judgment of Macpherson. He is rather a finicky little man with a monocle and does not impress one at first sight, and the general judgment was against him, but every time one meets him at these meetings, he shows himself so thoroughly competent and practical that the respect everyone has for him is growing greater all the time. I am willing to bet that if he had been in charge of the Medical Service at the Dardanelles, there would not have been the horrible amount of disease which was such a disgrace to the Royal Army Medical Corps. He is rather hot-tempered, and will not stand contradiction. The Indian officers say he used to be called "Tiger Mac" in India.

Incidentally, I learned something the other day that still more increased my respect for him. He is a great linguist and speaks not only four or five European languages, but knows all the Indian languages and Chinese and Japanese as well.

After the meeting we had tea and then stopped in town for some shopping, so that we did not get back until a quarter to seven, and quite late for dinner. We could see the tents we are to occupy; they are quite close to No. 5. They are working very hard and the Engineer said he hoped to be ready for us by the end of the month. I don't think that is possible, but we ought to move by the middle of April. There is much less malaria over there, practically no swamps, and we are close enough to the seashore to have sea bathing.

There was a young Scotchman at Mess tonight—a friend of Cavendish's. He told me he thought I could get to Athens without much difficulty. It would cost me about five pounds for the journey. It would be fine to go, wouldn't it? It takes about eighteen hours from here.

Good-night, dearest.

THURSDAY, MAR. 16.

EVENING—I had too many interruptions to be able to write to you after lunch today. First, I had to give a lecture at one-thirty. Second, but most important, a big mail, in which I got two letters from you, one Feb. 26th and one March 2nd, one from Mrs. Mitchell and a book from her by Ian Hay, *The First Hundred Thousand*. It was good of her, and nice to have independent testimony as to how you were. Then a letter from the President that whatever happens I must arrange to be back for next winter's work, unless there should be absolutely serious need of me out here. So I think you had better write Williams and countermand the letting of the house, unless you think we could stay in digs all winter and come over again in the spring,—a plan which we might consider—but I think we would be very happy to get back into our own house. Do what you think best.

I have had a talk with Roberts and there is a fair chance of my going back from here in May, but it

will depend somewhat on circumstances after we move and if any fighting takes place in this district. I am so glad you are going to Penzance and St. Ives, and especially at this season of the year.

What do you think, Major Cavendish* (he has just been promoted) is going to take me over to the St. Pat's celebration of the Irish Division. I hope the weather is decent and nothing interferes tomorrow. It is a long way over and we leave at nine in the morning, but I told him I would like to go so that I could tell you about it. He remembered Dr. Thornton and was glad to hear of him. His name must be Cavendish because I see his letters on the table very often and they are always addressed to that name.

Today I met a man whom I have wanted to meet for some time. He is Gardiner, of University College, London, an archaeologist. He is here as a Royal Naval Volunteer attached to the staff, and he spends all his spare moments searching for antiquities. He and a Frenchman who is an authority in this district are collecting everything that is dug up, and putting it in a museum in a room of the White Tower on the waterfront. He is coming up some day for lunch, and I am going to take him over to see some interesting things which I have seen in the neighbourhood. He showed me a handle of a pot he had got this morning which dates from about 1500 B.C. He tells me the surface has only been scratched here, but the trench digging and excavations which are being made is bringing things to light, and there are very strict rules which govern the preservation and cataloguing of everything of archaeological interest. These are all brought into Salonika and after description and exhibition are sent on to the Museum at Athens.

Well, dearest girl, this letter is drawing out and it was only started Tuesday, but I think I will keep the St. Pat's celebration for it and not for a new letter.

Your books have not arrived, but they may be along tomorrow.

Good-night, dear.

*Father Cavendish, now R. C. Bishop of Malta.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE EVENING—We have had a very interesting day. At nine the Padre, Parsons, Armour, Pearce and myself started out for the camp of the 6th Dublin Fusiliers. We had to go right through the town and then turned up a valley, through a very fertile countryside, through a quaint native village. Finally, up at the head of a narrow valley we came on a camp with a large Irish flag flying from the flagpole. We stopped here, and were met by a chap with a great brogue who said, "Where is Father O'Mahoney?" Cavendish said, "But he promised me faithfully to come over last night; hear confessions, hold early service and then have high mass at eleven o'clock." But there was no Father O'Mahoney who is the R. C. Padre at No. 5 Canadians. The officers said, "Well, can't we have mass at eleven without him?" but Cavendish replied, "He has the altar bread, and I have none with me." So I proposed that I would take the ambulance back to No. 5 and capture O'Mahoney, or if he was ill get the altar bread and get back in time for the service at eleven; that gave me twenty-five minutes. I urged the motor man and we started at top speed. Just as we were passing through the village I saw another ambulance coming towards us so I told my man to stop it. Sure enough, there was Father O'Mahoney with the altar bread, and in a thoroughly Irish manner, quite surprised that anyone should have been worried at his not being over to hear confessions the night before as he had promised. I chased him off and Cavendish was relieved to see him arrive.

When I got back I found a headquarters motor there with a Staff Officer. Cavendish introduced me. It was Lord Granard, who is second military secretary to Malcolm. A very handsome man of about forty, the premier Earl of Ireland. He had come all the way out to be present at the St. Patrick service of the Irish Brigade. In a few minutes the Munsters and Leinsters marched in, the men were massed in a hollow square in front of a tent where they had placed the altar, and the service began. It was an interesting sight—the men on their knees, Granard on his, beside the altar; Cavendish in his rather gorgeous robes as a Canon of the church;

O'Mahoney in a somewhat simpler costume; and a red-headed soldier acting as acolyte—all on the bare parade ground, with the hills towering above them, huts in the background and away to the left a glimpse of the town and its harbour. The men sang very sweetly, and Father O'Mahoney gave them a simple talk upon the life of St. Patrick, and what it should mean to an Irishman. He told them of the effect of St. Patrick's teaching in Ireland on the development of Irish learning, and the way in which the Irish missionaries had spread that culture over Europe. As I told the little Father afterwards, it was just the sort of sermon you were always preaching to me, so he gave me a sprig of "rale" shamrock from Ireland to send to you with his compliments.

Before the service was over we walked to the top of a hill about two or three hundred feet high, and sat there and listened to the hymns and chants as they were wafted up the hillside.

We saw some tug-of-war competitions and then left about one o'clock. The officers were very busy, so we decided not to stay for lunch. As one officer said to me, "If the shells were flying round and the Germans sniping, divil a brass hat (Staff Officer) would you see, but because everything is quiet they keep poking round asking why that buckle is not clean and this man hasn't his puttees on right. Shurre, the only time you can have pace is in war." How is that for a beautiful Irish bull, absolutely unconscious? But it was all very interesting and it was nice of Lord Granard to come out all that distance to hear mass with the Irish soldiers. He went back as soon as the service was over.

He went back to town for lunch, and then the Padre had to go out to the 20th Stationary Hospital, so we went with him. We stayed there for some time, then back to town for tea. Two of the officers, Irishmen, and one an old student of mine, a Canadian Irishman, came back with us, as there was to be a St. Patrick's dinner at the Café Roma tonight. One of them, sitting next me in the ambulance, was a great lover of the Abbey Players. He is a T.C.D. man, and knew O'Sullivan.* He did enthuse over the Irish Players, Sinclair, O'Donovan and especially

*Professor O'Sullivan, a fellow of T.C.D.

Ethne Magee. The year before last he had been fishing down in Kerry and the Abbey Players were camped near him, so that he got to know them well. He said Ethne Magee was going to marry a man who was not nearly good enough for her. Well, we had tea at the Roma and then home—a very pleasant St. Pat's Day.

Good-night, sweetheart, I wish you had shared it with me.

Much love.

JACK.

MARCH 18. AFTER LUNCH

DEAR GIRL:

A cloudy, rather warm day. Last night we had a Zeppelin alarm. I was wakened about two in the morning by the explosion of the first bomb. We all turned out, and could see that bombs were being dropped north-west about four miles away. We could hear the engines of the Zeppelin fairly clearly, but it was too far away to see it. A number of French aeroplanes got up, and we thought the beast had gone away when about three o'clock we heard eight or ten more bombs, but much further away. We came to the conclusion it was going back, so went to bed and were not further disturbed. I don't think it was ever near us, although the night was cloudy and it was difficult to tell. The night nurses and the Orderly Officer said they could see all the bursting of the French shells before the Zepp began dropping bombs. Our French guards are not often caught napping.

EVENING—It has been a beautiful, but hot afternoon. We had a bit of excitement just as Graham and I were going into the Sisters' tent for tea. The guns at the front had been practising all day, as they have been for weeks, and when I heard a burst of firing, at first I thought it was the usual ranging. Then suddenly it dawned on me that it was coming from the war-ships in the harbour, so we ran out, and found that a cheeky German aeroplane was travelling over the town and up the road to the north. There was a great boom-booming and bursting of shrapnel, but he kept on his way. As he got

further north, battery after battery opened up. He turned west, and the last we saw of him he was being shelled by the French guns away west of us. As far as we could see, none of the shots got him, although first and last they must have fired fifty shells. He was evidently scouting and photographing.

I amused myself this afternoon helping one of the Sisters to plant out nasturtiums and sweet peas in boxes, so that when we move we will be able to have some flowers. I wish we could grow roses at the new place. I see lots of them in the gardens just beginning to break into leaf. There is a dearth of patients again, so that everyone is rather at a loose end.

Good-night, dearest, I hope we have a quiet night. There is a lovely moon.

WED. MAR. 22.

AFTER LUNCH—Another dull day, with light showers, but it is much warmer. We had a Zeppelin alarm last night just a short time after I stopped writing. I was sitting in my tent when I heard the call from Ordnance Camp next us, "Lights out!" Orders came in from H.Q. that there was a Zeppelin about and in a few minutes the whole camp was absolutely black. It was not countermanded, but no Zeppelin appeared nor could we hear any bomb explosions. Fortunately, our recreation tent is lightproof so we can all sit there, and I played cards until ten o'clock, then went to bed and slept undisturbed. There is no news this morning as to the supposed raid.

The Salonika Medical Society meets at Hospital 29 this afternoon so I expect to go over to the meeting.

I think I had better post this letter tonight, so will say good-night, dearest.

Much love,

JACK.

THURSDAY 23. EVENING.

DEAR GIRL:

I went into town today with Primrose, Cavendish and another man to see some of the churches. It

was a hot day, but a pleasant breeze was blowing where we could get it. It was good having Cavendish with us as he could explain the symbolism of some of the mosaics. The mosaics in St. George's represent the seven sacraments, and are all particularly interesting because the background of each picture is an architectural design with pillars and arches. The mosaic in the dome of St. Sophia represents the ascension, and the remnants in St. Demetrius are those of the apochryphal life of the Virgin. Just as we were leaving St. Demetrius, the old priest who had taken me round the last time I was there came up and began talking in Greek to Cavendish. Cavendish told me that he was telling him about a nephew who was ill, and he wondered if he could get an English physician to come and see him. He finally discovered that three of us were physicians, and nothing would do but we must come out and see the sick nephew. We were led up side streets until we came to a little house, and apparently the nephew lived in the upper flat. We went up an outside staircase through a little *alcovour* and into the house. There there was great excitement. The little wife, with her long hair hanging in two braids down her back, was in a great state. We were shown into the sick room, and found a man about twenty-seven who had been ill for five weeks. He was very intelligent and spoke French well, as did his brother, who also came in. The poor chap evidently had serious kidney trouble, but whether it was a stone or a tumour I could not tell. Then we found to our embarrassment that he was being treated by a Greek physician, and we didn't know what to do. However, we finally assured them that the Greek was doing all that was possible, and gave some advice as to what he should eat and drink, and went away. The house was very clean and the bed-room quite pretty, with Turkish rugs and home-made wool ornaments. In a cradle was a dear little sober baby of about two months, sucking away at a comforter and never smiling, just watching all the strange men. The old mother, a rather wizened-up old woman, hung about and bossed everything.

It was a curious insight into a Greek family, and they struck me as very kindly people with an intense

family love. The old priest sent us on our way with many thanks, although we were able to do so little.

We went to the Roma for lunch and had a typical Italian meal. Then did a little shopping. I bought a mill for making Turkish coffee. I want to learn how so that we can have it when I return.

When I got back I found there had been a small mail and there were two books for me, two naval stories, addressed in your handwriting, although you did not tell me you were sending them. Many thanks, as they are short stories and evidently very good.

Our people had a baseball match today with officers of the 22nd Division, all Canadians, and a lot of people came over to see it from the camp about, so that we found quite a crowd when we returned.

It is a perfect evening, still and clear and quite warm. The sunset was glorious.

Good-night, sweetheart.

MAR. 24.

EVENING—Two letters from you from Carbis Bay. I walked over to the cricket match between two and three. Smith had had a marquee put up and there were about fifty people, Sisters from our Hospital, Officers from other units, and half a dozen French officers. It was a beautiful afternoon and it was an interesting sight—the cricket match on what was a fairly green lawn; the Indian troops sitting on one side very much interested; and in the distance Salonika, with the hills at the back of it. We had a very good afternoon tea, and about six Primrose and I strolled back over the plains past the different camps. There was a beautiful sunset, with a lovely afterglow—Olympus was a deep violet. A solitary French aeroplane like a great black beetle was humming its way home to its aerodrome, and away up in the air the “late larks singing.” It was a lovely gloaming.

I have just thought of an explanation of why you have not got my letters. It must have been about the time when we heard the Mediterranean was closed for three weeks. Primrose had a note today from Col. Thorburn from Malta, and he told him

that Chambers had not left there until March 15th. He must have been kept three weeks in Malta. That would be a little too much of it.

Well, good-night, dear, I have a lecture now.

MAR. 25.

AFTER LUNCH—A very hot day again. I am going up in a train to the front trenches this afternoon. The Director of Railways arranged for fourteen officers and fourteen Sisters; we balloted for the chance and I was fortunate enough to draw a ticket. It ought to be interesting. We leave at 2.15, have tea up there, and come back immediately after.

EVENING—We have had a most interesting afternoon. It was apparently an officer in the Railway Transport Branch who had been a patient in Hospital who conceived the happy thought. We had a first class carriage for ourselves, and went up to the French trenches. It was something you might read about for years and not understand. The trenches were beautifully made, with most complicated communication trenches. We also saw guns in position, both the 75's and the 125's. The interesting thing about these was that they had used the mountain bushes so skilfully that it would be impossible for an aeroplane to spot them from the air. In fact, when we were a few hundred yards from them we could not see them. It simply looked like a wooded hillside. The French are doing splendid work up there, building bridges, constructing roads and putting in light railways. They are a wonderfully efficient people. And they are so pleased to show you everything. They took us everywhere, and were especially delighted to see the Sisters. The dugouts were very ingenious. In one of them we climbed down into a trench about six feet deep; then down four steps into a kitchen, right under the ground, then just beyond the kitchen you went down ten or twelve more steps which led to a whole series of little cubicles where the men slept, fully fifteen feet underneath the ground. Another large dugout which was twenty feet down would accommodate two hundred and fifty men, and communicated direct with the front trench. Although we were in what

were the front trenches six weeks ago, we could see trenches three or four miles further north, and as far as we could see we could make out scattered encampments. It explains why it is so difficult for the German aeroplanes and Zeppelins to get down as far as Salonika—they have to run the gauntlet of so many batteries.

Good-night, sweetheart.

Much love.

JACK.

SUNDAY, MAR. 26. EVENING.

DEAR GIRL:

Your letter of March 11th arrived today, and I am so glad my letters have begun to reach you again. I hope you will stay as long as possible in Cornwall.

King Smith, Watson, the Paymaster and I went off for a picnic together today, taking our lunch with us. We did not walk as far as we intended, but when about one o'clock we came to a little hillock from which we could see the harbour and the gulf, we sat down and had lunch; then we lay on the grass and talked for a couple of hours, and got home about four-thirty. It was a beautiful day, very hot, like a July day at home, so we walked slowly and did not get far. The atmosphere was hazy, but it softened the outlines of the distant hills. The birds were simply riotous, thrushes, larks and finches singing for all they were worth. The whole plain is a brilliant green now with the new grass and is dotted with wild flowers. From where we sat we overlooked a quaint Greek village, and in the distance camp after camp of conical tents no longer white, but a rich brown mud colour so that they blended with the soil.

General Macpherson turned up this afternoon with his successor, General Whitehead, who has just come from Malta. Macpherson has been called back to France by Sir Douglas Haig. We are sorry to lose him as he is a thoroughly efficient man, but I have no doubt that is why Haig wants him in France. We don't know anything about his successor. He seems a pleasant old man, but is not likely to be so efficient as Macpherson. The Indian officers say that Macpherson used to be called

"Tiger Mac" on account of the way he used to spring upon a delinquent officer. I am sorry he is leaving us and I hope his successor will not change his plans much, as they were well thought out. But that is the difficulty with a change of command. The new broom has ideas of his own and does not necessarily sweep cleaner.

Among the wild rumours which are flying round was one the other day that our Hospital and the other Canadian would have to go back to France on account of the number of new Canadian Divisions coming over. They are going to be hard put in Canada to get enough medical men for the additional 250,000 men. It is a serious problem. I feel, however, that the people in London would hardly go to the expense of moving us home, especially as they would have to move two other hospitals out here to take our places. We have learned not to put any trust in the rumours which are going around.

We are taking in patients again this week. They began today. We will probably get thirty or forty a day for a week, which will give a little more work. It means, however, that we cannot move for two weeks yet, as the hospital will have to be empty when the move is made.

The fighting is beginning out here with border skirmishes. As yet I think only the French have been engaged, but our people are pushing up towards the Frontier, and I wouldn't be surprised if big fights should begin upon the eastern and western fronts if we would not make a drive here at the same time.

Good-night, dearest. I enjoyed your letter so much.

MONDAY, MAR. 27.

EVENING—I did not write at noon today because I went into town in the morning, and just before I started to return to camp I met Ryerson* and some Sisters, so stayed in and had lunch with them, and afterwards went over to No. 5 Canadian to have a look at the tents we are to occupy. I went into town early in order to cable you, as there was an air raid of some magnitude between five and six this

*Dr. Stanley Ryerson.

morning, and I didn't want you to worry more than possible. I had to send it c/o the Canadian Office, as I did not know where you might be and I assumed they would have your address and forward it.

The raid was directed against purely combative units. They were so low when they passed over us that they could easily have damaged us, but the nearest bomb to our lines must have been more than a mile away. While it lasted it was sufficiently exciting. I don't enjoy them. A good deal of the time I thought of you and stayed in a dugout, although I was sorely tempted to go out and watch the show. As it happened, I missed the most spectacular explosion, which I heard but did not see. It was a couple of miles away. I may not give details. As usual the greatest sufferers were innocent civilians, women, old men and children. I cannot understand why they drop bombs on the town. It only irritates the Greeks and does no harm to us. I happened to waken this morning about five and heard an aeroplane overhead. I thought to myself the French are starting out early as it was still dark, then I heard another and was just debating whether to get up to see if there was a big fleet of them starting when I heard the first bombs. I jumped up at once, drew on my rubber boots, put on my dressing gown and went out. It was a beautiful morning, a lovely pink tint in the east, and looking up I saw a couple of planes going east. I said to one of our men who came out of his tent, "The French have got up in a hurry." Then we both saw that the planes were Germans, and immediately the war-ships began shelling them. At first you could not see the balls of shrapnel smoke, just a flash in the air very high up. I watched the show for a few minutes, but when I saw a bomb explode about a mile from us up on the hills, I retired from view and stayed away until the battle had drifted away north and west. They say there were about ten Germans, but we did not see them. They were probably distributed all along the front lines where they could do real military damage, and only two or three of them got down as far as the town. A French aviator told us this afternoon that

they had brought down one and the British had brought down another, which was a good toll. I was afraid the telegraphic account might exaggerate the account of the raid, so cabled. But don't expect a cable every time you see a telegram that there has been a raid. The newspapers often mention them when we never hear anything of them. There are raids up at the front and that is quite twenty-five miles from us now. I only cable when I am afraid that the newspapers at home may send accounts that may alarm you.

I had a long letter from Mavor tonight. Kenneth Brodie has been wounded, and Brodie has been worrying a good bit. But Mavor did not seem to think it serious.

TUESDAY, MAR. 28.

EVENING—Armour and I went over to the Headquarters of the 12th Army Corps to lunch with a young Engineer officer who messed with us for a while in January. After lunch he borrowed a motor, and took us up away beyond the British first line trenches. It was a delightful trip, and most interesting. The country north is a wide, flat plain which is very fertile and now is in every shade of green. Away to the east was Lake Langaza, a glorious blue. Very far away we could make out the white tips of the mountains on the Bulgarian border. The roads which lead up into the hills where the camps are all have sign posts, and have been named by the soldiers. I saw one road labelled Prince's Street; another place was called The Tron Gate after the gate near the Tron Church in Edinburgh. Another row of dugouts was labelled Argyle Terrace. The view I had today gave me some idea of the strength of our position. The Germans will never attack it.

The papers say we brought down four planes yesterday morning, and I know that at least two were brought down. The Germans deserved credit for the way in which they surprised our people. I heard today that spies cut the wires so that no warning came through from the patrols at the front.

Good-night, dearest. Much love.

JACK.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 29. EVENING.

DEAREST GIRL:

I got no chance to write after lunch today, as I went down to the Indian Hospital to do a p.m., and stayed there for lunch. The first fatal case of relapsing fever occurred there last night, so I went down this morning to do the p.m. for Smith. It was an opportunity not to be missed.

I had a p.m. yesterday on a man who was injured in the air raid, and died after coming into Hospital. Poor chap, he was asleep in his tent when he was struck in the head, and never recovered consciousness.

The Greek newspapers are all very indignant at the Germans and Bulgars for dropping bombs in the town. Even the anti-Venezelist papers who are pro-German have very bitter editorials upon German barbarism. One bomb dropped not far from St. Sophia. If it had damaged the Church I doubt if they could have kept Greece out of the war. St. Sophia stands for all the old Greek traditions of Salonika. It is the church on which they have spent all their energies of restoration (some of it very badly spent). There is to be a requiem High Mass there next Sunday for the victims of the raid.

Tonight is our Mess dinner and guest night, and there must be over twenty guests. The recreation tent is so full that I have fled to my own tent and am writing in peace and quietness.

Don't forget to let me know when you get the Turkish delight, as I have found some much better which I want to send you.

Good-night, dear.

MAR. 30.

Today just before lunch Gardiner, the Archaeologist, came to get me to take him over to see some of the things which I had found in the village near here. We had lunch and then walked over. Some marble fragments he thought had come from a late Greek temple, probably of the time of Alexander the Great. The building I thought was a Roman bath, he thought was a Turkish bath, probably pretty old. He tells me that they used flat bricks in this district certainly until the end of the eleventh century, and

probably much later. I am going in shortly to see the collection which he has got together. The whole country is dotted with burial tumuli, and when dug into they find pottery and ornaments of Mycenaean times, very much like the stuff they have been finding in Crete. Gardiner speaks Greek well and has travelled a lot in old Greece. He is attached to the Naval Transport department here.

We have been very busy today digging a new dugout for the officers, and my back is broken and my hands are blistered. The day has been hot as a July day with, however, a good breeze off the sea. One comfort is that the nights are cool.

We have heard no more about the air raid, except the continued indignation of the Greeks. I was talking to a French officer today who came up for tea. He says he thinks the Germans are the stupidest people possible. Their "frightfulness" has hurt them more with neutrals than anything else could. Dropping bombs in Salonika, there is only one chance in a thousand of injuring the Allies, whilst they are certain to injure the Greeks.

Good-night, dearest.

MAR. 31.

EVENING—It is a beautiful evening and I am writing outside my tent. Olympus is a curious steely blue, with a rose-pink sky behind it.

I have read Churchill's speech and Balfour's reply. I rather think Balfour has the better of it. It was not playing fair for C. to blame his successors for delays which were directly due to C's policy when he was at the Admiralty, that is, the pushing of the Monitor construction. There is no doubt that Churchill, more than any one man in the Government, was responsible for the Dardanelles failure. It also seems rather low down to embarrass his successor by suggesting that he should call back as Sea Lord the man whom he, Churchill, had forced out, especially when it is a well-known fact that Balfour and Fisher are close personal friends. I thought Balfour's defence of Jackson very good. I rather suspect Churchill of trying to get back at his former colleagues and probably to try and get the leadership of a party which might ultimately oust

the Coalition Government. Sir Arthur Markham and a number of his friends are evidently working that way, and Markham was almost the only supporter that Churchill had. Markham I don't trust at all. He is what the Germans call a "Streber".

I will post this tonight. Please send me by return mail four dozen Velox (vigorous) photo paper, post-card size. I want to get prints of Primrose's negatives to take home with me.

Love,

JACK.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1. AFTER LUNCH.

DEAR GIRL:

A cloudy day and cool, but not much sign of rain. I am practically doing nothing these days and shall be glad to get back to work. One waits for the boy with the papers so as to have something new to break the morning. There are rumours about again that we may be moved back to France. I rather doubt it. General Macpherson didn't know anything about it when he left the day before yesterday.

Border skirmishes seem to be more numerous in the last few days. But only the French have been engaged.

Today is our last day for receiving patients. We got in about three hundred, none of them very ill.

Our chaps are playing a cricket match down at the Indian Hospital this afternoon, I may go down for a while.

EVENING—I went over and watched the cricket for a while and had tea, then walked back. Our chaps were defeated again, but none of them play cricket well, and the other team has an Irishman named Meldun who has played in All Ireland against the Australians.

The Black Watch and Argyle and Sutherland Choir is over today singing to the patients. I can just hear them from my tent.

APRIL 3.

TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—I am Orderly Officer again and have just made the rounds of the camp at eleven o'clock to see that the guards were

on duty. Then at twelve I had supper with the night Sisters. It began to rain again and looked as if we were going to have a wet night, but by one o'clock it had stopped.

It is a curious sensation standing outside my tent as I was doing now. One hears the creaking of a camp bed, the muttering of someone dreaming; away in the distance barking dogs. The lights have almost all disappeared except for a few lights in the town, and an occasional lantern flickering in the camps to the east. Now and then the whirr of a night bird can be heard overhead. It is somewhat uncanny. At three I pick up the Police Corporal and make another round of the camp—visit the Isolation tents, then the well, then around back of our Mess kitchen where the water tanks are, past the Sisters' tents and the men's lines to the Monastir road, and so back to the Guard tent.

I heard tonight from one of the Sisters that the two Canadian Hospitals in Egypt are going back to France. At least, No. 3 has gone and No. 5 is under orders. It looks as if there were going to be active work in France very soon. I doubt if there is any chance of No. 4 being recalled, as we have not too many beds now for the British troops, and they expect the Serbian Army here very soon. Of course they will not be provided with General Hospitals but will have to depend upon French and British.

Good-night, dear.

EVENING—I had a good sleep this afternoon, and after tea went for a walk with Armour. He wanted to get a photograph of a pair of storks which are nesting in an old belfry at Drudelar. After that we walked out across the plain for some distance, and then home by another path. The flowers are becoming more beautiful every day. There is a rose-coloured anemone about the size of a shilling, which literally carpets the ground in some places. It is very lovely. The poppies are just beginning to show in the fields.

Our fourth and fifth year students are returning to Toronto as soon as they can get transportation. They have to go back to take the summer course which the War Office has asked all the Universities

to give, so that they may graduate in the autumn and get their Commissions in the R.A.M.C. I probably give them my last lecture tonight.

Good-night, dear.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8.

AFTER LUNCH—I did not say good-night last night. About four o'clock I went over to No. 28 to play golf over a nine hole course they have laid out. I finally stayed there for dinner and played cards afterwards, and did not get home till eleven o'clock so went straight to bed. It was a beautiful afternoon and evening and I enjoyed my game very much.

Today is the same and everything about the Hospital very quiet. I notice by today's paper that the British are going to send more troops here. That is no doubt with the view to an active offensive on this front, and rather disposes of the idea of our Hospital being moved back to France.

SUNDAY, APRIL 9.

EVENING—McGillivray and I went for a long walk this afternoon, out across the marsh and then back through a little village. This village is set in a grove of the most grotesque old trees, which have been pruned back for perhaps a hundred years. Up in every tree there were two or three stork nests, and the storks were sitting out on the branches in a most stately fashion.

I had a long letter from Mrs. Sewell today. They gave *The Dynasts* in Toronto, arranged as a Pageant by Lascelles. Pelham and Fane Sewell were in it. Fane was the Duke of Brunswick. It didn't appeal very much to the Toronto Public. Colonel Sweeney said he was afraid it was caviare to most of the audience. It was for the Red Cross Fund.

You remember the submarine E.11 which got all the glory through its work in the Sea of Marmora? It is in harbour just now, and one of the officers was out for dinner tonight, such a nice boy.

Well, good-night, dearest. I hope your next letter will have better news of you.

APRIL 10.

EVENING—I was in town all day today. The Senior Surgeon Consultant out here, Barker of University College, London, became ill about a week ago. An old kidney trouble cropped up, he rapidly sank, and died on Saturday night. He was really too old to be out here, seventy-one, but he was an eminent surgeon and naturally very anxious to help. The funeral was this morning and a number of us went in. He was buried in the little Anglo-French cemetery up on a hillside overlooking the town. It was the first military funeral I had ever been present at—very impressive, with crowds of officers, the guard of R.A.M.C. men, the firing party with reversed arms and the buglers standing at the head of the grave. The service was just the C. of E. service read by the Senior Chaplain, then when the body was lowered into the grave the four volleys, and at the end the buglers blew the "Last Post". Although I hear the Last Post every night coming near and far from the different camps, I never get over the haunting sadness of it, and on such an occasion it is much more so.

After the funeral six of us went into town for lunch, and afterwards we took a rowboat and went out into the harbour to see if we could get on to the submarine E.11. We found no difficulty, and you can imagine how interesting it was. The three officers are fine chaps, almost boys, not a bit of swank. Their feat was as great as any in the annals of the British Navy. The Senior got the V.C., the second the D.S.O., and the third, the naval equivalent of the Military Cross. They had a book of photographs which they had taken in the Sea of Marmora—extraordinary pictures. Fancy a photograph of Constantinople taken through the periscope! The inside of the little ship is packed fuller of machinery than a machine shop, and every inch of space is utilized. The third Officer who took us over was such a nice kid, and full of stories. I wouldn't have missed the experience for a good deal. I have always wanted to see the inside of a submarine, but to see such a famous one as E.11, I never hoped for.

It was a lovely day and the view of the town from

the harbour very beautiful. Tonight is clear, with a brilliant moon in its second quarter, and quite cool. That is the most striking thing about the climate here, the cool nights. I still sleep with two blankets over me and am not too hot.

Good-night, dear girl.

TUESDAY, APRIL 11.

AFTER LUNCH—It is a beautiful day, with a very strong wind blowing, the first we have had for a month. The tents are flopping madly, but it is a different matter when the weather is warm than when it is cold. The camp is almost empty, so many men have gone in to see the submarine. She leaves this afternoon. I have to open the discussion on Cholera a week from tomorrow, so am busy getting material.

EVENING—The wind has gone down and it is a quiet, cloudy evening, distinctly cool. The patients and men are having a concert in the Up Patients' Mess tent not far from mine, and I can hear the music. The concert is being given by a company of chaps from one of the regiments. There are some fine voices among them.

Primrose is very proud today; he has just got a cable that he is a grandfather. Dorothy has had a baby boy.

I heard today that Hugh Heaton had been seriously wounded in France. Poor Mrs. Heaton will be terribly worried. I hope he pulls through, he is such a nice boy.

I am afraid we will have a heavy casualty list soon. Everything points to the Germans trying another big drive in the Ypres salient, since they have failed at Verdun. I had a vivid account of the second battle of Ypres from one of our French aviator friends. He was up in the air and saw the first gas attack. Later he saw the Canadian division coming up in the attack which saved the line, and next day he flew over the area of the Canadian charge, quite low, and saw the ground covered with dead and wounded. He was two thousand yards up above the German trenches when the gas began to roll out. It looked to him like

solid brown cones slowly pushing out from the German lines. He had never seen anything like it before, and from the height he was at could not tell what it was. He turned and flew straight back to telephone Headquarters that something strange was happening. They thought he was fancying it, but in a few minutes in came the news of the gas clouds and later he met the men, choking and screaming in agony.

The rain is beginning to patter on the tent, so I expect we are going to have a wild night.

Good-night, dearest.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13. EVENING.

DEAREST:

I did not write after lunch today. There was really nothing to say. It was a lovely day. I wakened about six with the sound of aeroplanes in the air, so got out in my pyjamas and slippers to see what was doing. There were ten or a dozen French planes rising away to the west, evidently starting off on a raid. It was a perfect morning and absolutely windless, and the hum of the planes was like distant sawmills—not very poetic, but that was the sound.

This afternoon a couple of Norwegian ladies were up for tea. They had both been up in Serbia on Red Cross work, and retreated with the Serbian army. The older one told me it was a terrible experience. Twenty hours on horse-back, often with only one meal a day and that a meagre one.

This evening a number of the officers in the 68th Field Ambulance gave a concert over at No. 29 Hospital. They call themselves the Red Pierrots.

Well, good-night, dearest.

FRIDAY, APRIL 14.

AFTER LUNCH—There was a tremendous mail today. The letter posted March 28 and the Paracelsus book and the *Riddle of the Sands*. The magazines have not arrived but I got two bundles from G. I had a letter from Pelham, and one from Lougheed. Pelham tells me that the University has asked for my return, also Watson and Fotheringham. If I get orders to leave here unexpectedly, I

will cable you. I would like to go on with the lung work this summer, but it is quite on the cards I would have to go home earlier, and of course, dearest, you would come too. I never dreamt of leaving you in London when I go home.

I am glad the cold is mending but I wish you would see a doctor.

EVENING—This afternoon I cornered Roberts, and told him I wanted to go back to London as soon as I could. He told me to write out a formal application for transfer to London, and he would endorse it and send it on to Jones. I will do that in the morning. It will then depend on Jones how soon I go back, but I will drop Adami a note and get him to stimulate the people, and if possible have me recalled by cable. Now, dear, do not go away up in the air and think I will be home tomorrow. It may take six weeks or longer to get moved. Today is April 14th. You might see Mrs. Brodie and find out when T.G. gets back and get him to see Jones to hurry the recall.

This afternoon I went up and played golf with Donald McGillivray. It was a lovely afternoon.

There has been great excitement in the camp today because one of the Greek morning papers had the definite statement that the French had brought down a Zeppelin last night, and that the remains were to be brought to Salonika today. The story has not been confirmed, but there seemed a chance of it being true, as we heard guns being fired last night which is most unusual.

Pelham told me the Vanders were going to London. Mrs. Heaton sailed in the same boat, so you may see them over there. Poor old Vander*, it is not much joy for him. He is quite blind now. If he is there when I get back I must take him out a bit. The first report in regard to Hugh Heaton was that the wound was serious; subsequent cables were that he was doing well.

Good-night, dear.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15.

This morning I put in my formal application to Roberts for transfer back to London. He said he would approve and send it on to Jones. It ought to

*Professor Vandersmissen.

get to London about May 1st, and if they will only cable for me to come back, I should be there long before the end of May.

Today is bright but blowing a regular gale, so that tents and everything are jumping in a riotous manner. You need not worry about the malaria; although the days are hot, the nights are very cool, and I took down my mosquito tent and stopped using quinine because the mosquitoes were not biting at all. In fact, you don't see them. Ronald Ross said we need not worry about it before June 1st. I thought he was wrong, but it looks now as if he were right.

EVENING—I have written Adami, so now I will have to wait and have patience.

The report about bringing down a Zeppelin was explained this morning. It turned out that yesterday was the Greek April Fools' Day. Their calendar is thirteen days behind ours, so that made yesterday April 1st. No one realized it till we saw the papers this morning. It is rather a crude idea of a joke.

I see by one of the English papers that Hugh Heaton got the Military Cross for "distinguished gallantry in bringing his machine gun section into action". I suppose it was then that he was wounded.

I am enclosing a photograph taken last January just after the air raid. I am standing beside a hole made by a bomb across the Monastir road from the Hospital.

Good-night, dear, much love. I am going to post this letter, although I haven't reached my usual ten pages.

JACK.

SUNDAY, APRIL 16. EVENING.

DEAREST GIRL:

Your letter of April 2nd arrived today. I am glad the weather is better and that you are feeling stronger. Do take care of yourself and feed yourself up. Don't go to another hotel until you are sure of it. It is always a nervous strain for you to meet new people, and if they were not pleasant and the food not good you would suffer.

You are wrong about an air raid here after the one when I cabled. If there was one we heard nothing of it. This morning a single German came down about half past seven. He was three or four miles north of here, and we only saw the batteries shelling him and him dodging the shells, through our glasses. Our own planes started off on a raid this morning. I was wakened by their distant humming, and lay there for a long time wondering whether the show was worth climbing out of my comfortable bed to see, but finally decided it was not and so went to sleep again.

Our huts are progressing slowly. The actual huts are completed, but the plumbing and drainage is not yet finished and it will be at least three weeks before we move. I would like to see what it is going to be like over there, but I may get my marching orders before we move. Now that I have started the machinery for my move I will be impatient to get away.

Good-night, dearest.

MONDAY, APRIL 17.

EVENING—The rain came on during the night, and when I wakened in the morning it was pelting down. As soon as I got up I realized it was a good deal colder, so put on heavier clothing, and I was wise. When I got out of the tent there was a cold, raw wind from the Balkans, which suggested snow. However, it did not get as bad as that, but the highest hills beyond the tower had a covering of freshly fallen snow, which we have not seen for six or eight weeks. About ten it cleared and turned out a beautiful day, so I decided to go into town as I wanted to see if I could get some information in regard to cholera in Serbia, last summer. I had not much success at first, but finally went out to the Scottish Women's Hospital, and got some information from a nurse who had been in Serbia during the whole summer and winter.

The S.W. Hospital is attached as an Auxiliary to the French Hospital service, so only get French cases. I was very much taken with them. They seem earnest, capable women, and are well equipped. Curiously enough, their X-ray expert is a Miss



A CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT

Stoney, evidently a T.C.D. woman, who for a good many years was lecturer in physics at the Woman's School in London. She is a funny-looking frowsy old maid with untidy grey hair and large blue eyes. I wondered if she was one of your Stoneys*. There was a Johnston Stoney, a physicist in Dublin. I am going out to see them again some time. They had a hospital at Gheoghili before the Doiran retreat, and saw a lot of typhus up there.

This afternoon I met a Canadian engineer who has been busy getting the Serbian Army out of Albania, and is now getting them settled here as they come from Corfu. The story of the retreat of the Army through Albania is terrible. He said they were so exhausted and cold that they didn't care whether they died or were made prisoners. He said many big men dropped dead from pure exhaustion. At first they could hardly eat the food that the British and French brought up to them. Now they are becoming very fit, and anxious to get back at the Bulgarians. Excepting some of the officers who sent their wives and families out of the country, he says, the men know absolutely nothing as to what has become of their families. Serbia's tragedy is greater even than Belgium, I think. The Bulgarians are in full control, and they are determined to wipe out the Serbian race. And when they begin that, they do not stop at half measures. Trapman shows that in his account of the Bulgarian massacres of the Greeks in Macedonia in 1913.

Good-night, dearest.

APRIL 18.

EVENING—I did not write today after lunch, as there was really nothing to write about.

This afternoon Malloch came and asked me if I would like to walk over to a village named Tekeli about five miles from here, with some of the nurses. I had not been there so I went. It is particularly interesting because a wealthy Turk had a large house, garden and farm there and although he lives in Salonika now, and in the last war his home was

*Yes, she was one of my Stoneys, her aunt was my God-mother, and a member of an old and honoured family.

a good deal damaged, his gardener still lives there and looks after the garden, and it is well worth a walk to see. It is formally laid out in beds and he has a fountain of artesian water with ponds. The trees are beautiful, which is a rarity here, and there are arbours and seats. In fact, the whole place is such a relief from what one expects when passing through the village of mud huts with tiled roofs.

We sat beside the fountain and had tea, and I made love to the gardener's daughter, aged about five. Such a pretty child, with beautiful roguish eyes, pretending she was shy! Her name is Styria. I was much amused at the kiddie. After I had made friends with her with a piece of chocolate, she slipped behind some bushes and kept peeping out at us, then soberly went over to a flower bed and picked a little bunch of white flowers, stuck them behind her ear and then came out to watch us again. We got her to stand for a photo, and the young woman knew exactly what it meant because until it was over you couldn't coax a smile from her. The walk was across the flat land and the daisies are wonderful there.

Roberts told me today that he forwarded my application for transfer to the D.M.S. the morning I gave it to him, and he had heard nothing more about it and wondered if they had sent it on to the War Office. That may be the explanation, and the delay may be longer than I expect. My experience of the War Office is that it is not exceedingly rapid in its movements.

Don't forget to see Brodie as soon as he gets back to London and get him to see Jones and Morley Fletcher. I wrote Brodie some time ago.

Good-night, dearest. Much love.

JACK.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19. EVENING.

DEAREST:

Our meeting was quite a success this afternoon. Three of us spoke on cholera. I took up cholera in Greece and Serbia, and inoculation; Struthers Smith of the Indian, the treatment; and Bizett of the Indian, the prevention of outbreaks and experience

in India. The new Surgeon-General, Whitehead, was in the chair. He is rather a nice old man but hasn't the fire and brains of old "Tiger Mac".

We were awfully indignant at the attack in the House on Macpherson some weeks ago. He is a man who knows his job and every man who knows him recognizes it.

Tonight there is quite a crowd of visitors at mess and I have just snatched these few minutes to have a talk with you and then I must go back to the crowd.

Good-night, my girl.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20.

EVENING—Tonight a mail arrived and two letters from you, one of April 6th and one undated telling me about what you have heard about Orpington. In regard to the latter, Cameron spoke to me in London in August, asking me if I could undertake the pathology at Orpington. That was when it looked as if it would be started soon and I was still there. I said it might be possible.

You will have my letter now about my return to London and to Canada. I am glad you wrote Cameron. It will please him, and he is a loyal friend. Don't you believe McK. and C. in regard to his wanting to be O.C. at Orpington. The O.C.'s post is a military one, not a surgical one, and the O.C. has no time to treat patients. He has too much administrative work to do. He is Chief in Surgery, which is much better.

Don't say anything to the gossips about my return: I am hoping that Brodie will get to work to have me recalled when he gets to London, but of course he may not, and I have moved myself in the matter. I should be back with you before the end of May, that is just six weeks away. If possible I will try and get leave for a week and we will rush off to Ireland and see the Rock of Cashel*.

Well, dear, so much for the troubles. I don't know what to think about the war. Macpherson, the Surgeon-General who left here the other day,

*The ruins on the Rock of Cashel are the finest ecclesiastical ruins in the United Kingdom, and are compared by Mahaffy to the ruins in Athens.

bet one of his staff even money that the war would last seven years! That is the way some people think of it. I don't see how it can possibly end this year. How the poor people in Great Britain are going to stand the financial strain is the question. We may criticize people at home but we must remember that every poor widow who has \$1,000 a year invested is now paying \$250 a year towards the war. And the working man in the Glasgow shipyards so far is not paying a cent of income tax, and earning bigger money than he ever did in his life before. That Glasgow strike makes me froth at the mouth. I could take the ringleaders out and shoot them. No punishment is too severe.

Last night was the most beautiful night we have had. A moon just past the full, a still night, and a lovely haze over the town and harbour with the hills beyond pushing up through it. I could hardly go to bed. I was wakened up at three by the hum of aeroplanes, so got up and looked out. The moon was just above me and I couldn't see the planes, but there must have been a number, evidently our own. I went back to bed and about four I was dreamily conscious of distant guns, then at reveille I heard the planes coming back. Either they went up to raid the Germans, or they went up to turn back a German raid—we have not heard which.

Today I heard very distant guns. Just like what we used to hear in Folkestone, hardly a sound, more a concussion of the air. Things are very quiet. The Germans and Bulgars have blown up all the bridges at the border, so they have definitely made up their minds that they will not attack us. This morning I heard the sound of troops singing at daybreak; such a quaint plaintive song and yet joyous. It turned out it was a regiment of Serbians marching up the Monastir road, each step taking them nearer home.

The two *Reviews* came today and four copies of the *Post*. I will not say anything about *Paracelsus* till I finish it.

Good-night, my dear old girl.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

EVENING—I have been thinking over the news you sent me about members of our Hospital coming

back. I think the most likely explanation is with reference to the persistent rumours that the whole Hospital is coming back to France. McGillivray had a letter from Chambers yesterday in which he said he expected to be brought back.

Today has been very dull. The morning was very hot, but fortunately it clouded over in the afternoon and became much cooler.

I am enjoying the magazines. There is an article by Morgan in regard to a visit to the French trenches which I liked very much.

There is another submarine in harbour and one of the officers came out this afternoon and stayed to dinner. I have been sitting most of the afternoon listening to his yarns. They are the most dare-devil chaps. This fellow is a Naval Reserve man and shortly after the war broke out, volunteered for submarine work. He has been attached to the same boat ever since August, 1914, working in the North Sea and afterwards in the Sea of Marmora and Mediterranean.

Good-night, dearest. I want to post this tonight. Much love,

JACK.

APRIL 22.

The American Consul was out here this afternoon. He has been in Salonika for four and a half years, and was here under the Turks. He is very fond of the Turk and agrees that he is a perfect gentleman. He says a Turk's word is absolutely as good as his bond. The Greeks, on the other hand, are crooked and in politics born grafters. Of course that is why Venezelos is so unpopular with the politicians. When he was in power he ruthlessly prosecuted every grafter whether among his opponents or his own party, and they have joined hands to fight him. It looks a little at present as if he were going to get back into power.

Good-night, dearest.

SUNDAY, APRIL 23.

EVENING—This is Easter Sunday. You had just started from Halifax a year ago. Yesterday and today are the anniversary of the 2nd battle of

Ypres, when so many Canadians were killed. By a rare coincidence this is the Greek Easter as well, and last night at twelve it was ushered in by the firing of guns and the letting off of fireworks. It shows how well I sleep, that although I didn't put out my light until after eleven, I was sound asleep at twelve and heard nothing.

We began admitting patients again today as it is our turn, and quite evidently we are not going to move for some weeks. I hope there will be a little more work this week.

I have decided to go over to the 82nd Field Ambulance next Tuesday and telegraphed the O.C. this morning. I hope the weather will be fine. It is a new part of the country for me, over near the lakes, and it will be interesting to see the working of a Field Ambulance. I will probably see Hector Mackenzie as he is over in that district also.

Today was a warm hazy day, much like late June at home. Before lunch Armour and Wilson and I walked over to the village of Anpli to get some photographs with the sun, before it was mid-day. I took two pictures of a flock of sheep in a grove of trees, and another picture of a sheep-fold.

The wild flowers are very fine over there. There are large patches of an orange-red buttercup which are very beautiful. The poppies are beautiful, great patches of them. I have tried very hard to get a book on Greek botany in town, but without success. It would have been very interesting to work out the names of the flowers. One of the loveliest little flowers is a dandelion but not like ours at all except its golden yellow colour. It is quite small, with a very slender long stem, and when we come out in the morning the grass around the tent is sprinkled with these delicate blooms. By four in the afternoon they have all shut up tight.

Good-night, dear.

MONDAY, APRIL 24.

EVENING—I went into town today to get some photographic stuff and when I got there I found everything closed up as it was Easter Monday—not a shop open. Everybody was out in holiday attire and the streets were crowded. It was a perfect day

for a holiday, and everyone was enjoying it. There are plenty of Serbians to be seen about now. The officers are rather handsome-looking men, and their uniforms are of a grey colour are quite striking.

When I got back I found your letter of April 10th had arrived, a package of *Morning Posts*, and Paul Bourget's book. My dear, I have one on you. You sent me the same book about Christmas-time and I told you how much I liked it. You have evidently forgotten all about it. However, as the proper people say, "thanks for the kindly thought". But I did say, "Damn", when I opened the parcel and found a book I had read.

I will have to post this letter tonight as I leave at nine tomorrow morning to get to the Field Ambulance over near the lakes and I will not be home tomorrow night, so that will be the first night since I came here that I have not written to you. However, I hope I have the time to write you about the day after.

My application for transfer ought to be in London by the end of this week. I do hope it has not to go to the War Office first. That will mean delay. I am glad you went up to Mrs. Brodie's. Did she say when T.G. was coming back? You must see him as soon as he gets home and stir him up in regard to my return. I have done all I can from this end, and it depends on London how soon I get back.

I don't suppose it would be possible for me to get home by Marseilles and Paris. It would mean going by a French boat, and although the French are decent enough about allowing it, the British red tape is complicated.

Well, good-night, dearest, much love,

JACK.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26. EVENING.

DEAREST GIRL:

I got back from my trip at about a quarter to one today. Enjoyed myself very much. Had first class weather, though the last half hour of our ride was in rain. We left here yesterday morning at nine o'clock; turned north at the place in town we call Piccadilly Circus, and went up the north road until we came to a branch road which strikes up a long,

narrow valley back of the town. We had to go about ten miles up this valley. I think I told you once before about being up it when the almond trees were just coming out. It is very picturesque, with high, rocky hills on each side and a rapid, tumbling stream coming down the centre which the road crosses and recrosses. The valley ascends slowly, until it finally reaches a flat plateau which must be two thousand feet above sea-level, bounded on the south by a very high hill (the one you see in that little sketch I sent you of the view of the town and hills from our camp). There at a rest camp we found the orderly waiting with two horses for us, and we sent our Ambulance back and started off at once.

This was about a quarter to eleven. Our road lay along the plateau for about a mile, the most interesting thing there being the remains of an old aqueduct. After a mile on the plateau our road turned north, climbed the hills—which were not very high above the road—and struck through a pass. After a few hundred yards we came out on a magnificent view of the first big lake and the flat plains beyond and away north to the Bulgarian hills, although we could not see them well on account of the haze. We were quite two thousand feet above the lake, and the road zigzagged down the side of the mountain until it reached the lake at a little village with quaint houses built out over the water, and the ruins of an old stone watch-tower. It took us quite a long time going down as it was too steep to ride fast, and the road surface was rather rough. There was a continual stream of traffic up and down—mule teams, marching troops, all the busy business of war. When we reached the lake our road went east, skirting the lake until we finally passed the east end of it and got about half-way along to the next and larger lake. Presently we turned into a side valley of the hills, through a quaint village and up the side valley for half a mile, and so reached the Field Ambulance camp.

The road by the lake was very pleasant. The shrubs were quite different from what they are with us here. Everywhere there were quantities of the large rose-coloured anemone, numbers of blue-

bells, and here and there wild hyacinths. As we rode along we came on isolated plants of some sort of tall, white lilaceous species, a spike of white blossoms about three feet high. I didn't know its name. They became more and more numerous, and finally we passed through acres of them. The odour was so powerfully sweet as to be almost unpleasant.

The side valley where the Ambulance was camped contains also the Brigade Headquarters and other camps. It is narrow, with high clay cliffs about it, reddish in colour where the ground is broken, but usually thickly covered with holly and thorn bushes. The bottom land is park-like, with enormous plane trees, often three feet in diameter but not more than twenty feet high, and gnarled and twisted into the most extraordinary shapes.

We reached our destination about half-past twelve. We were very cordially received by the Colonel in command and the other officers, and after lunch were taken and shown the camp. Of course, a Field Ambulance is much different from a General Hospital. They do not keep patients longer than five days, and of course have not many hospital tents. They go along with the advancing army, and in this country must be prepared to carry all the wounded out by mules. Ambulance wagons will hardly be able to travel up in the Bulgarian hills so they have arranged schemes for transporting the sick either on the back of mules or in special stretchers called *travois*, drawn by mules. Armour and I had first to pretend we were sitting-up cases, and they put us one on each side of a mule in special chairs, and sent a man to lead the mule up the side of the hill. A mule climbs like a cat and I was thankful to get down again. Then I had to be a lying-down patient and stretch myself out in a *travois*, and for fifteen minutes I was led backwards and forwards across ditches and up and down steep banks so that I could realize the beauties of the *travois* for transporting wounded men over mountain tracks. It was wonderful how comfortable it was.

We had an early tea and started at four-thirty for the meeting; we went in a big Ambulance drawn by six mules, a soldier with rifle slung across his back

riding on the left hand mule of the two front teams, and another soldier on the box driving the wheelers. It looked like a stage coach of a Wild West show. I sat on the box with the Colonel, so that I could see the country. We went about three miles to the next Brigade Headquarters and Field Ambulance where the meeting was being held. There were about twenty officers there, Field Ambulance and Regimental Medical Officers, and we discussed a rather peculiar type of remittent fever which has been common among the troops out here. Afterwards we met the chaps, had a little gossip, and started home between six and seven in the evening.

Yesterday was a Greek holiday, a continuation of the Easter celebration, and passing by one village we saw all the women and girls in gaudy costumes dancing under the plane trees. A quaint, not very vigorous dance, which they seemed to enjoy. By the time we got home it was almost dark and the nightingales were beginning to sing in the trees about the camp. We had a good dinner and turned in about ten o'clock, I sleeping on a stretcher. I didn't sleep very well as everything was so strange, and all night long I heard the nightingale and kept waking up and trying to remember Keats. An owl near the tent kept hooting, and now and then I heard a cuckoo.

I was up early, had an early breakfast and started back at a quarter to nine. It was threatening to rain when we started, and we pelted along on the level plain as fast as our horses could carry us until the road turned to go up the hill and over the pass, after that we had to go at a walk. It was an interesting ride up that road. We just struck the morning procession of transports, and it was one continuous line of mule carts, most of them belonging to Indian mule transport corps. It began raining in earnest about half-way up the hill. The light was so exquisitely beautiful that we hardly minded getting wet.

Punctually at eleven we reached the spot on the plateau where our Ambulance was to meet us. It had not arrived, so we dismissed the orderly with the horses and started to walk in the rain. However, after about a mile we met our Ambulance and we were all able to get inside, and so came home.

Altogether it was one of the most delightful experiences I have had. I would like to have spent a number of days with the Field Ambulance. They said they would have taken me for beautiful rides through the hills and that it might even have been possible to ride over to Hector Mackenzie's Ambulance, which is twenty-five miles further east on the Gulf of Orphan. However, we had to be back today. The wild flowers are perfectly beautiful over there. The Quartermaster is fond of flowers and has brought in and planted all he could find. He had a bed with almost ten different varieties of orchids. One purple orchid was as common as the anemone. Good-night, dearest.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27.

EVENING—I see by today's news that Casement has been caught trying to smuggle arms into Ireland. It is too bad that he and his Sinn Feiners are muddying the Irish pool. It is going to make it so hard for Redmond. Legally he ought to be shot or hanged. I wonder what the Government will do. The worst of it is, that sort of thing heartens the Germans so that the chances of their asking for peace is so much more delayed, which means so much more killing and wounding at the Front.

There is nothing out here. A German aeroplane was brought down yesterday up near the Front.

Good-night, dearest. I want to get this posted. Much love,

JACK.

FRIDAY, APRIL 28. EVENING.

DEAREST GIRL:

I have been thinking of you a great deal today, and have been very blue. The news from Ireland in today's communique is so bad. It is too bad that the Sinn Fein has allowed itself to be made a cat's-paw by Germany. The bloodshed in Dublin will cause terrible bitterness and will be used by the North to injure Redmond and the Nationalist Party. I can see it here, and I have fled from the Mess Room. They know nothing about the merits of the case. The effect in America will be particularly bad. It was quite evident that the President had

got his party to take a strong stand in the submarine question, and it looked as if the Germans were going to give in and stop the sinking of unarmed merchant-ships. Now the more extreme of the American Irish, who all belong to the Democratic party (Wilson's party), will put the screws on the party managers, and there will be trouble out there. No matter how insignificant it is, Germany and the German Americans will exaggerate it and distort it. Apparently there were only one or two disturbances outside of Dublin. I have a feeling that a little strength on Birrell's part when the Sinn Fein became active a year ago might have prevented this outbreak. It is too awful for words.

Today is just fourteen days since I sent in my application for transfer, so that I ought to hear something in the course of a week or ten days.

Good-night, dearest.

SUNDAY, APRIL 30.

EVENING—I have had a rather interesting day. I went into town early this morning, and had breakfast at the fashionable café on Venezelos Street—coffee, rolls and jam. Sat and watched the Sunday morning crowd passing, always interesting in a continental country. Then I did some shopping and finally joined Watson, King Smith and Ryerson who had come in later. We went to the White Tower Restaurant for lunch. It is always interesting, filled with officers, French, English, Serbian and Greek, and after lunch we sat beside the water and watched the harbour.

At 2.30 a boat from a Monitor in the harbour came for us. Mallory and Graham had been lunching in the Monitor and had arranged to send for us. It was a funny boat, a flat frying-pan drawing only seven feet of water, and armed with a 9.2 in. gun. Big Annie, as the officers call it. We were shown everything. They are most useful boats. Submarines can't touch them. We sat on her deck for a long time, watching the busy scene in the harbour, and the beautiful view of the town.

About four o'clock we went over to the *Agamemnon* which is in harbour, and saw what a really big ship is like. The big twelve-inch guns are terrific.

We had a smoke and a drink with the officers, and then came home.

When in town we heard the first news of the surrender of General Townsend's force. That is a nasty blow to our pride and our prestige. I am afraid it will cause ructions in London. It is just the thing the Northcliffe press will use for all it is worth. It will hearten the Germans. They will say, surely if the British had any reserve strength they wouldn't allow such a thing to happen. When all is said and done, Kitchener himself is the man to blame. It is a bad blow, as bad as the Dardanelles failure. Especially when the Russians have been doing so well out there.

The Irish news seems a little better. It is bound to be a fiasco and I am glad Redmond has come out strongly for drastic measures.

Good-night, dearest, I wish I were in London.

MONDAY, MAY 1.

EVENING—Another very quiet day. And quite hot. This is May Day, and I suppose in London the parks are just beginning to take on their May appearance.

This afternoon I went down to the Indian Hospital for tea, and watched some tennis. It wasn't very interesting, but it was a good place to be lazy.

Hunter, who was out here in December, (you remember the man we met in Rome) is back again with two other men. They form the War Office Committee on Epidemics, and are out here making a report. They are going to live with us while here, and we expect them out tomorrow. Hunter I have not much use for, but one of the other men, Balfour*, is a very good man. He is Director of a laboratory at Khartoum. The third man I don't know.

I am getting very impatient to hear news from London about my going back. Of course, it may depend on Keogh, at the War Office. In that case Brodie ought to try and see him if there is any difficulty. I would like to have a couple of months

*Later, Sir Andrew Balfour; he was a famous bacteriologist.

in England with you before I go home. However, I must be patient.

I am sending you a couple of photographs which we took up at the Field Ambulance last week. Do not lose them as I want to have lantern slides made of them. They illustrate the method of carrying wounded in the rough mountainous country to the north.

Good-night, dearest. Much love,

JACK.

TUESDAY, MAY 2. EVENING.

DEAREST:

I have forgotten the paging of my letters again, so start at 514. It is somewhere about there.

We have another rainy day, and it looks as if we were to have another rainy night. However, as long as it is not too heavy we can get along.

The three Colonels turned up today, Hunter, Balfour and Buchanan. Hunter is a very swanky person with all the glory of red band and red tabs. Balfour is a typical Scot—a very good man without side. I met him years ago when he was one of Boyce's assistants. Buchanan is also a good man. He is attached to the Local Government Board. They have been spending the day going over the Hospital and laboratories.

I have just finished *Paracelsus*. I am rather disappointed in the treatment. The authoress puts him on too high a plane and is not in the least bit critical. He was a bit of a charlatan and tried to be scientific. But he is as far away from a man like Leonardo as night is from day. His sufferings and persecutions were largely the result of his own ungovernable temper and tongue.

We had a concert in the Hospital this afternoon, given by a French choir which came down from the camp near the Vardar. It was nice of them to come. They sang very well.

The news of the Irish Rebellion seems better today. Redmond seems to be taking a strong stand. That will do more to counteract the evil effects than anything. Smith, of the Indian Hospital, a County Roscommon man with a strong brogue, is beside himself with indignation. He says, "To have the

names of every one of us who is trying to do his bit dragged in the mud by these dirty scoundrels!" He would hang them all. That and the Townsend surrender makes this a very blue week. However, as Arthur Keith* said to me when I saw him in London, "We seem fated to muddle for about two years and then we get to work".

Good-night, dearest.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3.

EVENING—I went over to the 20th Stationary Hospital this afternoon to the meeting of the Salonika Medical Society. It was not specially interesting, but it is a pretty trip up the valley behind the town.

Tonight is guest night at the Mess and we have a crowd of guests, naval and military. It will be a relief to sit down at a table where the men are not all in uniform.

I don't seem to have anything to write about these days. I imagine it is because I am so unsettled as to my movements. I will be glad when I get some definite news.

Dearest, you have never told me whether you ever got the Turkish delight and the condition it was in. I want to send you another box but I am afraid to send it unless you got the first. If I have to go home I think I will put several boxes in my trunk. The new kind I have found is very good.

There seems to be a general movement of the troops forward so as to get in touch with the enemy. I expect there will be something doing before the month is out.

Good-night, dearest.

MAY 4.

EVENING—A mail this afternoon, and your letter of April 19th. I am glad you have joined the Irish Literary Club. It will bring you in touch with the people you will enjoy knowing.

Today has been very hot, but tonight is beautifully cool and there is a new moon. I suppose we should fear Zeppelins at this time, but our defences seem too good for them. There is an Artillery Officer

*Sir Arthur Keith.

from the front lines (about twenty-five miles from here) in camp just now, and he says that almost every night they have alarms, but they rarely get over the frontier. I noticed the other day that there were peace rumours on the Dutch Exchanges which had affected prices. Mavor used to say that the Dutch financial men had a keener and more accurate insight into European politics than any other class. I hope that is a good omen.

Good-night, dearest.

MAY 6.

DEAR GIRL:

We have had a terrible tragedy in our camp. Captain Yellowlees, our Adjutant, has been drowned. We are all in deepest depression. He was a nice boy, about twenty-nine. The story is this. I was wrong last night in my remarks about there being no likelihood of another Zeppelin raid. I was awakened shortly after three by gun-fire, and got up at once, to find the whole district in an uproar. The search-lights from the harbour and from the hills behind us were all focussed upon a Zeppelin, which was sailing like a silver pencil out over the harbour and being subjected to a storm of shrapnel and extraordinary illuminating shells that soared through the air like gigantic fireballs. It was having such a time trying to dodge the attack that it didn't attempt to drop any bombs. It gradually drifted south over the Gulf, and when it got beyond the town some search-lights out there picked it out. It seemed to get nearer the ground, then began dropping bombs in quick succession—as we judged—about ten miles away out over the swamp. We couldn't explain this until suddenly the most extraordinary flame shot up into the air, actually illuminating our camp, although we were ten miles away. Then it burnt down, but kept blazing as long as we watched it, and all the searchlights went out and firing ceased.

This morning, early, we found that it was the Zeppelin which had been destroyed, and through our glasses we could see the smoking ruins of the framework. Naturally, a lot of chaps wanted to go over and see it. I didn't go myself as I thought it would

prove further than we thought, and preferred to await the report of the more eager. A number went on foot, but Yellowlees and another officer decided to go on horseback. They found it was beyond the Vardar, which is quite a large swift stream, and Yellowlees plunged in to swim his horse over. It was too much for the horses and poor Yellowlees' horse threw him into the water. The other man kept control, turned his horse to the bank, and as soon as he reached it, seeing that Yellowlees could not swim, sprang back into the water and tried to reach him. He got within four feet of him when he went down and never came up again, and the rescuer had a terrible time getting back to the shore. He had lost his horse, and was beside himself, and started to take a short cut back to camp. He got lost in the swamp, wading about almost up to his waist, but by the greatest good luck was found by some more of our officers who rode over in that direction this afternoon. Poor chap, he is utterly dazed.

It has cast such a terrible gloom over the camp. As it turned out, it was impossible to get anywhere near the wrecked Zeppelin. The men who walked were stopped by the Vardar, and told by the French that the wreck was in the middle of a swamp two or three miles further on. Yellowlees, fortunately, was unmarried, but he is an only son, and it will be terrible news for his parents who live in Toronto.

Good-night, dearest girl, and don't let this tragedy add to your worries. Remember, dearest, whenever it is a question of risk, I think of you and do not take it. Last night, although the Zeppelin was nowhere near us, I dressed and went and sat beside our dugout, so that I could take shelter at once if it came in our direction.

Much love, dear girl.

JACK.

SATURDAY, MAY 7. EVENING.

DEAR GIRL:

A couple of parties went out today to look for poor Yellowlees' body, but so far without success. However, the Greek Harbour-Master has started the

Greek fishermen searching, and we have offered a reward, so if it is possible at all they will find it.

I was talking to a naval officer this afternoon who went over to see the Zeppelin wreck yesterday morning, and he says it is in the midst of an almost impassable swamp. General Sarraill has taken charge of it. They captured eight or ten of the crew and found two bodies, badly burned, and they think there are others of them hiding in the swamp. It was one of the war-ships in the harbour that winged the Zeppelin first, and the torpedo boat that finished her off. She is enormous, fully six hundred feet long, and evidently one of the latest type. No wonder we can see the wreck from here, although we are ten or twelve miles away! I will not soon forget that tremendous burst of flame when she caught fire.

Today has been very hot, but a beautiful day, and this evening is lovely and not as cool as ordinarily. I have my mosquito netting up although I have not seen any mosquitoes in my tent yet. Some of the men have been bitten in the early morning, so I thought it safer to sleep under it. There was a tremendous mail tonight, mainly Toronto papers, but nothing for me.

We have received a new Presbyterian Padre, sent out from London. When I began to talk to him I said, "You are not a Canadian?" He said, "No, I have only lived four years in Canada. I am from the north of Ireland." Evidently another of Sam Hughes' Orangemen. It is the limit how he pushes them. I am afraid you have prejudiced me fearfully against them.

Yesterday I sent off a box of Turkish delight to Nesta Mackenzie, one to Mrs. Sewell and one to Miss Rose. I hope they reach them safely. I had intended sending them before but as I had sent a box to Miss Ruttan I waited until I heard from her that it had arrived. I sent Willa a box when I sent Miss Ruttan's but have not heard yet if she got hers.

Good-night, dear girl.

SUNDAY, MAY 8.

EVENING—We have had our hottest day so far, and this afternoon in my tent it was 93°. But the bell tents are very hot. They seem to absorb the heat. It was much cooler out of doors.

This morning your letter (or rather your envelope) with the clipping of Prince Nicholas' letter to Lord Burnham arrived. I read it with interest, as I had not seen it before. It reads well, and there is some foundation for his complaints. But, on the other hand, he does not give credit to the great care which the British, at least, take to prevent injustices to the ordinary people in our zone of occupation. We are required to employ Greek labour on all sorts of work which the soldiers could do, and we pay them prices many times greater than they have ever received. I know of one hospital which was held up for three weeks simply because there was a danger of damaging a small field belonging to a Greek, and he was finally paid compensation many times greater than he would have made out of it if it had been continued in cultivation. Sarrail is much less careful of Greek feelings than we are.

Another point which Prince Nicholas slurs over is the treatment of Venezelos. There is no question that he is the greatest man in Greece, and has done more for Greece than any other living man. The constitutional condition is just like this. Supposing when the King saw that the Liberals were going to carry through the Irish Home Rule Bill and the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, he had turned out the Asquith Government and called on Bonar Law and the Conservatives to form a Government, and then when all the troops were at the front he brought on an election. This was just what Constantine did. Venezelos' reply was, "Your action is entirely unconstitutional, and to show our resentment to it we will refuse to vote at the election, and if any of us are elected we will refuse to sit in Parliament." The other day there was an election for the Island of Chios, and of some 3,600 votes 3,300 were cast for the Venezelos candidate. Apparently Venezelos, who is a strong Liberal but not a rabid Radical, is convinced that Greece needs the monarchy, but he is anxious to have it a constitutional monarchy with

parliamentary control, not as it is in Germany. Everyone here says that the change which Venezelos brought about in the purity of government was extraordinary. It had been notoriously corrupt, and the army was in the hands of the politicians. He cleaned it all, and in a pretty vigorous manner, and naturally the Greek Tories were glad of an excuse to get rid of him. Nicholas is right in upbraiding us with our blind faith in Bulgaria. But ever since the time of Gladstone that has been a British tradition, and it was evidently hard for the British politicians to get away from it. I notice that attitude in Padre Cavendish. He has all an R. C.'s contempt for the Greeks and the Greek Church, and curiously enough is a firm believer in Ferdinand, whom he knows. He acted as a sort of chaplain for him, once, when he was in Rome.

This afternoon we had a Memorial Service for poor Yellowlees. It was very touching, the officers and men drawn up in hollow square, the Sisters on one side in their blue uniforms. Roberts and Hendry were away all day, looking for the body, but without success. They have offered a reward to the Greek fishermen and I think it is likely they will succeed in finding the body.

I am beginning to wonder whether I am going to get orders, but I suppose I will have to be patient. But if I am to stay here for a couple of months longer I will have to get some clothes, and I don't want to buy from a Greek tailor if I can help it.

Good-night, dearest.

MONDAY EVENING—I have had an extraordinary day. Twenty-six of us got a motor launch and towed two Greek boats behind, and went down the harbour to see the ruins of the Zeppelin. We left the wharf at eleven o'clock, but did not get to the Voom until twelve-thirty. Then we got into the Greek boats and were rowed towards the shore. The Greeks made a mistake in the channel, and were unable to get nearer than a quarter of a mile from the shore, so we had to jump overboard and wade. Fortunately, as I knew it would be muddy, I had put on some old clothes, and brought a change of things with me. When we got on shore, after

wading almost up to our waists, we had to walk for fully half a mile through a swamp that often came up to our knees and smelt horrible. However, we finally got to the wreck. It was a wonderful sight. The whole framework was there, built all of aluminium—a huge tangle of struts and girders, wires and piping. I can easily believe that it cost fully a million dollars; we can see the beautiful construction even in its wreck. The engines were almost intact, and the French were removing them for study and exhibition. Some of the fellows brought away a lot of the stuff, but I contented myself with a piece of the aluminium framework which I can have made into a paper knife.

I am very glad I went out. It gives one an idea of the magnitude of a Zeppelin which one could not get from pictures or descriptions.

We did not get back to the wharf until five o'clock. We took our lunch with us and had it after we got back in the boat. Altogether it was the most extraordinary picnic I ever had in my life. The day was beautiful and the sun very hot, so that I am thoroughly well sun-burnt.

Good-night, dearest. Much love. JACK.

TUESDAY, MAY 9. EVENING.

DEAREST:

I read Gardiner's* letter to L. G. with interest, and I gave it to Buchanan to read. He is a Government official. He thought it was very true. He thinks L. G. very clever but one whose temperament carries him away and leads him to twist facts to suit his theories. He thinks he is not at all to be trusted.

The *Saturday Review* and the *Nation* arrived safely. Good-night, dearest.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10.

EVENING—I had an interesting talk this afternoon. Hunter, who was in Serbia in charge of a British Mission last May, in walking through Salonika today ran across a Serbian officer with whom he had worked last year and who had just arrived from Corfu. He brought him out to us this

*Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*.

afternoon, and as he could not speak English but could speak German, he got hold of me. I had a long and most interesting talk with him. He told me all about the retreat through Albania, and the hardships they had to undergo. It was a terrible story, but told in such a philosophic way, without bitterness. The Crown Prince of Serbia must be a fine chap. Just before the big German attack he was operated on for appendicitis in Belgrade. Then before he was convalescent the attack and retreat began. He stayed with the Army, and when finally it reached San Giovanni di Madera on the Adriatic, they found an Italian torpedo boat whose captain wished to take him across to Italy. But he refused to leave his Army, and marched with them down to Durazzo and Avlona, and did not leave them until they were safe at Corfu. Just when the great retreat began, the rains came on; the poor soldiers could not carry enough food with them, and the roads were too bad for it to be transported. It was awful. As he said, Serbia is the greatest tragedy in history. I was asking about the women and children who have been left in the country. He told me that where they are in contact with Bulgarians the worst is feared. The Germans are very harsh in their treatment, the Austrians fairly decent. The recuperation of the Serbian Army, however, has been extraordinary. Regiments that he knew well he hardly recognizes now, since they came here, and they are all itching to get back and fight in their own country.

Today has been very close and hot. I went and bought a Stetson hat at Ordnance (price half a crown). It is this kind (sketch). I look like a Western cowboy! Primrose looks very funny, he wears his like this (sketch).^{*} All the British troops out here are wearing them; they are not beautiful, but they are light.

Good-night, dearest.

FRIDAY, MAY 12.

EVENING—Last night the Balkan wind started up about eleven o'clock, blew hard all night, and is still

^{*}My husband continually made little sketches in his letters.

blowing. But we don't mind it as much as we did, since it brings cool weather.

Today has been a perfect day. This morning I went out with Balfour looking for mosquitoes in the marsh. He is an amusing chap and I enjoy him very much. He told me a good joke on the Royal Engineers. An old lady was asked if her son was in the Royal Engineers. She said, "Oh no, he is a *real* engineer."

We hear today that we are to move on the 22nd of the month. I suppose that will be delayed again.

I was rather hoping there would be a mail today, but none has come. When letters come promptly one gets spoiled. I notice rumours in the papers again today from Holland that Germany wants peace. It is quite likely that when it comes it will be through Holland. The Germans will never ask the United States to use their good offices.

Good-night, dear.

SATURDAY, MAY 13.

EVENING—A mail this afternoon, but nothing from you. Today has been very hot, but a beautiful day. We heard tonight that we are to move next week. The Committee of Hunter *et al* have been kicking up a row and insisting that we be moved before the malaria danger becomes serious.

Tonight, or rather late this afternoon, I was off with Balfour again, looking for mosquitoes. He found a place back of No. 28 Hospital where flies were breeding fast, and I was amused. He got perfectly furious with rage. I had known of the place for a couple of days, and led him up to it "by accident". Balfour is somewhat of a rough diamond, but he is afraid of no one, and does a lot of good. Hunter is much smoother, but he backs Balfour up and the whole Committee is doing splendid work. They think things are very good here and infinitely better than in Egypt.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17. EVENING.

DEAREST GIRL:

Your two letters, April 25th and 26th, have just come, also five copies of the *Post*.

With my usual luck my day as Orderly Officer is

wet. It did not begin as badly as the last time but it is making up for it now. I was awakened by the Corporal at 5.30 and I have been up ever since. It had rained a little during the night but when I got out it was clearing in the East and light over the hills was exquisite, especially when the sun would come out through the clouds and bring out the exquisite greens of the distant hills. Off and on all day we have had showers but tonight about seven a heavy thunder-storm swept up and it has been pouring ever since.

Tonight is Mess night and several of the officers from the anti-aircraft battery, which I told you of, came down for dinner. Curiously enough, the one who sat opposite me has the name of Lawless. I said, "You are an Irishman." He said, "No, but my father was Irish." I asked him if he were related to Emily Lawless.* He said he did not know, but he knew her novels. He had been travelling home from French Cochinchina via Canada, and on the C.P.R. boat *Empress of India* he found in the library a novel by Emily Lawless. This naturally attracted him, and he read it. He didn't know about her poems.

One of the Frenchmen takes stereoscopic photographs, and he brought them down with him. His views of the wrecked Zeppelin are quite wonderful. They have brought most of the wrecked Zeppelin into town and I am going to chaperone six nurses in tomorrow to show it to them. I heard tonight that our Engineers have been making careful measurements and have succeeded in working out some of the secrets.

Good-night just now, dearest. I may write again before morning.

EVENING, 11.30—The rain stopped about ten o'clock and the sky cleared from the east. When I looked out I found the full moon shining over the harbour, and, what I never saw in my life before, a rainbow in the west caused by the bright moonlight. It was quite wonderful.

1.15—I have had supper, and everything is quiet,

*The Hon. Emily Lawless who wrote *Hurricane* and those stirring poems of Irish exiles called *With the Wild Geese*.

so I think I will throw myself on my bed for a while. I have just been down to see that the Police Guard was on duty. It is a perfect night and quite cool after the rain.

Good-night, dearest.

THURSDAY, MAY 18.

EVENING—I had an uneventful night last night and got a good deal of sleep.

I got up early and started off for town with my six Sisters. We got to the White Tower, where the Zepp remains are being set up, about half-past eight, and after we had examined it I took them to the White Tower Restaurant and gave them a regular Continental breakfast, rolls, butter, jam and café au lait. It was a perfect morning, and we had our meal out of doors, overlooking the harbour. After last night's heavy rain every ship in harbour had its sails out drying, and it made a wonderful picture. They were enchanted, and voted it the best picnic they had had. After breakfast I took them to the top of the White Tower, a wonderful old Venetian construction, and there was fortunate to find Gardiner in, and he showed us his collection from the burial mounds about here. He had several things very like the Irish Fibulae, and I asked him what he thought the connection was. His answer was very non-committal. He said there were arguments in favour of the idea originating in Ireland and spreading to Europe, and equally good arguments in favour of the other view, originating in the Mediterranean and spreading through Europe to Ireland.

After the White Tower I took them to see the French pictures, and then after some shopping we came home.

This afternoon we have had more thunderstorms. Tonight I got a package of *Posts*, G's. letter which you forwarded, and the last *Nation* and *Saturday Review*, with the sheet of the *Observer*. I read the latter's comments on the Irish trouble with keen interest. Birrell has evidently been a lamentable failure. I am glad he has resigned, but I think in the ultimate analysis the whole government is to blame. I am afraid I am coming to the view that

Asquith lacks vigour. There is a curious slackness in everything the Government does. Of course, I have my doubts about Kitchener. I notice even the *Nation* is getting tired of it.

FRIDAY, MAY 19.

EVENING—Your letter dated May 2nd arrived this morning, that is practically sixteen days, which is longer than usual, whilst my letter of April 8th took twenty-one days to reach you. I also got a letter from Adami dated May 4th, answering my letter to him of April 14th, so there must be some reason for your letters being delayed.

Adami tells me that my application for transfer or possibly Roberts' letter in regard to it reached London May 4, and yet I have had no orders. I spoke to Roberts this morning and he thinks it may be delayed in Egypt. Apparently such questions go through the D.M.S. in Alexandria, General Baptie. It is very disgusting. If it waits for the leisurely methods of some of the men in Egypt I may wait until the middle of June before I get word. There is a hospital ship in port just now which is rumoured to be going directly home and if I could take it there would be very little delay. I might even get home by June 1st.

We start moving to the huts tomorrow, so next week promises to be pretty busy. Last night we had an alarm, about one o'clock. A German aeroplane managed to get down. I heard one bomb, and jumped out. It was a beautiful full moon; we could hear the plane but couldn't see it. Apparently the batteries could not either, for it was not fired at, and made off.

Tonight there is a regular Balkan gale blowing, and my tent is simply jumping. It will be a change sleeping in a hut after more than six months in a tent.

Good-night, dearest. I will be glad when I cable you "starting home". I am rather fed up.

Love,

JACK.

SUNDAY, MAY 21.

EVENING—No news today. And nothing to do, as the laboratory is all packed up for moving. I slept a good deal of the afternoon. I suppose I ought to practise my usual advice, not worry and be patient, but I find it very hard. If I don't get orders in time to get the hospital ship which is in harbour just now, I may have to wait weeks, and perhaps take a month to get to London.

The weather is quite cool again, which is pleasant, especially for moving. Sixty-two truck loads moved today. All the medical tents are down, and the Hospital looks most forlorn.

I have nothing to write about but grumbling, so good-night, dearest.

MONDAY, MAY 22.

EVENING—No news today. I asked Roberts if there was no way of hurrying things, but he thinks not. The orders probably go to Alexandria before they come to the D.M.S. Office here.

I have been under the weather for a couple of days, nothing serious and am feeling better tonight.

The moving is getting on famously. All our trunks are to be packed up on Wednesday. Wednesday night, the officers of the Ordnance Camp, the next one to us and our neighbours since we came out here, are giving a big entertainment for us all, officers and nurses. They are going to no end of trouble, so we will all have to be there. Then Thursday we all move. The laboratory was moved today.

I sent you a box of Turkish delight today, and I will put a couple of boxes in my trunk.

Everyone who has seen the new place is delighted with it. It will be some compensation for not getting away, to see the Hospital settled in the new place, but now it is decided I am to go I am very impatient to be off.

Good-night, dear.

TUESDAY, MAY 23.

EVENING—No word and no mail today. It has been very hot today, but the evening is delightfully cool. This afternoon we had a meeting in our dis-

mantled laboratory. A young chap, who had been doing some research work upon typhoid, had been brought on from Malta and gave a special demonstration. The weather was so hot that not many men turned up, but he made a good impression. He tells me Denis O'Sullivan is working in Malta.

You remember me telling you about a young Irishman I met on St. Patrick's Day who knew Ethne Magee? He was here today, and I was talking to him about the Dublin trouble. He is very much upset. He says the tragedy is that some of the people belong to the intellectuals who were doing so much for the revival of an Irish national literature. He is a member of the United Arts Club of Dublin, and says there are several members of his Club who have been mixed up in the trouble. He knows Count Plunkett and thinks him a charming old man, but these people as he says are absolutely insane and lacking in judgment.

Tonight I have to go to the nurses' Recreation tent. They are giving an entertainment on account of our moving. We pack up tomorrow, and all move Thursday morning.

THURSDAY, MAY 25.

EVENING—I did not write yesterday as my writing book was packed away and sent off to the new site. We moved this morning and I am comfortably settled. I have a nice large room to myself, with two windows in it from which I can catch a glimpse of the sea past the next tier of huts. Tonight after Mess I walked down to the sea-shore and listened to the waves. It was very pleasant. We have a magnificent view of the town, and after dark the whole waterfront is a blaze of light. The end of the train line is about fifteen minutes walk from the Hospital, so that it is much easier to get into town. I went in to lunch today as there did not seem to be much prospect of getting lunch very soon in the Mess.

Your letter of May 12 came yesterday, again only 12 days. I can't understand why you do not get my letters more promptly. I always post twice a week and sometimes oftener. There was a rumour about six weeks ago that outgoing mail was to be held for

military reasons, but it was only a rumour and was never confirmed. On the other hand, I suspect the Canadian Office of delaying them. You have never told me if any of my letters have been lost, that is, if there have been pages missing.

I am afraid I am going to miss the hospital ship which is in the harbour, and that it may be two weeks to another, with perhaps a delay in Malta. I wish I could go home by France; that would be much quicker.

Good-night, and much love, dearest.

JACK.

FRIDAY, MAY 26. EVENING.

DEAR OLD GIRL:

I am feeling beastly blue tonight. It has been a very hot and sultry day, and I went into town this morning. I went in an ambulance, but the dust was bad. Then they found poor Yellowlees' body last night, and the funeral was this afternoon. Another ambulance ride in the dust, an hour there and an hour back.

I am thankful to say it has rained somewhere near here and the air this morning is delightfully cool.

To add to my blueness is the news that one of the officers of No. 5 Canadian got his orders to go home, and leaves tomorrow on the hospital boat that I had hoped to catch. I was going across to see him tonight, to find out if he had had any way of expediting the matter, but he is not to be in until late so I will try and see him in the morning. He is a friend of Boyer's.

I hope you have got my letters now, and at any rate will know that I will be with you in not too long a time.

This morning I got up at six-thirty and went down to the sea for a bathe. The water is a beautiful temperature, but it is very shallow and one has to walk quite a distance to get any depth, and the bottom becomes weedy and muddy. In the shallow part it is a beautiful, hard, sandy bottom. I imagine the bathing parade in the morning will be a fixed institution.

Good-night, dear.

SATURDAY, MAY 27.

EVENING—It has been another hot day. I was a bit under the weather last night, but am all right today. However, I did not go down to the sea for a bathe this morning. I will probably try it tomorrow morning again.

We are gradually getting settled. I have my bedroom very comfortably fitted up, but have not gone to the extent of some of the men. Watson has bought a marble-topped chest of drawers and so has Primrose. But of course they may be here for months, and can afford to spend money to make themselves comfortable.

The War Office Sanitary Committee were out today, and were making great fun of the war hardships we were undergoing. I am dining with them tomorrow night at their hotel in the city.

Tonight after dinner I walked down to the sea, and sat there for a while listening to the lapping of the waves and watching the searchlights from the ships in the harbour. They practise every night.

The Orange Presbyterian Padre is living up to the traditions of the order. He arrived the day poor Yellowlees was drowned. Yesterday, when the body was found, Roberts had the sense to ask Sparks, the Church of England Chaplain, to take the service, (although Yellowlees was a Presbyterian) because Sparks had been very friendly with him. The other Padre had the bad taste to stay away from the funeral and to make a formal protest today. Everybody naturally is down on him, and it gave me the opportunity to say, "Can you wonder at the trouble they have in Ireland when you realize how many similar bounders are living in the North?"

Good-night, dear.

SUNDAY, MAY 28.

EVENING, 11.30—I have just come back from dining with Hunter, Balfour and Buchanan at the Splendide Hotel; a very good and jolly dinner. It was a curious sensation motoring home from a dinner party at Salonika.

Galway, one of the men at the D.M.S. Office, told me that I would probably have to wait the pleasure and convenience of the people in Egypt before I got

my orders to leave. It is most provoking when I think of that boat sailing on Tuesday.

This afternoon I went for tea to the Scottish Women's Hospital. Had a long talk with Miss Stoney about Ireland. She is a strong Unionist, and is very much worked up about the Sinn Fein rebellion. She says her letters from Dublin state that things were much worse than the reports, that the rebels had hundreds of machine guns and a very large number of civilians had been killed. She is a most weird old person.

Today has been very beautiful. I got up at 6.30 for a sea bathe and the morning was perfect—air as clear as crystal, and Olympus standing out in a perfect glory. Tonight is a still, beautiful night. Everyone is in bed so I must turn in also.

Good-night, dear.

MONDAY, MAY 29.

EVENING—We have had another perfect day. Primrose routed us all out shortly after six; fifteen of us went down to the sea. The mornings are so exquisite that one does not mind getting up so early. I have a good sea bath, come back and shave, and then take a fresh water sponge, dress slowly and have breakfast about a quarter to eight. This morning Olympus was very plain and beautiful.

This afternoon after tea I went out alone and walked for several miles along the shore towards the head of the bay where they are landing the Serbian army. There is an enormous camp of them there, but I only went to the outskirts of it. There were wild rumours yesterday that Greece had declared war against Bulgaria. But today it seems it was a false report, although the Venezelists are furious with the Government for allowing the Bulgarians into Macedonia. I wouldn't be surprised to hear of a rupture soon, as there is no doubt that the Greeks hate the Bulgarians.

I see by the home papers that Rex Capriole has been killed. His poor father will be heart-broken.

Today I asked Roberts if he would see if the D.D.M.S. would cable Jones in regard to my return. It looks as if I might as well make up my mind I was not going to get back to London before July 1st.

The uncertainty is so annoying because I feel I cannot leave the camp for fear of orders coming for my immediate move to a ship.

We have very few mosquitoes here, nothing like what we had at the other place, but the flies are just as bad.

Good-night. Love,

JACK.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4. EVENING.

DEAREST GIRL:

Still no news, and no letter from you. Very little doing today, but great excitement about the North Sea naval battle. The first news we received was not very cheerful and we evidently suffered severely. Cavendish's two nephews are on the *Queen Mary*, and he lost another nephew in the *Russell* which was mined in the Mediterranean. Later news this afternoon makes out that the German Fleet suffered much more severely than ours, but that is not confirmed. It must have been a terrible affair, worse than any land battle could possibly be.

Here all is quiet in spite of the fact that the Allies seized the Customs, Post, Telegraph and other public buildings yesterday. The Greek Cavalry Barracks about half a mile from us seemed very much upset and excited yesterday, but today is very quiet and subdued.

I have really nothing to write about, so good-night, dear.

MONDAY, JUNE 5.

EVENING—A big mail today and three letters from you. I was rather disappointed to learn that the delay in my orders was due to lateness of Brodie's return and also that he was not likely to be working at the lung work this summer. That may mean that I do not leave here until I get my orders to return to Canada, which would not likely be before July or August. It will be too bad, as I had so counted on having a little time with you in London before returning. When I was writing the Dean a few weeks ago I told him to remember that it took time to get home, and to see that the University bestirred itself in time. Primrose got a cable

yesterday from Jones saying that he could not ask the War Office for leave for him unless he had assurance that the Military Authorities here would agree to it. Roberts is trying to see the D.M.S. today about it. Of course Prim's case is different from mine, as he is only asking for three months' leave, whilst I am asking for permanent transfer; this probably makes it more difficult. It would be nice to go back with him as far as London.

I was sorry to hear of poor George Vansittart's death. Young Platt, a friend of Harvey's who came over with Boys Eden Smith's company has also been killed, as well as a young chap named Morrow, from Halifax. News from Toronto mentioned the death of Kiely from typhoid. He was Adjutant of one of the battalions. It will be a loss to the University.

The news tonight from the Admiralty seems much better, although our fleet has suffered severely.

I knew you would be feeling very much upset by the Irish trouble and the *Morning Post's* remarks must make you furious*. They are thoroughly dishonest. But, dearest girl, you must remember that this is not England's war. It is the Empire's, and the Sinn Feiners' action was the blackest treachery to the Empire and Ireland itself. I have been reading the evidence before the Commission today, Birrell's, Wimborne's and the Under-Secretary, and it is quite evident they were feeling very much worried by the anti-recruiting activity in Ireland during the past year. I think Redmond and the Nationalists have made a tactical mistake in not allowing Ireland to be included in the Conscription Act. No matter how many Irishmen enlist, her enemies will always have an excuse for charging her with shirking. You know, dearest, there is a "little Ireland" view just as there is a "little England". In this terrific struggle we have got to rise superior to that. I wish I were with you just now.

*Although we both read and enjoyed the *Morning Post* from a literary point of view, we both felt that to condone the act of rebellion in the Presbyterian north, and to advocate such drastic punishment to the rebellion of the Catholic south, was distinctly unfair.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6.

EVENING—This is a perfect evening, and after dinner I walked down to the sea and sat there overlooking the water. The young moon was making a path across it, and the town on the hillside looked like a cloud of fireflies. I stayed there so long that it is now five minutes to ten.

Nothing special to write about today. Orders still forbid us to go into town unless on duty, and tonight's papers state that General Sarrail has practically declared a blockade of Greece. If so, things may start to move here, and I would not be surprised to see the Greek Government resign and Venezelos come back into power. In the last three by-elections Venezelos has been supported by overwhelming majorities. Here in Salonika, where the Jewish population is so large, the Liberals are very strong and he is wonderfully popular.

Tomorrow evening I may have an interesting experience. An Engineer officer may come and take me out to the Serbian Army Headquarters for dinner. I have promised to go if he can arrange to get away.

Good-night, dearest.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8.

EVENING—I did not write last night as I got back from my Serbian dinner party far too late—in fact, at half-past two in the morning. The camp was about nine miles from here, and I went in the side-car of a motor-bicycle. Really extraordinarily comfortable. We left here about half-past four, and when we got there were welcomed by the Colonel commanding a battery of mountain guns. They explained to us that one of the officers who is an assistant in botany at the University of Belgrade was going to give them a lecture on biology. There were about forty officers at the lecture, including the officer commanding the Artillery Division, a very charming man. After the lecture we sat down to dinner. I will send you the menu, keep it. It was written on a Serbian postcard. After dinner one of them brought out a violin and began singing Serbian songs. All of them very plaintive and many of them very beautiful*. Besides the Serbian songs

*There was one lilting, plaintive song my husband loved and had learned to sing, called "Kroava Noë".

Menu le 7 Juin 1916

^{Dinner}
A la popote des officiers du régiment
d'artillerie de montagne de la Choumadia

Soup au poulet

Haricots verts au lait caillé

agneau rôté

Tarte : quibانيتزا herbe

Vin Bordeaux

Café turc

Vive la glorieuse Armée
Anglo - Française

MENU CARD AT SERBIAN DINNER WHERE MY HUSBAND
WAS A GUEST

he sang "The Last Rose of Summer" in Serbian, and the Sorrento song "O Sole Mio" in Italian. We simply couldn't get away until after one o'clock. There were five or six French officers there also as guests. It was an exceedingly jolly evening and they were all most charming fellows, very happy and friendly, but I noticed they didn't care to talk about their retreat through Albania. One man told me it was too awful to think about.

We are all very much upset about the drowning of Kitchener. It seems an extraordinary end for such a career.

Good-night, dearest.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11.

EVENING—This is the hottest day we have had. I stayed in my room from one until four, dressed in my underclothes and my light silk dressing gown; then about five o'clock went out with Armour, looking for mosquito larvae and flies. It was hot even then. After dinner McGillivray and I walked down to the sea and sat there for an hour enjoying the breeze. We are fortunate having the sea so close. It would otherwise be too oppressive.

We began taking in patients today, and got about two hundred, mostly medical cases—a good deal of dysentery, which comes from the camps up country.

Last night we could hear the big guns a long way off, so apparently there is some artillery fighting going on. When the actual advance is to take place no one knows.

Good-night, dearest, I hope to get a letter tomorrow.

MONDAY, JUNE 12.

EVENING—A very hot day. The last two days I have gone to my room after lunch and taken off everything but my underclothes and sat that way until four o'clock, when I have tea and then go back to the laboratory for any work there is to do.

There are over six hundred patients in Hospital, and as usual the O.C. would take no advice as to arrangements and there is endless confusion and irritation. However, in about a week things will

settle down, and the officers in charge of wards will get things straightened out.

Your letter of May 28th arrived today. I was glad to hear that Brodie had at last started. He ought to be in London by this time, so something should happen soon.

TUESDAY, JUNE 13.

EVENING—Today has been quite as hot, but there was a breeze off the Gulf which made the heat bearable. Also, we have our fly screens up in the laboratory, and are fairly free from flies.

There are over seven hundred patients in Hospital and more are coming tomorrow, so there is plenty of laboratory work to do, which is better than doing nothing. There was a young officer, named England, came in yesterday, so I went to see if he were a nephew of our Miss England, but he was not. Henry Bethune's (of Toronto) son came in as a patient yesterday. He is quite sick, but is doing very well.

The American Consul dined with us tonight and he tells me this weather is unusually hot but that in July it may be hotter! Our great advantage is that we are on the point between the two arms of the bay, so that we almost always get a breeze off the water.

You will have got my cable of June 1st, and will know that up to that time I have got no orders. Cavendish was saying tonight that he would like to try and get away for a holiday to Malta when I went. It would be good fun to have him with me because he knows Malta so well. Primrose has had nothing yet.

Good-night, dearest.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21. AFTERNOON.

DEAR GIRL:

Your letter of June 1st arrived today. It was very interesting.

I am writing this in the afternoon after tea as the day is so hot that I know I will not want to sit inside tonight. It is another regular typical day, but the wind is not so hot as it was on our last scorcher and I have been very comfortable sitting

in a reclining chair in my underclothes in the draught between the windows and door.

I have had two p.m.'s today, one this morning which I did at seven o'clock before breakfast, and one I had to do this afternoon at four, as the body had to be taken to the cemetery at five—both dysenteries. There is a good deal of this coming down from the regiments which are up at the frontier. I imagine the flies are pretty bad up there. I am delighted at the way I have got my room and laboratory free of flies. There is not one in either place and now that we have the windows and doors screened, none can get in.

There are no mosquitoes either, so that now for some nights I have been able to sleep with my mosquito curtain folded up on the top of the frame, getting all advantage of the cool night breeze.

The news of the Canadian casualties in the last big fight are beginning to come in, and there are a good many names which I know. A youngster who was one of my assistants for a year has been taken prisoner.

Good-night, dearest.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22.

EVENING—We are starting tomorrow to breakfast at seven so that we can get through our work in the cool of the day. The people I pity are the poor bed patients. Their tents get so hot in the afternoon. But they are a very cheerful crowd. They had another concert this evening. These are always held outdoors in an open space between the officers' lines and the Hospital, and it is quite a sight to see the hundreds of patients sitting on the ground around the piano. They enjoy the concerts very much, and among them they have some wonderfully fine voices and some born comedians.

No letter from you recently, but there is a transport in, so I may get something tomorrow. The time flies here. I can hardly realize that we are getting towards the end of June. If I don't get back in time to do any work in London, then we are going to have a two weeks space somewhere. I think I am entitled to that.

Good-night, sweetheart.

JUNE 23.

EVENING—We started to admit patients today again and will continue to do so until the Hospital is full. We hear there are several more hospitals on the way out here so they must be expecting work for us.

There is very little excitement here about the Allies ultimatum to Greece. The town is strongly Venezelist, so that they are rather glad that the Allies have forced an election as they are confident that the Venezelist party will be returned to power. From the rumours one hears here there seems no doubt that the present Government has an arrangement with Germany and Bulgaria, and if things went against us they would have turned on us. They certainly played us a nasty trick in turning over the Forts on the Strema to the Bulgars.

Good-night, dearest.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24.

EVENING—This has been a lovely cool day so that we feel much happier. Tonight there is a cool east breeze but no sign of rain. A mail this morning and your letter of June 11th in which you tell me of Brodie's return. I asked Roberts if there had been any letters in today's mail from the D.M.S. in regard to me but there is nothing. I am trying to be patient but I get indignant sometimes. I am not worrying much about the lung work, but I do not want to be so crowded for time that we cannot take a trip together somewhere. That we must have.

Tomorrow evening Watson and I and several others are going in to dine with two Indian Officers at the White Tower Restaurant. It will be an amusing evening, as that is the place where all the youth and beauty of Salonika congregate. All the tables are in the open air close to the water.

I had a p.m. today. Another case of dysentery. We got a convoy of two hundred tonight but very few dysentery cases, which is gratifying. Henry Bethune's boy has been puzzling us. At first we thought he had enteric but we could find no evidence of it. It now turns out to be malaria and now McGillivray has him on quinine he is improving

fast. We just got away from the Monastir road in time. We have had six cases of malaria from within a mile of our old camp. If we had stayed there some of us would surely have got it. It is a comfort not having mosquitoes here. I have only once seen a mosquito in my room and it was not a malarial one.

Good-night, dearest. Much love.

JACK.

JUNE 25. AFTERNOON.

DEAR OLD GIRL:

Another beautiful day and a cool breeze. The harbour these days is a wonderful picture. We look right over it and it is a most perfect blue—nearer the colour of the Bay of Naples than I have ever seen it. It is dotted all over with white fishing boats, and near the town are the black warships and the brilliant white hospital ships, and stretching up from the bay the old town with its minarets and the old fort at the summit of the hill. Back of it are the circle of hills, which are becoming more and more yellow as the heat dries up the vegetation.

I had another p.m. today, the fifth since I came over here. The Hospital is pretty full and I suppose will be from now on.

By-the-bye, you did not say in your letter of the 11th whether you got my cable of June 2nd.

I am writing this afternoon as I may be late getting back tonight from town. This afternoon I have been reading a book I borrowed from Parsons. You ought to get it. It is called *A Hill Top on the Marne*, by Mildred Aldrich. She is an American woman, evidently a maiden lady, who had bought a little place where she could be quiet and yet near her beloved Paris. The war comes, and the battle of the Marne is fought right under her eyes. It is told in a series of delightful letters, evidently quite untouched as written. I am sure you would enjoy it. She is a woman who has an intense love and admiration for the French, and yet is completely overcome with astonishment at the spirit with which they took the war. Get it. It is only a small book of a couple of hundred pages.

Good-night, dear.

JUNE 26.

EVENING—It was a lovely cool evening, so I walked down to the sea after dinner with Watson and Armour. There we found two of the nurses and sat and talked with them. It was so pleasant we stayed on and it is now after ten o'clock. When I came back I found your letter of June 15th. Dear girl, I felt you had been worrying.

Tonight I also got a big parcel of tobacco from the Fraternity on Bloor Street. I must write them a letter. It was posted on April 26th.

We had a very jolly evening last night. Our hosts were Major Boset, I.M.S., Major Ormerod, R.A.M.C., and Captain Struthers Smith, I.M.S. We were McGillivray, Watson, Hendry and myself. We dined outdoors, with an orchestra playing, and all the Salonika youth and beauty passing by, as well as hundreds of officers, French, Serbian, British and Greek. After dinner we went into a variety show and saw a very cosmopolitan "Shea's". The singers were French, Italian or English, and probably the off-scourings of the Mediterranean. It was an amusing evening and we got home shortly after twelve o'clock.

We hear the big guns at the front almost every night now. They are pounding away tonight, but far off like the distant thunder.

Good-night, dearest.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27.

EVENING—The day has been pretty hot but not oppressively so. Tonight is guest night in the Mess and among other guests is Monsignor Keating, the R.C. Chaplain-General of the Army, who is out here inspecting. He told an amusing story about the Irish Dominicans at San Clementi in Rome. A number of young priests go there for instructional purposes for a year or so. Once a recent convert from the Church of England came to Rome, and went to call on the Father Superior of San Clementi, whose name was Gilhooly. He knocked at the door of the Monastery behind the Church, and a young priest opened it. He said he wished to see the Reverend Father Superior. The young priest turned around and called to another, "Mike, do you

know where Gilhooly is?" "No," said Mike, "how the devil should I know where he is?" The Englishman was so shocked he almost went back to his own Church. Keating told me he spent six years in Rome. He came over here from Alexandria in a cattle boat, and they were chased by a submarine for half an hour, he said. It was very exciting.

There is nothing special to write about today. I find it difficult to settle down to anything on account of the uncertainty. I have promised to talk on the pathology of dysentery a week from tomorrow, but I keep hoping I may be out of this before then. However, patience! Watson is wanted back for the Session, and he cabled the President the other day that he would have to get Ottawa to act as soon as possible on account of possible delays. What they do about Watson they will do about me, as I have already written them in a similar strain.

Good-night, dear.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28.

EVENING—Another hot day, but bearable, and tonight is cool. The cool nights here are the salvation of the place.

Roberts was in town today and asked the D.D.M.S. if there was any news about me, but there is none.

I had another p.m. on a case of dysentery* today. That is one thing that I am getting an extraordinary opportunity of studying, something I would never see at home, and I am storing up material for study when I go back. Of course, we only see the severe cases here. There are lots of cases which never get further than the casualty clearing stations and then go back to work. The amount of malaria is increasing every day. All about the situation of our old camp they are developing. It is most fortunate that we are away from there. The nearest village is about two miles and there is not a mosquito about here, so that we are well away from that danger.

There are three more General Hospitals in the harbour just arrived. Two of them are for the Serbians. A good many of the Serbs have moved

*My husband's work on dysentery at Salonika is well-known.

up towards the front, but we know little as to what is going on at the front. It is too far away now.

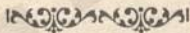
Good-night, dearest.

JUNE 29.

EVENING—Roberts has just told me to hold myself in readiness to go at a moment's notice, so I may go tomorrow as a hospital ship sails Saturday at daybreak. My feelings are mixed, as I naturally regret leaving the chaps. But I do long for you, dear.

Good-bye and love,

JACK.



When I met my dear husband at Charing Cross, I saw that notwithstanding the cheerfulness of his letters in regard to his health, Salonika had tried him severely. I did not then know that he had contracted a heart infection from which he never really recovered, and although at times he seemed to have regained his old vigour, he finally succumbed to it in a more virulent form. It was unfortunate that a hospital so well equipped and so well staffed as No. 4 was situated so far from the firing line, and I am sure many of my husband's colleagues echoed his complaint of a lack of work*. He was able, however, to make some studies on infectious diseases, paying special attention to malaria and dysentery, always a scourge of war. The result of his investigations on dysentery was such that it gave "great kudos" to the University Hospital. Immediately on his return to England he joined Dr. Brodie in making observations on lungs during recovery from chest wounds. In the autumn he returned to Toronto for the winter session.

The last few years of his life resembled the early ones. Once again he had to build up his department, to organize his work, to find a new staff and at the same time attend to his large classes, but before death claimed him his department was in full swing. He had a staff of well-picked men, as full of zeal in their work as even he could desire. When the winter session was over, he again returned to England to carry on research, this time in the Imperial Service. He made no effort to have his work noticed, but being without pretence of any kind he saw with quiet amusement the jackdaw masquerading as an eagle. If it irked him at all, it was only when the issue at stake was large and the

*But to him it was specially disappointing, as he had hoped so much for opportunities for research work when "No. 4" was ordered to the East.

jackdaw's work was seen where the eagle's should have been.

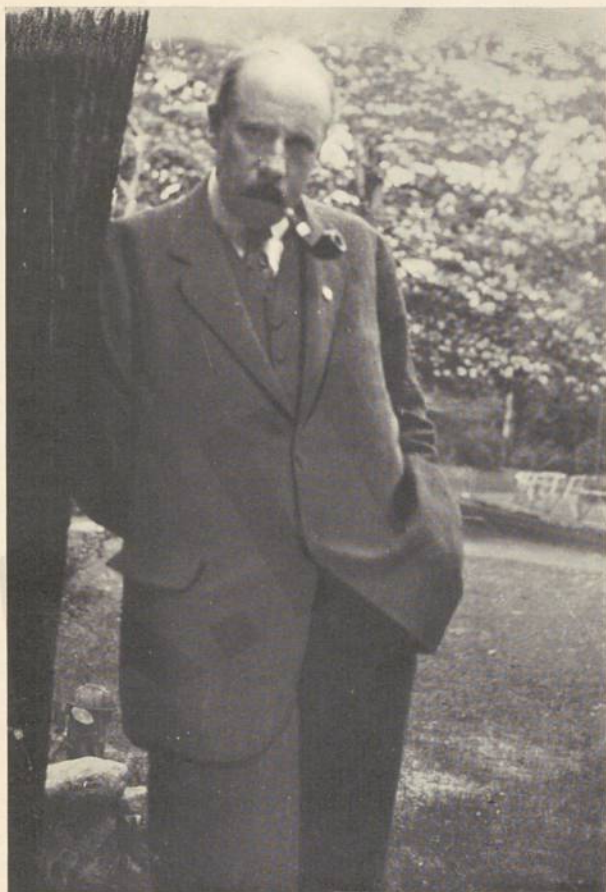
His keen sense of humour helped him over many of the pitfalls of life, especially during the troubled time of war. Once when he was compelled to call on Colonel —, a kindly if choleric man, he found him fuming with anger at some recent demands made on him for places and honours. My husband heard the harassed man explode, and then said, "I've come to ask a favour, too, but," he added, "I don't want to be made a Brigadier-General, only to know where I am to be stationed." "By God," came the vigorous reply, "you have never asked anything for yourself. I wish there were more like you." But there were, as he knew, many like my husband, content to do their day's work caring little for the obvious reward.

The next autumn he again returned to Toronto to take up his University duties. The wear and tear of going to and fro, exchanging a heavy winter's work for a heavy summer's work, was showing. I spoke to Dr. Clarke, the Dean of the Medical Faculty, who promised it would cease. Armistice Day found my husband in bed with quite a high fever. From that time on his health fluctuated, periods of almost normal health followed by periods of utter exhaustion. I felt he was fighting against odds and once, little knowing how true my words were, I said, "You seem to be racing against time," so keen and so ardent were his moods, so difficult it was to make him rest.

Even so, he went on playing golf and billiards and working at full steam, until I could close my eyes no longer to the fact that he was living at too high a pressure, and that he was growing unable to carry on the burden of his work. Saying nothing to him I wrote to Sir Robert Falconer, telling him of my fears. He responded at once, and it was

arranged that my husband would take his long-delayed Sabbatical year to begin the next April. It was then October and the winter session had only begun. The promised holiday's programme delighted him. He was to make a tour of the East, visiting important Universities where he would see new investigations and new methods of work, discuss research with his peers, and at the same time he would be able to satisfy his lust for travel. It was too late. The holiday which would have crowned his years of toil was not for him. His tired body could no longer fight, no longer respond to the demands made upon it, and in December he was struck down with endocarditis streptococci, a virulent form of heart infection which had lain more or less dormant since his Salonika days.

The nature of his illness was only too well known to him—he and his assistants had given much time to its study—but with great courage he faced it. More than once he went down into the Valley of the Shadow and came out victorious, the light of his renunciation shining from his dear face. Burnt with fever, almost always on the verge of semi-delirium, his illness was essentially an emotional one, but the patient sweetness and strength of his character was never more clearly seen. Not once did we speak to one another of what lay so close to our hearts—it was not possible. But I knew so well what he felt and that he was fighting for me, and his courage gave me courage to press back all emotion that would be hurtful to him, to try and make each day as natural as possible, to stand guard over him and keep away all things and people that could fret or tire him. A full measure of that kindness which he had shown to others was now returned to him. One of his friends built a verandah opening out of his bedroom, but he was never to see it. Offers of money came in order to



"J.J." IN HIS GARDEN

gratify all his wishes, but we were able to manage. One of his assistants who had left for a holiday, hearing of a new serum then spoken of in connection with endocarditis streptococci, returned with some, thus bringing a wave of hope with him, brightening and interesting my husband's last days.

Letters poured in, from the beginning of his illness. Some came from China, others from India and elsewhere. In time I learned to know whose letters brightened his days, as I learned to know those who wearied and distressed him. One weekly letter always accompanied by exquisite flowers never ceased to interest him. It was a testimony of love and gratitude from a former medical pupil, a clever and delightful woman. When as an undergraduate she had shirked her classes, he had sent for her and told her how unfairly she was treating her father who expected so much from her, making it quite clear also that he personally was disappointed in her. She promised to improve. On graduating she returned to the town where she was born, became her father's assistant, and on his death succeeded to his practice. In her letters she described all the cases she thought would interest him.

Fruit, wine and flowers came every day, constant enquiries and visits from his friends, all testifying to the affection in which he was held. Looking back, I wonder if I realized sufficiently the beauty of the kindness he received. If I seemed remiss then, I now bless all those who helped to lighten his passing. For many months he kept up his interest in his work, his assistants coming almost daily to report to him. The long winter passed, and with the coming of spring I saw a change; his splendid courage had not altered, but emotionally he was spent, and one day he asked me take him away, he wanted to be alone with me, away from

everyone. We went to Muskoka, but the fire was burning low, and often he was like a little child, helpless and distraught. In those moments I would close the door on the outside world. At other times his big brain would flare up with all its old brilliancy, and my hopes would revive that I could keep him with me; but in a few months the fight was over, and his ardent spirit was quiet.

I left him there looking across the valley from where some day we may see together God's face in the dawn. If not, his courage has given me the courage to say, with the woman who placed these words over the place where her husband lies, words which my husband had quoted to me when we were still young and talked of what lay "beyond"—

"And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis well,
Be still, ye wailing hearts that weep,
For God still giveth his beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep he wills, so best."

Although he loved the faith of his forefathers he could not see God shrouded in dogma or belonging to any particular creed or tenet. With that great and simple man, Louis Pasteur, whom consciously or unconsciously he had taken as his ideal, he saw God wherever man knelt in reverence, whether before the wonder of science or the wonder of nature; whether He was called by the name of "Brahma", "Jehovah", "Allah" or "Jesus", there God boundless and endless dwelt.

I left him in Muskoka, but I carry with me wherever I go memories of long years spent with one, humanly imperfect it is true, but into whose life nothing base or mean ever entered; memories of one gentle and strong and true. The generations of culture behind him mellowed his attitude towards life and sweetened his contact with men, and although he

never ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds, he was courteous to all. He rarely passed judgment on others, saying no man could know what he might do or not do until he was tempted. Constantly his sanity acted on me, making me feel as if I had plunged into a pool of clear, cool water and come out refreshed. Once when I had returned home filled with distaste for the narrator of a scandalous, and I think untruthful story of one she called her friend, he listened quietly to me and then said, "You feel things too deeply, Kathleen, but look at your thumb for a moment. Well, if it took millions of years for it to grow into that shape, how much longer must it take for man to conquer the beast in himself." Often this illustration has returned to me, but not until I was in Edinburgh after his death and was shown a cast of the hand of Chopin and saw the perfection and sensitiveness of its thumb, did I realize the beauty of the simile.

Eager as he was to live "while the wind was on the heath" and he had his pipe and his newspaper beside him, I could not see him sitting before the embers of life, nor would I have kept him for his own sake, with any loss of his former powers. The calm of evening was not for one so ardent of spirit; he whose walk was a run could not creep with a stick. Much as he loved music and reading, he loved nature and his work more. He must "roam the moorland and the fenland", he must see new countries and new races, no writing of books could fill the place his work had filled. So if he had still many years to run before the allotted span of life was reached, and he yet had much to do, he had done a man's work, he had given much but he had also received much before he was taken away, and of him it can be said, as of another who sought Truth, that "while he was learning how to live, he was learning how to die."

KATHLEEN CUFFE MACKENZIE.



А.П.О.

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